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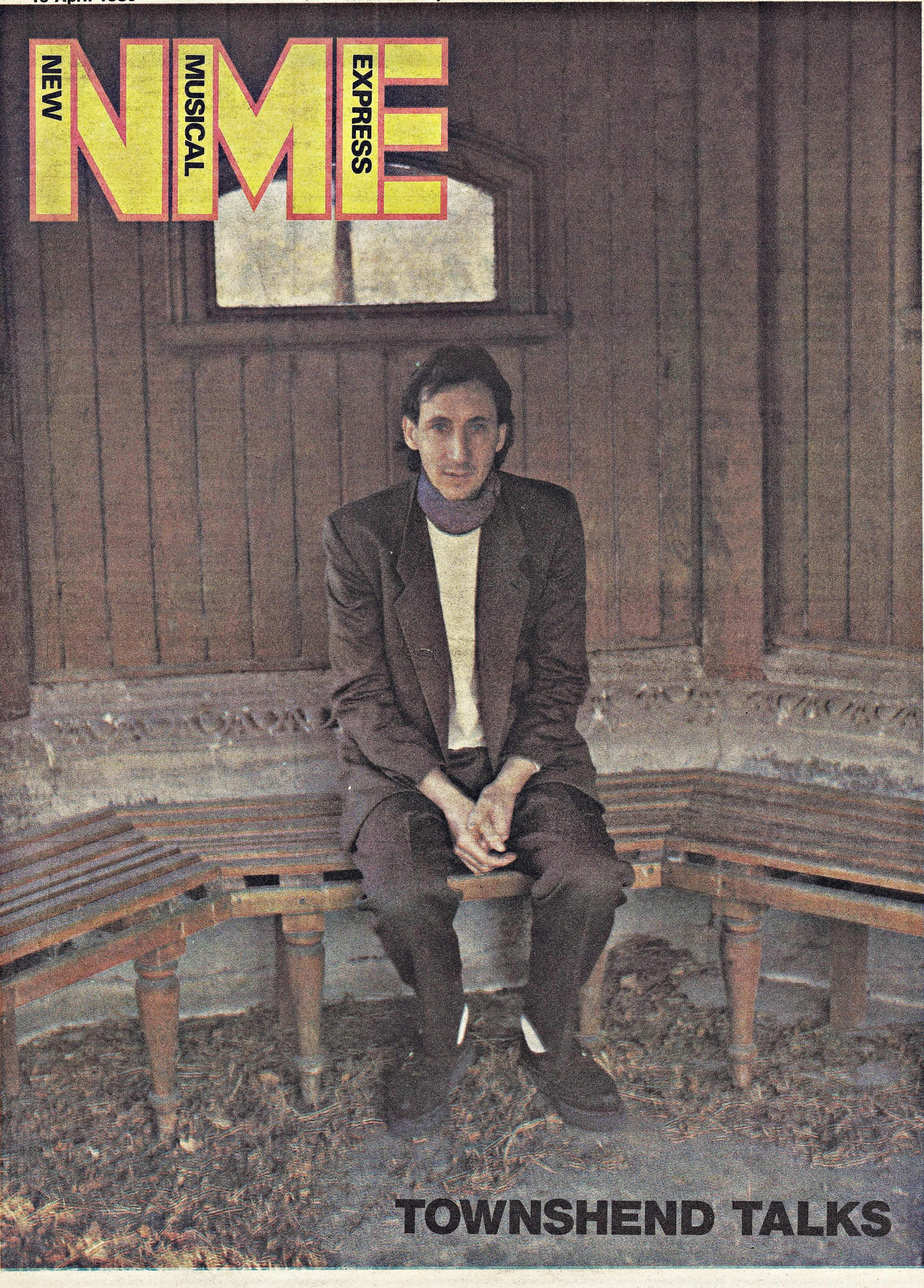


Springtime for Pete Townshend/Pic: Pennie Smith

TOWNSHEND TALKS

NME CHARTS

Week ending April 19, 1980

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist (Label)	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	Dance Yourself Dizzy	Liquid Gold (Polo)	6	1
2	(6)	Sexy Eyes	Dr Hook (Capitol)	3	2
3	(3)	Working My Way Back To You	Detroit Spinners (Atlantic)	6	3
4	(5)	King/Food For Thought	UB40 (Graduate)	3	4
5	(10)	Night Boat To Cairo EP	Madness (Stiff)	2	5
6	(2)	Going Underground	Jam (Polydor)	5	1
7	(14)	Talk Of The Town	Pretenders (Real)	2	7
8	(25)	Call Me	Blondie (Chrysalis)	2	8
9	(13)	January February	Barbara Dickson (Epic)	4	9
10	(8)	Poison Ivy	Lambrettas (Rocket)	5	8
11	(9)	Stomp	Brothers Johnson (A&M)	8	8
12	(11)	Turn It On Again	Genesis (Charisma)	5	11
13	(30)	Silver Dream Racer	David Essex (Mercury)	2	13
14	(4)	Turning Japanese	Vapors (United Artists)	7	4
15	(20)	Happy House	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	4	15
16	(17)	Living After Midnight	Judas Priest (CBS)	3	16
17	(16)	Don't Push It Don't Force It	Leon Haywood (20th Century)	5	10
18	(21)	My World	Secret Affair (I-Spy)	3	18
19	(12)	Echo Beach	Martha & The Muffins (DinDisc)	6	6
20	(28)	Let's Do Rock Steady	Bodysnatchers (2 Tone)	4	20
21	(7)	Together We Are Beautiful	Fern Kinney (WEA)	8	1
22	(—)	My Oh My	Sad Cafe (RCA)	1	22
23	(27)	Kool In The Kaftan	B.A. Robertson (Asylum)	3	23
24	(—)	Missing Words	Selecter (2 Tone)	1	24
25	(22)	Him	Rupert Holmes (MCA)	3	22
26	(—)	Check Out The Groove	Bobby Thurston (Epic)	1	26
27	(—)	Geno	Dexy's Midnight Runners (Parlophone)	1	27
28	(—)	Clean Clean	Buggles (Island)	1	28
29	(—)	So Good So Right	Brenda Russell (A & M)	1	29
30	(18)	All Night Long	Rainbow (Polydor)	7	9

UP AND COMING:

Hi Fidelity — Elvis Costello (F. Beat).
Forest — The Cure (Fiction).
Rough Boys — Pete Townshend (Atco).
Toccata — Sky (Ariola).
Wheels Of Steel — Saxon (Carrere).
Outside My Window — Stevie Wonder (Motown).
ALBUM CHART

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending April 15, 1975

	Title	Artist (Label)
1	Bye Bye Baby	Bay City Rollers (Bell)
2	Fox On The Run	Sweet (RCA)
3	Love Me Love My Dog	Peter Shelley (Magnet)
4	Funky Gibbon/Sick Man Blues	Goodies (Bradley)
5	Swing Your Daddy	Jim Gilstrap (Chelsea)
6	There's A Whole Lot Of Loving	Guys & Dolls (Magnet)
7	Girls	Moments & Whatnauts (All Platinum)
8	Fancy Pants	Kenny (Rak)
9	Honey	Bobby Goldsboro(UA)
10	The Ugly Duckling	Mike Reid (Pye)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending April 15, 1970

	Title	Artist (Label)
1	Bridge Over Troubled Water	Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)
2	All Kinds Of Everything	Dana (Rex)
3	Spirit In The Sky	Norman Greenbaum (Reprise)
4	Can't Help Fallin' In Love	Andy Williams (CBS)
5	Knock Knock Who's There	Mary Hopkin (Apple)
6	Young Gifted And Black	Bob and Marcia (Harry J)
7	Gimme Dat Ding	Pipkins (Columbia)
8	Something's Burning	Kenny Rogers & The First Edition (Reprise)
9	That Same Old Feeling	Pickettywitch (Pye)
10	Wandering Star	Lee Marvin (Paramount)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending April 16, 1965

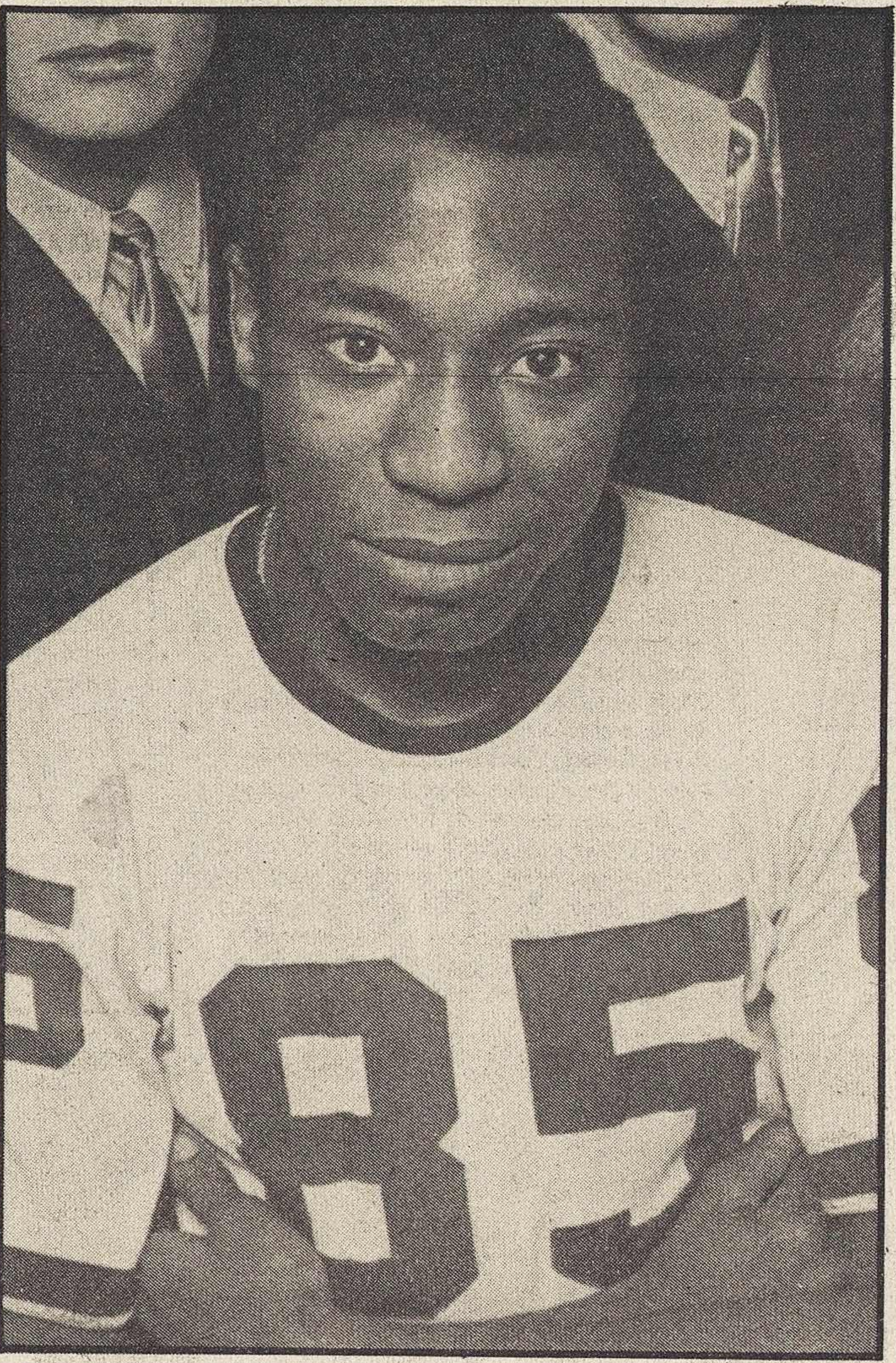
	Title	Artist (Label)
1	Ticket To Ride	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	The Minute You're Gone	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
3	Here Comes The Night	Them (Decca)
4	For Your Love	Yardbirds (Columbia)
5	Concrete And Clay	Unit 4 Plus 2 (Decca)
6	Catch The Wind	Donovan (Pye)
7	The Last Time	Rolling Stones (Decca)
8	Stop! In The Name Of Love	Supremes (Tamla Motown)
9	Bring It On Home To Me	Animals (CBS)
10	The Times They Are A-Changin'	Bob Dylan (CBS)

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist (Label)	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	Greatest Hits	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	6	1
2	(1)	Duke	Genesis (Charisma)	3	1
3	(6)	Twelve Gold Bars	Status Quo (Vertigo)	4	3
4	(3)	Tears And Laughter	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	6	1
5	(8)	Regatta De Blanc	Police (A&M)	26	1
6	(4)	Star Tracks	Various (K-Tel)	3	4
7	(5)	Heartbreakers	Matt Monro (EMI)	5	5
8	(11)	The Crystal Gayle Singles Album	Crystal Gayle (UA)	5	4
9	(—)	The Magic Of Boney M	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	1	9
10	(12)	Tell Me On A Sunday	Marti Webb (Polydor)	8	2
11	(10)	Glass Houses	Billy Joel (CBS)	4	6
12	(25)	Light Up The Night	Brothers Johnson (A & M)	8	12
13	(7)	String Of Hits	Shadows (EMI)	23	1
14	(16)	One Step Beyond	Madness (Stiff)	22	2
15	(—)	Barbara Dickson Album	Barbara Dickson (Epic)	1	15
16	(—)	Wheels Of Steel	Saxon (Carrere)	1	16
17	(19)	Women And Children First	Van Halen (Warner Bros)	2	17
18	(24)	Loud And Clear	Sammy Hagar (Capitol)	4	18
19	(22)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson (Epic)	28	3
20	(27)	On Through The Night	Def Leppard (Vertigo)	3	20
21	(29)	Nobody's Hero	Stiff Little Fingers (Chrysalis)	5	9
22	(13)	Pretenders	Pretenders (Real)	13	1
23	(23)	Too Much Pressure	Selecter (2 Tone)	8	3
24	(—)	Sometimes You Win	Dr Hook (Capitol)	12	12
25	(9)	The Specials	(Two Tone)	23	7
26	(17)	Facades	Sad Cafe (RCA)	3	17
27	(—)	Official Bootleg Album	Blues Band (Arista)	2	27
28	(—)	Country Number One	Don Gibson (Warwick)	1	28
29	(—)	Look Hear	10cc (Mercury)	1	29
30	(14)	Down To Earth	Rainbow (Polydor)	19	7

UP AND COMING:

Keeping The Summer Alive — Beach Boys (Caribou).
Tennis — Chris Rea (Magnet).
Harder ... Faster — April Wine (Capitol).
Initial Success — B. A. Robertson (Asylum).
Club Ska '67 — Various (Island).
We've Gotta get Outta This Place — Angelic Upstarts (Warner Bros).



Peering inscrutably from the archives is legendary soulman and ex-US Airforce person Geno Washington, whose enigmatic t-shirt number is believed to refer to the highest chart position he ever reached. This week he breaks his record by guesting at 27, courtesy of Dexy's Midnight Runners, the first group to be named after a laxative. Flanking Geno, Ramjam Bandsmen Jeff Wright and John Roberts anxiously await the Runners' double A-side follow, 'Jeff' c/w 'John'.

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	Call Me	Blondie
2	(2)	Another Brick In The Wall	Pink Floyd
3	(4)	Ride Like The Wind	Christopher Cross
4	(3)	Working My Way Back To You	Detroit Spinners
5	(14)	Lost In Love	Air Supply
6	(5)	Crazy Little Thing Called Love	Queen
7	(8)	Special Lady	Ray, Goodman & Brown
8	(11)	With You I'm Born Again	Billy Preston & Syreeta
9	(9)	Fire Lake	Bob Seger
10	(10)	I Can't Tell You Why	Eagles
11	(12)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson
12	(7)	Too Hot	Kool & The Gang
13	(17)	Sexy Eyes	Dr. Hook
14	(16)	You May Be Right	Billy Joel
15	(6)	How Do I Make You	Linda Ronstadt
16	(13)	Longer	Dan Fogelberg
17	(22)	Pilot Of The Airwaves	Charlie Dore
18	(21)	Hold On To My Love	Jimmy Ruffin
19	(19)	And The Beat Goes On	Whispers
20	(24)	Don't Fall In Love With A Dreamer	Kenny Rogers & Kim Carnes
21	(15)	Him	Rupert Holmes
22	(18)	Refugee	Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers
23	(25)	Think About Me	Fleetwood Mac
24	(—)	Stomp	Brothers Johnson
25	(20)	Second Time Around	Shalamar
26	(28)	I Pledge My Love	Peaches & Herb
27	(29)	Any Way You Want It	Journey
28	(—)	Brass In Pocket	Pretenders
29	(—)	Set Me Free	Utopia
30	(23)	Three Times In Love	Tommy James

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	The Wall	Pink Floyd
2	(2)	Against The Wind	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
3	(4)	Glass Houses	Billy Joel
4	(3)	Mad Love	Linda Ronstadt
5	(5)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson
6	(7)	The Whispers	
7	(6)	Damn The Torpedoes	Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers
8	(9)	Light Up the Night	Brothers Johnson
9	(11)	Departure	Journey
10	(10)	The Long Run	The Eagles
11	(13)	American Gigolo	Original Soundtrack
12	(12)	Phoenix	Dan Fogelberg
13	(8)	Bebe Le Strange	Heart
14	(14)	Get Happy!	Elvis Costello & The Attractions
15	(18)	Christopher Cross	Christopher Cross
16	(16)	Permanent Waves	Rush
17	(17)	Love Stinks	The J. Geils Band
18	(15)	Fun And Games	Chuck Mangione
19	(19)	Ray, Goodman & Brown	
20	(21)	Pretenders	
21	(—)	Gideon	Kenny Rogers
22	(20)	In The Heat Of The Night	Pat Benatar
23	(22)	On The Radio Greatest Hits Volumes 1 & 2	Donna Summer
24	(—)	Women And Children First	Van Halen
25	(24)	Kenny	Kenny Rogers
26	(—)	Catching The Sun	Spyro Gyra
27	(25)	Cornerstone	Styx
28	(—)	Warm Thoughts	Smokey Robinson
29	(—)	Go All The Way	Isley Brothers
30	(—)	Skylarkin'	Grover Washington

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

REGGAE

	Title	Artist (Label)
1	Lots's Wife	Prince Allah (Redemption Sounds)
2	Bad Boys	Tristan Palmer (She Get Up And Skank)
3	Reggae Music	Johnny Clark (Jamre)
4	Jah Jah Children	Horace Martin (Big Ben)
5	Jogging	Freddie McGregor (56 Hope Road)
6	What's Cooking	Jah Thomas (Midnight Rock)
7	Bucket Bottom	Prince Allah (Freedom Sounds)
8	Let The People Go	Ras Midas (Jay Wax)
9	Joe Grine	Madoo (Crazy Joe)
10	We Are All One	Horace Martin (Big Ben)

Chart supplied by:- Joe Gibbs, 29 Lewisham Way, New Cross, London S.E.14. Tel. 691 0070.

DISCO

	Title	Artist (Label)
1	The Groove	Rodney Franklin (CBS)
2	Lets Get Serious	Jermaine Jackson (Mowtown)
3.	You Are My Heaven — L.P.	Roberta Flack and Donny Hathaway (Atlantic)
4	Can't Give You Up	Mystic Merlin (Capitol)
5	Love Is The Answer — L.P.	Lonnie Liston Smith (Columbia)
6	Monster — l.p.	Herbie Hancock (Columbia)
7	Behind The Groove — L.P.	Teena Marie (Gordy)
8	Back Some More — L.P.	Al Johnson & Gina Khan (Columbia)
9	Check Out The Groove	Bobbie Thurston (Epic)
10	Strut	Chico Hamilton (Elektra)

Chart supplied by: — Quicksilver Soul Source, 36 Hanway Street, London W.1. Tel. 580 0900.

INDIES

	Title	Artist (Label)
1	Anticipation	Delta Five (Rough Trade)
2	English Black Boys	X.O.Dus (Factory)
3	Better Scream	Wah Heat (Inevitable)
4	Fever	Cramps (Illegal)
5	T.K. Treason	Teardrop Explodes (Zoo)
6	No Message	Mystere V (Flick Knife)
7	King—Food For Thought	U.B.40 (Graduate)
8	In The Beginning	Slits/Pop Group (Rough Trade)
9	White Mice	Mo-dettes (Mode)
10	Fiery Jack	Fool (Step Forward)

Chart supplied by: Bonaparte Records, 101 George Street, Croydon, Surrey. Tel. 681 1490.

NEWS

ZAPPA DOUBLE FOR WEMBLEY

FRANK ZAPPA flies into the UK to play two nights at London Wembley Arena on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 17 and 18 — his only British dates in a jet-stop European tour, and his first concerts here since February last year. Tickets are £6 and £5, and are available now by post from The Ticket Machine, Virgin Megastore, 14 Oxford Street, London W.1 (enclose SAE). They go on sale at the Wembley box-office on April 28, when they'll also be available to personal callers at The Ticket Machine with a 45p booking fee per ticket.

Photos, Fitzgerald, Upstarts going out

Unusual photo of a Photo: WENDY WU shows her hand(s).

THE PHOTOS, at present touring Europe as special guests of The Police, are playing a short UK one-nighter gig series in the middle of next month — which aids promotion of their second Epic Records single and previews their debut album. Confirmed dates are Glasgow Technical College (May 7), Aberdeen University (8), Dundee University (9), Edinburgh Nite Club at the Playhouse (10), Ayr Pavilion (11), London Marquee (14), Loughborough University (15), Kidderminster Town Hall (16) and Bangor University (17).

The new single is a four-tracker, featuring two songs from their upcoming LP ('Irene' and 'Barbarellas') and two not available elsewhere, 'Cridzilla' and 'Shy' — it's released in a picture bag on April 25. The album, recorded at Ramport Studios, is scheduled for late May release — and it's likely that the band will be undertaking further dates at around that time.

PATRIK FITZGERALD and his recently formed group play their first major London gig when, together with The Fall and The Passions, they appear at the Electric Ballroom in Camden Town tonight (Thursday). They are also set for High Wycombe Nags Head (this Saturday), Manchester Devilles Club (April 24), London Holloway Community Centre (26), Glasgow venue to be advised (May 12) and Edinburgh Astoria (13).

Various other dates are currently being arranged, and Fitzgerald also plays a solo benefit gig at Reading Bulmershe College on April 23. Early next month, the group release the first in a series of self-produced records on the Final Solution label — it's a five-track 12-inch EP titled 'Tonight', with a playing time of 20 minutes.

THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS are playing a series of dates during the remainder of this month, to aid promotion of their recently released Warner Brothers album 'We Gotta Get Out Of This Place'. They visit Bradford St. George's Hall (April 20), Dumfries Stagecoach (21), Dundee Maryatt Hall (22), Aberdeen Music Hall (23), Edinburgh Clouds (24), Grangemouth Clouds (25), Shrewsbury Music Hall (26), Nuneaton 77 Club (28) and Exeter Routes (30). Further gigs are at present being confirmed into May, and these will include several shows in London — details to follow in a week or two.

Confirmed at last!

AFTER MUCH guesswork and premature speculation, details of the early summer UK concerts by Kiss have now been confirmed officially. They play Brighton Centre (June 26), London Wembley Arena (28 and 29), Stafford Bingley Hall (30) and Edinburgh Royal Highland Showground (July 2).

These British dates come as the climax of an extensive European tour starting on May 19, and taking in 29 concerts in 11 different countries. They're bringing over their full spectacular U.S. production, including a 70' x 50' set, and involving 300,000 watts of lighting and 75,000 watts of sound! These and other effects will be transported in four trailer trucks and two buses, and handled by an entourage of 45 people.

The band are currently completing work on a new album 'Kiss Unmasked'', to be issued at the time of their visit — and their film *Kiss In The Attack Of The Phantoms* is due out at around the same time. Their current album is 'Dynasty', from which the single 'I Was Made For Loving You' was taken.

Ticket prices are £5 and £4 (Brighton); £5.25 and £4.50 (Wembley); and £4.75 only (Stafford and Edinburgh). Postal applications are being accepted at the Brighton Centre immediately, and the box-office opens to personal callers from April 26. Wembley is accepting post and personal bookings from tomorrow (Friday), and cheques and POs should be made payable to "Wembley Stadium Ltd."

Mail order bookings for both Stafford and Edinburgh should be sent to Kiss Box-Office, 2 Swinbourne Grove, Manchester M20 9PP — Postal Orders only, made payable to "Kennedy Street Enterprises". In all cases, enclose SAE.

Personal callers may obtain Stafford tickets at the usual selected record shops in the Midlands and North — including Mike Lloyd Music, Piccadilly Records, Cyclops Sounds and Sundown Records. For Edinburgh, they are obtainable at Edinburgh Odeon and Usher Hall, Glasgow Apollo, Newcastle City Hall, Dundee Cathie McCabe's and Carlisle Pink Panther. In all these cases, a booking fee of 25p per ticket will be charged.

Magazine add, but Madness subtract

MAGAZINE have added Edinburgh Astoria (April 28) and Wakefield Unity Hall (May 4) to their upcoming UK tour — and there will also be an extra date in Manchester on May 3, though the venue 'hasn't yet been confirmed. Support spot on the tour will be shared between Bauhaus and Manicured Noise (plus a third local band), though both the support bands will appear in the London Lyceum gig on May 1. Following problems with the master, the band's third album 'The Correct Use Of Soap' is set for May 2 release by Virgin, with their next single 'Upside Down' due on May 16.

MADNESS have postponed the first five dates of their spring tour, which was due to open in Llanelli on Tuesday, followed by Cardiff (Wednesday). Other dates off are at Bath (tonight, Thursday), Torquay (tomorrow) and St Austell (Saturday). They say it's due to exhaustion after a heavy overseas schedule, plus one of their members suffering a family bereavement, and the tour now starts at Margate next Monday (21). But the postponed gigs have already been re-scheduled, as follows: Llanelli Glen (May 10), Cardiff Top Rank (June 11), Bath Pavilion (12), Torquay Town Hall (13) and St Austell New Cornish riviera (14). The band say they are also hoping to slot in some London dates before the end of June.

MENTAL AS ANYTHING, the highly rated Aussie band whose recently released self-titled debut album was widely acclaimed. are being negotiated for their first UK tour in the late summer to coincide with the release of their second LP. They plan to be here from August into September, and their visit is expected to include an appearance at the Reading Festival. Meanwhile, Virgin release the band's second British single on May 2, 'Egypt' /'Pork Is Not A Gift'.

THE UNDERTONES have been forced to pull out of their concert at Belfast Whitla Hall on May 3, which was part of their extensive UK tour opening next week. It's understood that, following incidents at a recent Selecter show there, the venue has adopted a "no new-wave" policy.

MARGO RANDOM & The Space Virgins have a major London date on April 24 when, together with Roy Sundholm, they play the new rock venue at the YMCA Studio in Tottenham-Court Road. Other London gigs for the group include Kensington Nashville (tomorrow, Friday), Herne Hill Half Moon (Saturday), Camden Music Machine (April 23) and City University (30).

Ig's back in town

IGGY POP returns to his favourite London venue, the Music Machine in Camden Town, to play two nights on May 30 and 31. These will be his only British dates at the end of a six-country European tour, and his last appearances over here this year. Tickets go on sale at the box-office next Monday (21), priced £3. It's not yet known who will be in his backing band, which he's shaken up since his last visit — though he's retained a couple of musicians from last year. Support act is Hazel O'Conner.

BRAND NEW AGE FOR UK SUBS: 21 IN MAY

UK SUBS go on the road next month, playing 21 dates country-wide in their spring tour billed as 'Brand New Age', which is also the title of their recently released Gem album in see-through vinyl. And to coincide with their outing, they'll have a new single issued on May 9, though titles haven't yet been selected.

They play Birmingham Top Rank (May 2), Bath Pavilion (3), Plymouth Fiesta (5), Cardiff Top Rank (6), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (8), Retford Porterhouse (9), Manchester Osborne Club (10), Nuneaton 77 Club (12), Sheffield Limit Club (13), Hull Wellington Club (15), Cambridge Corn Exchange (16), Hitchin North Herts College (17), Brighton Top Rank (18), St. Austell Cornish Riviera (19), Exeter Routes (21), Barnstaple Chequers (22), Northampton The Paddock (23), Derby Ajanta (24), Wakefield Unity Hall (28), Coventry Tiffany's (29) and London Camden Electric Ballroom (30).

● Prior to the tour proper, the Subs headline one of the new series of Saturday morning matinees at London Fulham Greyhound, aimed at the under-20's and with a maximum admission price of £1. They appear there on April 26, and among bands being set for May are The Ruts, Bad Manners and Crass.

HOLLY'S HOLOCAUST

HOLLY & THE ITALIANS, who were forced to cancel the West County leg of their 'Right To Be Italian' tour last weekend due to recording commitments, have now lined up a new tour. This has been put together in some haste (and includes the rescheduling of a couple of the gigs they scrapped) in order to promote their new single 'Miles Away', released by Virgin on April 25. Most of May will be devoted to recording their debut album, and then they're off to the States, but meanwhile they play:

London Marquee Club (this Thursday and April 24), Stroud Marshall Rooms (this Friday), Totnes Civic Hall (Saturday), High Wycombe Nags Head (April 23), London Herne Hill Half Moon (25), Reading Bulmershe College (26), Manchester Polytechnic (27), Paisley Bungalow Bar (28), Sheffield Limit Club (29), Wakefield Dolly Grays (30), Leeds Fan Club (May 1), York University (2), Keele University (3), Nottingham Boat Club (5) and Grimsby Community Hall (6). One or two more may be added, before they start recording.

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SONJA BACK ON SONG

SONJA KRISTINA, who's been appearing in 'Romeo And Juliet' at London Grove Theatre, is about to swing back into gig action. She's at present rehearsing with a re-shaped band, and tour dates are being lined up for her. Reason for this activity is that she's just been signed by Chopper Records (distributed by RCA), and has her first solo single 'St. Tropez' issued early next month. It's taken from her self-titled album, due out in June.

JANIS IAN CONCERTS

JANIS IAN pays her first visit to Britain for four years next month, to headline two major concerts — at Belfast Grosvenor Hall (14) and London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (16). And these are preceded by a stop-over in Eire for a show at the Dublin Stadium on May 13. Tickets are on sale now priced £5, £4, £3 and £2. To coincide with these dates, CBS are releasing a new single by Janis on May 9 titled 'Other Side Of The Sun'.

SABBATH: TWO EXTRA

BLACK SABBATH have added two more nights at London Hammersmith Odeon to their upcoming UK tour schedule — on Friday abd Saturday, May 9 and 10 — immediately following their two originally announced shows at that venue, due to what's described as "overwhelming ticket demand". It's also been announced that release of their new album 'Heaven And Hell' has been delayed by a week, and should now reach the shops by tomorrow (Friday).

NEWS ROUND-UP

CRASS ON THE ROAD

CRASS are undertaking a ten-date tour of Scotland and the North of England, starting this weekend and with Poison Girls supporting at all gigs. They visit Leeds Fan Club (tonight, Thursday), Wigan Trucks (Friday), Burnley Nelson Railway Workers Institute (Saturday), Manchester Polytechnic (Sunday), Stirling Albert Hall (April 21), Edinburgh Astoria (22), Glasgow Plaza (23), Hull Wellington Club (24), Derby Ajanta Cinema (25) and Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (26). Admission is £1 — except at Leeds, Hull and Derby, where it's £1.25. The three Scottish gigs are joint benefits for Greenpeace, the Hunt Saboteurs and the Animal Liberation Organisation.

NEW MUSIK HEADLINE

NEW MUSIK, announced last week as guests on the After The Fire tour (May 10-30), are undertaking their own one-nighter series prior to that outing. They play Port Talbot Troubadour (tonight, Thursday) , Exeter Routes (Friday), Penzance Demelza's (Saturday), Bath Pavilion (Sunday), Leicester University (April 22), Saltburn Philmore Disco (24), Newcastle University (25), Glasgow Strathclyde University (25), Fife St Andrew's University (27), Leeds Polytechnic (28), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (29), Norwich Cromwells (May 1), Retford Porterhouse (2) and Slough College (3). Promoter is Andrew Miller.

CAPITAL JAZZ EVENT

CAPITAL RADIO have announced details of their three-day midsummer jazz festival at London's Alexandra Palace. With a few more names still be be confirmed, those already set are: Dizzy Gillespie, Panama Frances & The Savoy Sultans, Kenny Ball, Chris Barber, Acker Bilk, The Basie Alumni, Mighty Joe Young, George Melly and The Midnite Follies (Friday, July 11); Fats Domino, B.B. King, Muddy Waters, Gato Barbieri, Clarke Terry, Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia, Zoot Money, Morrissey Mullen Band and Ronnie Scott 4 (Saturday, 12); Dave Brubreck, Stanley Clarke, Carmen McRae, Freddie Hubbard, Adderley Brotherhood, NYJO, Georgie Fame and 2nd Vision (Sunday, 13). There will also be a gala concert at London's Royal Festival Hall on Monday, July 14 — details to follow.

CARROTT SEEDS SOWN

JASPER CARROTT, currently engaged in a lengthy spring tour which runs until May 31, has now announced his autumn tour schedule. Reason for the advance notice is that, in many cases, tickets are already on sale. He plays Leeds Opera House (September 14-16), Gloucester Leisure Centre (19-20), Newcastle City Hall (23-25), Cardiff New Theatre (28), Ipswich Gaumont (October 3-5), Southampton Gaumont (9-11), Sheffield City Hall (14-16), Coventry Theatre (19-21), London Wembley Conference Centre (24-28), Liverpool Empire (November 2-4), Hanley Victoria Hall (5-7), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (12-14), Manchester Apollo (17-18), Norwich Theatre Royal (23-27), Brighton Centre (December 1-2), Oxford New Theatre (3-5) and Birmingham Odeon (9-13).

MANX ROCK FESTIVAL

ISLE OF MAN is to stage its first-ever rock'n'roll festival from September 14 to 20 at The Summerland Leisure Centre in Douglas. Among acts already booked are Joe Brown, Wayne Fontana, Crazy Cavan, Shakin' Stevens, Flying Saucers, Dave Berry, Houseshakers, Ricky Valance, Lord Sutch, Rusty & The Renegades, Heinz, Rhythm Hawks, Freddie 'Fingers' Lee, Tommy Bruce, Hound Dog and The Cruisers. There will be eight hours of rock every day, including disco and competitions. A seven-day ticket costs £21, with daily tickets (Monday to Thursday) at £3, and a joint Friday and Saturday ticket costing £12.

NINE BELOW, BUT HOT

NINE BELOW ZERO are stepping up their already hectic gigging schedule, now that their new single 'Homework' is scheduled for release by A&M at the end of this month. Latest dates are Derby Blue Note (tonight, Thursday), London Marquee (Friday), Manchester Osborne Club (Saturday), London Finchley Torrington (Sunday), Norwich Cromwells (April 22), Shrewsbury Music Hall (24), Scarborough Penthouse (25), Dudley J.B.'s (26), London Marquee (27), London Victoria The Venue (30), Port Talbot Troubadour (May 1) and Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (2). More are being set to run through May.

BRIAN JOHNSON

AC/DC DECISION TIME

AC/DC have now apparently settled on a new lead vocalist to replace the late Bon Scott, who died in February. They have finally decided against Alan Friar, who was so confident of being selected that he gave up his job in a local band. Instead, they've selected Brian Johnson, formerly of the now-defunct group Geordie — whose short career was highlighted by a couple of Top Twenty hits in 1973. The decision was prompted because — said a spokesman — they felt it better to opt for experience rather than enthusiasm.

STAR SOCCER MATCH

A SOCCER MATCH at Chelsea Football Ground, Stamford Bridge, next Monday evening (21) features the London All-Star XI v Led Zeppelin's XI. It's in aid of Chelsea skipper Ron Harris' testimonial year. Among those turning out for the All-Stars are Phil Lynott, Steve Jones, Paul Cook, Richard Jobson, Glen Matlock, Billy Idol, Jimmy Lyndon, promoter Jock McDonald and sundry members of the Banshees, Specials and Hot Gossip. The Zeppelin squad includes members of the band and their entourage, plus various Radio 1 disc-jockeys. Kick-off is at 7pm.

TOUR BRIEFS...

● BILLY PRESTON & SYREETA are now officially confirmed for a British visit next month. A Motown spokesperson said they'll be playing a number of concerts here, and details are expected to be announced next week.

● **WHITESNAKE, currently touring Japan, have had another date added to their upcoming British tour — it's at Preston Guildhall on June 15.**

● FERN KINNEY — already announced as special guest on The Stylistics' concerts at London Dominion (May 4), Manchester Tameside Theatre (6) and Bristol Hippodrome (11) — will also be playing two dates in her own right. They are Stoke Jollees (May 5) and Hatfield Forum (10).

● **10cc have sold out their two concerts at Manchester Apollo on May 17 and 18 (part of their previously reported spring tour), and have now added a third night at that venue on May 19. They have also slotted in two shows at Dublin Simmons Court on May 29 and 30.**

● JOHNNY & THE HURRICANES, who scored eight Top Ten hits in Britain during 1959-61, have gigs at Newcastle-under-Lyme Tiffany's (tonight, Thursday), Colchester Windmill (Saturday), Middlesbrough Priory Club (April 21), Stockton Fiesta (22) and Hartlepool Corporation Club (23).

● **IRON MAIDEN have added a concert at London Rainbow on June 20 to their extensive UK tour, reported three weeks ago — tickets are £3, £2.50 and £2. Two other new bookings are Dunfermline Kinema (May 17) and Dundee Caird Hall (June 12), bring the total of confirmed dates to 39.**

● JR. WALKER & THE ALL STARS return to Britain in the summer for a one-nighter tour, which is currently being lined up by Tony Kaye Associates. They'll be gigging here for three weeks from July 25.

SPINNERS DATES OFF

THE DETROIT SPINNERS have cancelled their short British concert tour, which was due to open with two nights at London Hammersmith Odeon this Thursday and Friday. Their current UK hit 'Working My Way Back To You' is also a smash in the States, and they've suddenly found themselves in great demand back home — so they've decided to make the most of it while they can! Atlantic Records say the group's visit is being re-arranged for the summer, but meanwhile ticket-holders must apply for cash refunds.

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2. BILLY'S BAG - BILLY PRESTON
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ISLAND

THIS WEEK'S

Pieces of Pie

FIRST RELEASES from the newly re-formed **Humble Pie** are out this weekend on Jet Records — the album 'On To Victory' and the single 'Fool For A Pretty Face'. The outfit has been re-launched by founder members Steve Marriott and Jerry Shirley, but the other two originals (Peter Frampton and Greg Ridley) have now been replaced in the new line-up by Bobby Tench and Anthony Jones. They are currently working in the States, and there are no plans at present for a British visit.

● **The Door And The Window** this week release their debut vinyl album 'Detailed Twang' (they previously issued a cassette LP), and it's available at the special price of £2.25 (including p&p) from N.B. Records, 11 Ferrestone Road, Hornsey, London N8 7BX. It's also on sale in selected shops, where it will cost you £3.

● **The News**, Polydor's new signing from Sheffield, make their debut this week with a single titled '50% Reduction'. Appropriately, the first 15,000 copies are priced at 57p.

● **Squire** have signed with Stage One Records, after having two singles released on Secret Affair's I-Spy label. First single under the new deal is 'My Mind Goes Round In Circles' / 'Does Stephanie Know', due out in early May.

● Five-piece outfit **The Pumphouse Gang** have their latest single out this week on Splash Records, titled 'Judy, Turn Out The Light'.

● New York rock singer **Bonnie Parker** is currently in London recording at the Regents Park Studios, using several well-known musicians including ex-Records leader Huw Gower and Sinceros drummer Bobby Irwin. A single is expected within the next two months.

● **Sparks'** new single, the second from their 'Terminal Jive' album, is 'Young Girls'. It's released by Virgin on April 25 in both 7" and 12" forms, the latter also including a new disco version of the song.

● MCA have acquired the rights to the new **Commander Cody** single 'The Triple Cheese' (referrkng to America's predilection for cheeseburgers) and are rush releasing it.

● The new Gun Records label has signed a distribution deal with Spartan, and pressing will be handled by Island. First singles, due at the end of this month, are 'Wind-Up Girl' by new band **Spitfire** and 'My Calculator's Right' by **Mark Zed**.

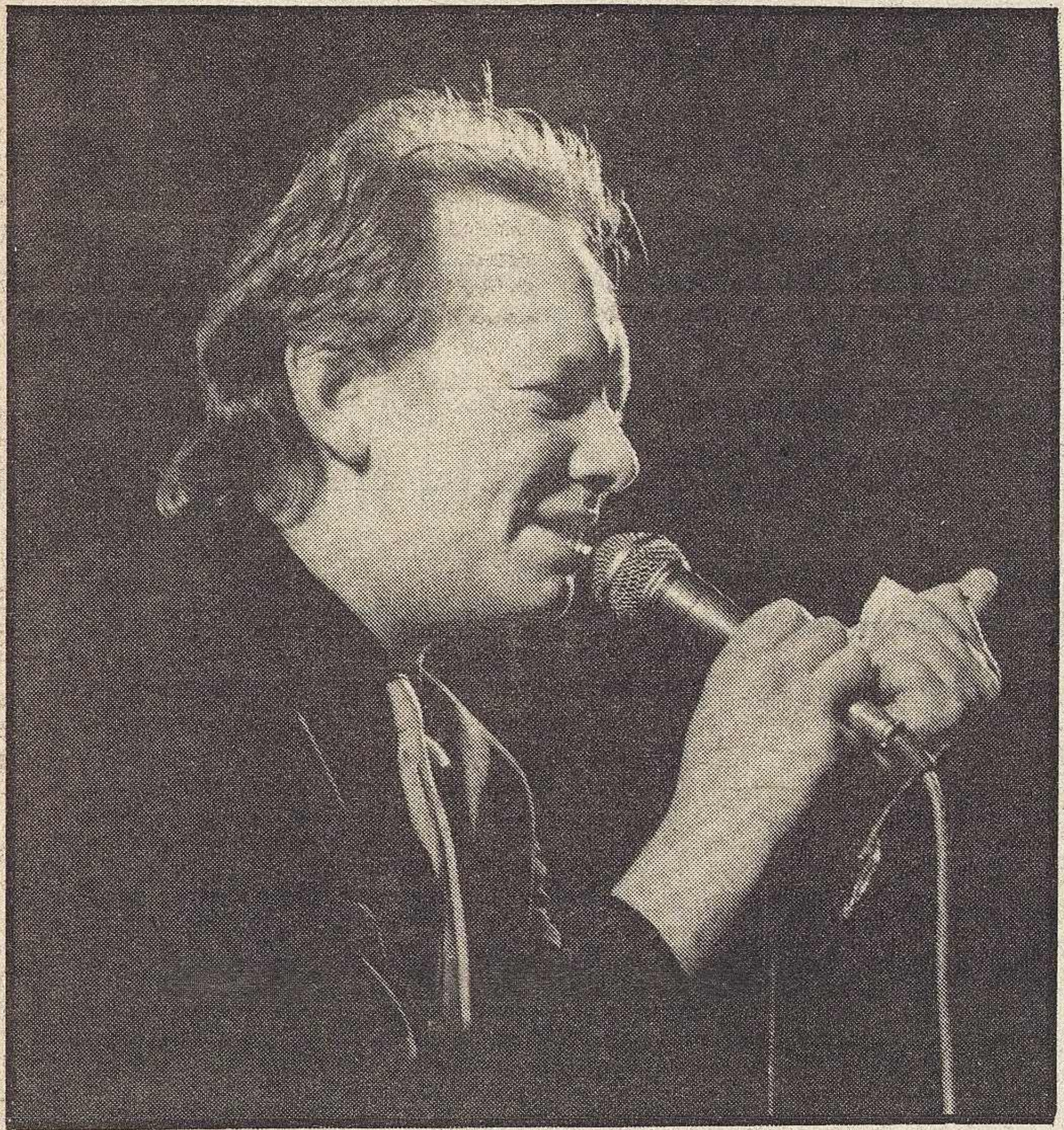
● The Young Blood label has been re-activated, with distribution through Selecta and Polygram. First singles are 'Can I Reach You' by **Drafi**, 'Crawling' by four-piece band **Candu** and 'Della And The Dealer' by American artist **Hoyt Axton**. All Axton's future product will be issued in the UK through Young Blood, including his album 'Rusty Old Halo' in May, and he's being lined up for a British tour in the autumn.

● Midlands label Redball Records launch a new R&B series this week, with a single by their house band **The Redball Rockets**. It features up-dated versions of 'Early In The Morning' and 'The Ballad Of John Hardy'. Distribution is by Bullet Records of Stafford.

LIVE SINGLE FROM ASH

WISHBONE ASH release their first-ever double A-sided live single on April 25. Both tracks were recorded on their recent tenth anniversary tour — 'Helpless' at Newcastle City Hall and 'Blowin' Free' at Bristol Colston Hall. It's on MCA, with a limited edition also available in 12-inch form.

THIEVES LIKE US, a hard-working five-piece from Winchester, reap the rewards of their non-stop gigging by signing a big recording deal. And in so doing, they become the first act to appear on the new Earlobe Records label, when their single 'Mind Made' is issued on April 25. The label has been formed by Larry Uttal, founder of Bell Records, with the object of building and developing major acts — and distribution is through Pye. Thieves Like Us are (from left to right, above) MARK MEREDITH (bass), JOHN PARISH (drums), CHRIS STONOR (keyboards), CRAIG WHIPSNADE (guitar) and TIM BARRON (vocals).



JACKSON BAND IN SEVEN GIGS

JOE JACKSON BAND headline a seven-date mini-tour next month, on returning from their European tour, with the object of boosting their recently released A&M single 'Kinda Kute'. No London venue is included in their May schedule, but they'll be playing in the capital in September, when they undertake a full tour to coincide with the release of their new album — which they'll be rehearsing and recording in June.

The seven May gigs are Sunderland Mecca Centre (May 20), Liverpool University (21), Leicester De Montfort Hall (23), Norwich East Anglia University (24), Brighton Top Rank (28), Hanley Victoria Hall (30) and Leeds University (31). Tickets at Brighton and Hanley are all at the one price of £3, and at Leicester they are £3 and £2.50. At the other four venues, they are £2.50 in advance and £3 on the doors. In all cases, tickets are available now.

Now Lindisfarne go to Knebworth

LINDISFARNE announced this week that they will be performing at this year's open-air Knebworth concert — which is now confirmed for Saturday, June 21. As previously reported, it's expected that The Beach Boys and Santana will also be on the bill, plus possibly 10cc — but Capital Radio, who are promoting the event, won't be revealing the official line-up until the end of next week.

Currently busy working on a new album, Lindisfarne will be undertaking a short college and university tour in late June and early July, details to follow shortly — and their next tour of major concert venues will be the autumn. As reported two weeks ago, the band also top the bill at a new festival on Sunday, June 1 — this is in the grounds of Himley Hall, a stately home at Dudley,

Front man Ray Jackson has a solo single just out on the Mercury label, titled 'Little Town Flirt', taken from his debut solo album 'In The Night'. This has given rise to speculation that he's about to embark on a solo career — but both Jackson and other members deny emphatically that he is leaving Lindisfarne.

Marvin Gaye's tour re-scheduled in full

MARVIN GAYE — who cancelled his projected January tour at short notice, because of the breakdown of his second marriage — has now re-scheduled his visit for June, when he'll be playing all the venues originally planned.

Dates are Manchester Apollo (June 6), Liverpool Philharmonic Hall (8), London Royal Albert Hall (13), Birmingham Odeon (14), London Rainbow (15), Slough Fulcrum Centre (18), Brighton The Centre (19) and Edinburgh Usher Hall (21).

Tickets for the scrapped January gigs are still valid for the revised dates, though there are some still available for new bookers. For the Albert Hall, they are priced £8.50, £6.50, £5.50, £3.50, £2.25 and standing at £1; at the Rainbow, they are £8.50, £7.50, £6, £5 and £4; elsewhere, please check at the respective box-offices.

It's not yet known if Edwin Starr will support, as originally intended — but if not, promoter Jeffrey Kruger says he will book an act of equal calibre. Motown will issue Gaye's new album and single to coincide with his visit, titles not yet announced.

LATEST RECORD NEWS

THE BATHROOM BEAT

THE BEAT follow up their recent Top Ten hit 'Hands Off . . . She's Mine' with a new single released on their own Go Feet label on April 25, titled 'Mirror In The Bathroom' — it's a group original, as opposed to the B-side, which is a re-working of the old Pioneers number 'Jackpot'. The band are currently putting the finishing touches to their debut album, which has the working title of 'I Just Can't Stop It', scheduled for mid-May release. After a series of European dates early next month, **The Beat open an extensive British tour on May 24 — full details to follow in a week or two.**

- **Glaxo Babies** have their debut album 'Nine Months To The Disco' out this week on the Bristol-based Heartbeat Records label, licensed through Cherry Red.
- 'Blast Off'/'Airline Disaster' is the second single by Midlands band **The Shapes**. The double A-sider is now available on Good Vibrations International.
- 'The Preacher's Blues'/'The T.B. Blues' is the first single from **Hot Vultures**, taken from their recent LP 'Up The Line'. They're joined by Pete & Chris Coe on both tracks, and it's set for release in early May on Plant Life Records.
- Latest single from **The Salford Jets** comes out this weekend on RCA, titled 'Who You Looking At?' They're playing a few gigs in the Manchester area to promote it.
- Out tomorrow (Friday) on Rockburgh Records is the single 'True Colours' by Bradford band **Radio 5**, taken from the recent compilation album 'Hicks From The Sticks'. Issued on the same day and label is the debut single by Leeds five-piece **Shake Appeal**, titled 'My Own Way'.

STIFFS IN ACTION

STIFF RECORDS' house band are giving their first public performance next Tuesday (22) at London Kensington Nashville, and the gig is to be recorded. The outfit is named **The Stiff All-Stars**, and the line-up includes five of the company's staff and backroom boys, augmented by several professional musicians — including Huw Gower and Willy Finlayson.

Lightning Raiders in attack with Pistols

THE LIGHTNING RAIDERS, the Acid Punk exponents whose line-up includes guitarist Andy Allan (who played bass on all the recent Sex Pistols recordings) and ex-Pink Fairies bassist Sandy Sanderson, have their first single 'Psychedelic Musik' out this week on Arista — it was produced by Steve Jones, who also plays on the track along with Paul Cook. The Raiders can be seen in action around London at Putney Half Moon (tomorrow, Friday), Clapham 101 Club (April 23), Camden Dingwalls (29) and Hammersmith Clarendon (May 1), with more gigs being added.

- An EP on Stortbeat Records by **The Licks** is causing some confusion, as the band have previously been called both The Epileptics and Epi-X — and since recording the EP they're now changed their name yet again to The Epibleptics! Distribution of the EP is via Spartan and Rough Trade.
- **The Running Dogs** have now made 'Click Click Propaganda' the A-side of their debut single. The switch was prompted following Radio 1 airplay of this track by John Peel and Peter Powell. Available from the usual indies, or direct (price £1 including p&p) from Shooting Star, The Pantiles, Norwich Road, Lingwood, Norfolk.
- South London ska-rock band **Headline** have signed a long-term deal with Virgin. They've already been busy cutting tracks, and expect to have their first single out in early May.

John Cooper Clarke: the book of the LP

JOHN COOPER CLARKE's new Epic album is out this week, titled 'Snap, Crackle And Bop' — and the man who pioneered the triangular disc has come up with another gimmick for his latest release. Every purchaser gets a bonus copy of *The John Cooper Clarke Directory*, his only available published work, which is cunningly concealed in a pocket on the sleeve's front cover. The LP itself is a mixture of well-tried stage favourites and new material, and JCC is being lined up for a short series of dates to promote it.

- **Modern English,** whose first single 'Drowning Man' figured in the alternative charts, have their follow-up 'Stuart' out this week — it's on Limp Records (distributed by Pinnacle), and was produced by Colin Newman of Wire. The band have just started recording their first album.
- Rough Trade and Recommended Records are now distributing product from Ralph Records of San Francisco. Among albums now available are 'Out Of The Tunnel' by **MX-80 Sound** and 'Half-Mute' by **Tuxedomoon.**

Numan on videocassette

GARY NUMAN emerges this week as the front runner in the fast-developing videocassette market, with the news that Beggar's Banquet are releasing a 45-minute video of Numan in concert at the Hammersmith Odeon (filmed on September 28, 1979). It features 11 numbers, performed in his spectacular stage and lighting set, and there's a bonus promo film of 'Cars'.

It's the first time a video of any British artist has been available to the public, and it costs £19.99 for the VHS and Betamax formats, or £29.99 for the more expensive U-matic and Philips tapes (both prices include p&p). At present it's available only by mail order from Beggar's Banquet, 8 Hogarth Road, London SW5 — though it may be distributed nationally at a later stage.

- **The Numan tape hits the market ahead of the Blondie video of their 'Eat To The Beat' album, which was expected to be first in the field. This should be available in May.**

NEW VIC BACK AS LONDON APOLLO?

IT LOOKS as though London will shortly become the third city to boast a rock theatre named the Apollo, following Glasgow and Manchester. Because the New Victoria has just been purchased from the Rank Organisation by Paul Gregg, who already owns the two provincial Apollo venues. *NME* reported last month that Ranks had decided to re-activate the New Vic, which had been losing money by standing idle for several years. It closed when the then leaseholders went into liquidation: and has been "dark" ever since, despite an attempt to convert it into a top-class disco like New York's Studio 54 — a plan which fell through when apparently close to finalisation.

It seems that Ranks were still wonderilg whether to run the venue themselves, when Gregg stepped in with an offer to buy the 125-year lease for a sum believed to be over £1 million. Besides the other Apollos, the company also runs the Oxford New Theatre and the Coventry Theatre.

It's not yet known if he will change the New Vic's name to the Apollo, but Gregg intends to open it in the autumn — as the venue for new-wave, pop and variety, he says. The accent will be firmly on music, and Gregg envisages covering the whole spectrum — from The Jam to Shirley Bassey.

As *NME* revealed in March, the original plan was to re-open the theatre in the autumn with a short Cliff Richard season, though it's unclear if this is still intended by the new owner. But in any case, the advent of this new venue — with an owner well versed in staging rock shows — is a decided bonus for the capital and its thousands of gig-goers.

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Tuesday 10th June
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Thursday 12th June
OXFORD NEW THEATRE
Friday 13th June
COVENTRY THEATRE
Saturday 14th June
BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
Monday 16th June
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Wednesday 18th & Thursday 19th June

HIGH and BRI

Nick Kent travels 6,000 miles to the Los Angeles
away of legendary troubled genius Brian Wilson.
he's at his shrink," brother Carl tells the intrepid
Joe Stevens sniggers.

"Interviews Are For Publicity"
— Brian Wilson, 1976.

THE MESSAGE was bluntly worded: Epic Records' publicity department had received word from The Beach Boys' new manager Jerry Schilling that Brian Wilson was very much on a personality upsurge, had rid himself of the various quirks and kinks previously bedevilling his — to put it mildly — *'eccentric'* temperament and was ready to talk to the press at length about himself, his music and his problems.

The interviews would take place at Wilson's home where intimacy was assured and, combined with this newly discovered ability for self-appraisal, would mean that Wilson was ready to deliver something like a definitive interview.

Was I interested in firing the questions? Yes, of course. I suppose . . .

And thus I got trapped into committing myself to a press trip to Los Angeles, a real jet lag nightmare: fly in, eight hours sleep; drive to Wilson's house for the interview, another eight hours sleep; then fly back. It all had me embroiled in a heated bout of doubt and dread juxtaposed against a certain inquisitiveness.

THERE WAS certainly no shortage of irony involved. After all, it had been almost five years to the day since I'd last set foot in Los Angeles, at first resolved to take an extended vacation, only to find myself obsessively gumshoeing around the city trying to discover why Brian Wilson's talents were dormant. That was 1975, a year before The Beach Boys and Wilson's family decided to place the deeply toubled Wilson under psychiatric care, and such was the state of this enigmatic man's condition then that any journalistic confrontation would have proven disastrous, and thus was stonewalled.

Banished from his house to live in a small changing-hut by the pool because his degenerate behaviour had an unpleasant effect on his two daughters, Wendy and Camie, Wilson would spend his nights with friends — some genuine, others simply parasites. They obsessively snorted cocaine and heroin and boozed to horrific excess.

Considered an easy touch, several famous people, so-called 'celebrities' used Wilson's bank-account to sell their noses and would coerce him into purchasing large supplies of drugs. When his family 'froze' his bank account as an attempt to curtail his drug-taking, Wilson took to wandering the streets of LA, spending a lot of time in massage parlours, or else would stay with golden-nosed friends.

When allowed in his own house he would stay in his room for days on end, on the one hand gorging himself on junk-food and on the other, neurotically worrying about his gargantuan weight problem. Music held no interest for him and he would fitfully work up scraps of melodies on the piano, always failing to complete them.

The subsequent piece I wrote about his life — 30,000 words long, and run by *NME* in three parts — was a depressing exercise. It couldn't be anything but a negative expose; also attempting to draw conclusions about the mental state of someone as unbalanced as Brian Wilson was dangerous and potentially irresponsible. I doubted even the basic impulse that made me first start the article, and when I had finished, I felt deflated, wishing I'd never begun. I decided to construct the work more extensively in a book and even secured a deal and advance, but each time I attempted to put pen to paper I'd instinctively, back off.

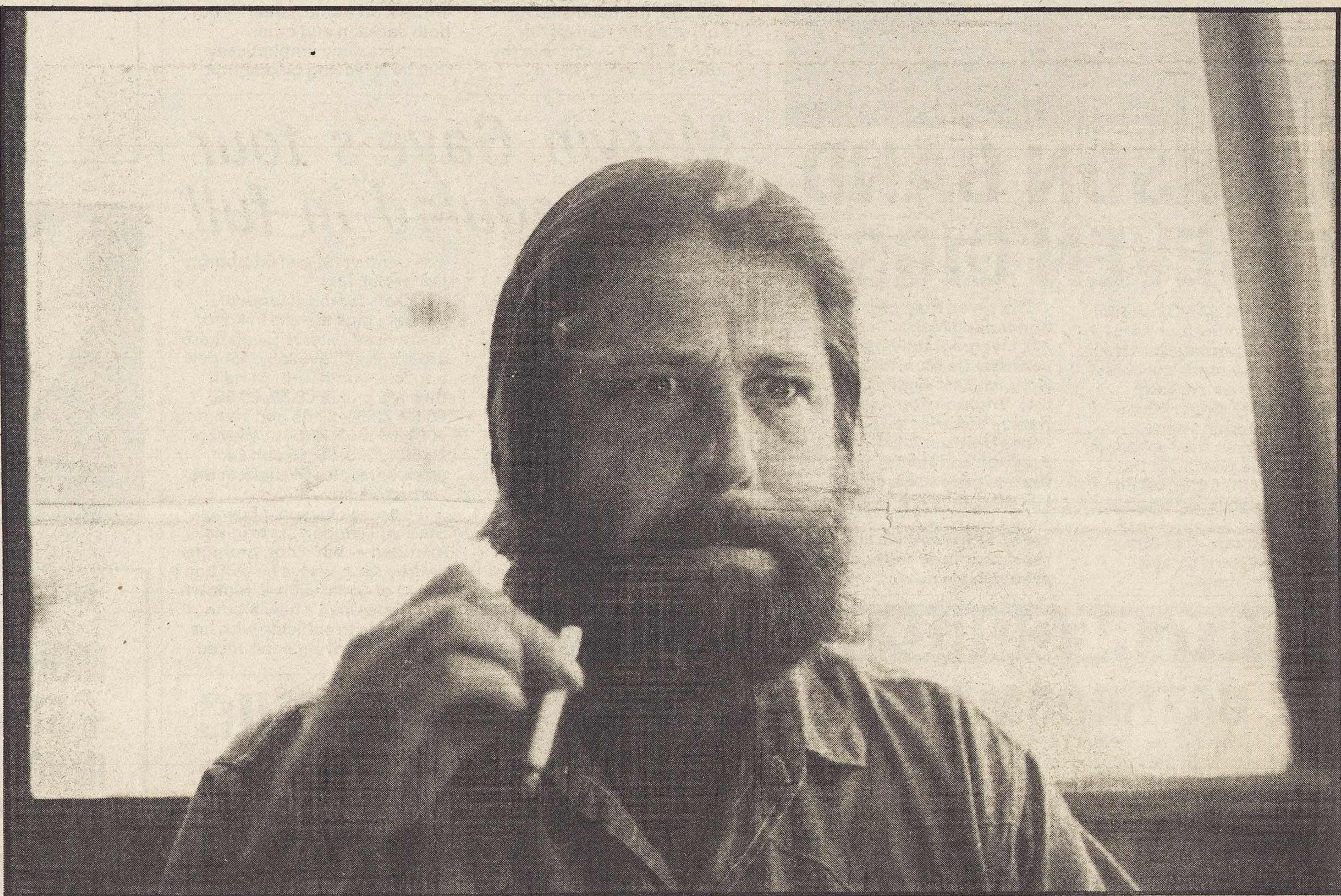
The case was closed.

IN '76 THE protective wall around Brian Wilson was suddenly demolished. A year previouslv, The Beach Boys'career had suddenly encountered a dramatic lift-off due to the success of a compilation album of oldies released by Capitol (the label they'd left five years ago so they could instigate what subsequently became a stormy liason with Warner Brothers).

'Endless Summer' sprinted to the top of the US Charts and scored platinum on the strength of four sides of classic '60s Brian Wilson songs finding favour with a new generation of American teenagers. The EMI compilation '20 Golden Greats' did exactly the same in Britain.

The Beach Boys renaissance was on and all these new-found fans asked one question: "Where's Brian Wilson?"

So The Beach Boys needed Wilson to truly cement this rediscovered fervour. A psychiatrist was employed to draw him out of his shell and get him back to the piano where he would again bash out new compositions as if all those years lost in some psychic twilight zone had never existed. This psychiatrist, someone called Eugene Landy, instigated a programme of bullying tactics.



There is nothing at all strange about Brian Wilson . . .

He forced Wilson to act the role of 'responsible member of society'; bullied him into writing songs; bullied him into going on stage with the group (even though Wilson's natural shyness of live shows had originally triggered the first of a number of nervous breakdowns) and bullied him into performing humiliating solo performances on networked US television. To get full mileage out of this specious ploy, Brian was made to do interviews, most of them farcical.

One of the most revealing was in *Oui* when Wilson — who is nothing if not candid — stated, "Today I want to go places — but I can't because of the doctor (Landy). I feel like a prisoner and I don't know where it's going to end . . . he would put the police on me if I took off and he'd put me in the 'funny farm' . . . I'm just waiting it out, playing along. That's what I'm doing. (Pause). Do you have any uppers?"

In most of these interviews Wilson would deliver maybe 20 minutes of badly remembered facts before asking his interrogator for cocaine or speed and then suddenly claim to be feeling ill and stalk off to his room.

His presence on stage with The Beach Boys was as equally painful. Terrified, he couldn't sing properly and his piano playing and occasional bass-work were rarely in sync with the song. The band simply and corruptly *used* Brian Wilson.

THE PUBLIC was briefly fooled into going along with this whole sick charade, but it soon back-fired.

'15 Big Ones', the album, around which the whole "Brian's Back" campaign was constructed, went Gold but was such a diabolical affair, it turned innumerable Beach Boy fans — old and new — against this shoddy, over-promoted soap opera of a group. Utterly uninspired and weary, the album was clearly intended only as therapy for Wilson's long-dormant production talents. Through pressure and greed it was released, resulting in the band publicly airing their grievances and criticisms. Both Carl and Dennis Wilson said they were dissatisfied with the record.

The far superior follow-up 'The Beach Boys Love You' was what the record should have been in that it did have at least twelve new Brian Wilson songs. Unfortunately bad feeling within the group meant that Brian Wilson and Carl were the only two Beach Boys featured on the record at all; and to compound misfortune, the group's plan to leave Warners and go with Epic/CBS was discovered just before the release of 'Love You' and consequently got negligible push in all important regions, condemning it to meagre sales.

The group's relationship deteriorated into two rival factions: Mike Love and Al Jardine's transcendental meditation smugness versus Carl and Dennis with the hapless Brian as pawn-in-the-middle. The full force of this vehement antipathy was reached in '78 when Love and Jardine tried to sack Dennis and so make Carl's clout within the group ineffective. Somehow a compromise was reached, but the dreadful 'M.I.U. Album', the band's final Warners release, was instigated by Love and Jardine. Both critics and punters ignored the product's pitiful contents.

In '79 there was an uneasy truce with the 'L.A.' album beginning the band's contract with Epic.

For this record, Bruce Johnston returned having been ousted eight years earlier, and took on the producer's mantle to juggle together a democratically conceived collection spotlighting all five members in equal ratios. Even so, the record was still mediocre and included two utterly forgettable Brian Wilson collaborations and extended disco re-jigs of 'Wild Honey' and 'Here Comes The Night' that the group felt obliged to apologise for whenever they did them live.

When the group's latest album 'Keepin' The Summer Alive' was released, critics had become so irritated by the group not fulfilling their promises and the cheap bickering, that most reviews slammed it more out of instinct than anything else.

Despite exploiting the absurd facade of The Beach Boys as eternal keepers of sun-kissed Californian innocence — five senile-looking middle-aged men with beards second only to ZZ Top's in terms of rampant growth posing as 'the voice of teenage summer' is not only the most ridiculous pose still being pulled in rock, it's downright perverted — the LP is still the best they have made since 'Sunflower' some ten years previous. Certainly it's the first record since then that sounds like a real group effort instead of being a clumsily pieced together ragbag of tardy individual creations.

Also it possesses a freshness, wholeness and well-crafted sense of commitment well bolstered by six of Brian Wilson's strongest melodies conceived since he became 'the troubled genius' of far too many media investigations. With two excellent Carl Wilson songs and no references to transcendental meditation, I was happy to ignore the hysterical schmaltz of Johnston's 'Endless Harmony' or the ridiculous conceit of retreading Chuck Berry's 'Schooldays'.

At last The Beach Boys had delivered one decent album of songs deserving all that attention wasted on offensive garbage like '15 Big Ones'. One question remained: will all of us shortchanged so badly before wipe the slate clean and listen to the record with unbiased ears?

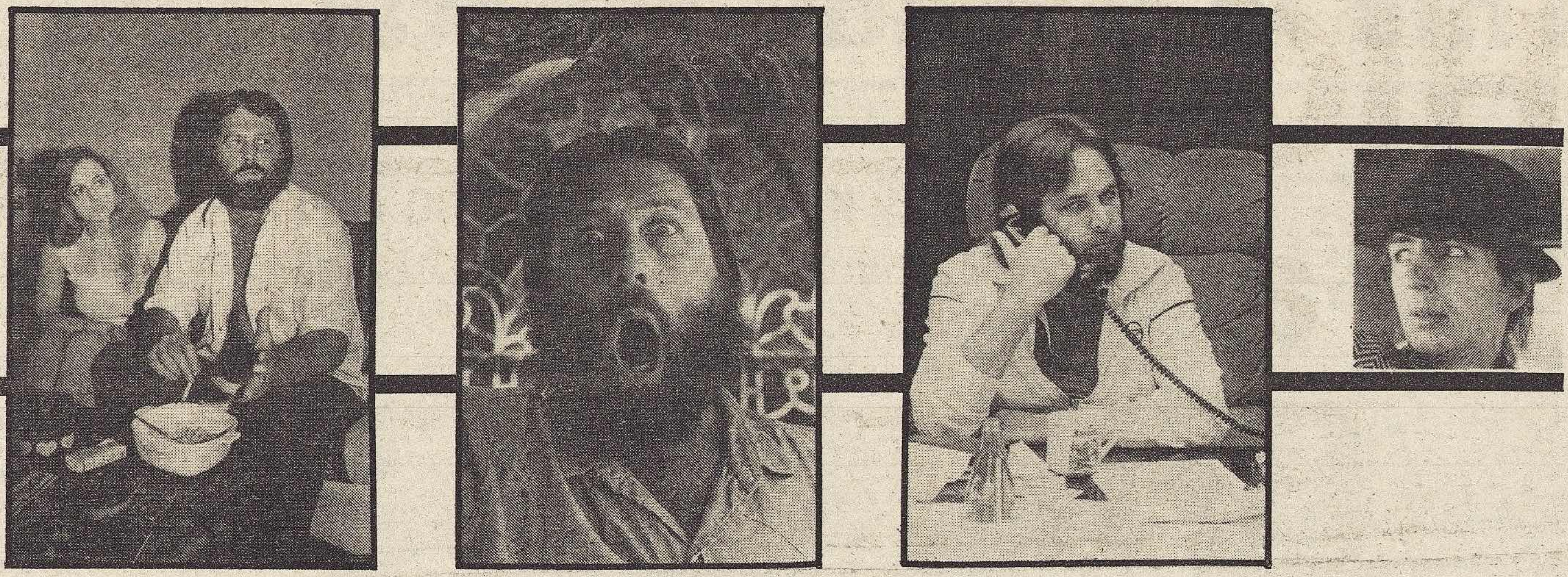
AT LEAST the band, Schilling and the record company are aware of those prejudices. Consequently the corporate push from all quarters, from Carl Wilson's earnest confessionals/testimonials printed in *Rolling Stone* ("Remember that catch-phrase 'Brian's Back'? Well, Brian wasn't ready then ... But now he's *really* back!") to the lavish TV Special *Going Platinum* soon to be aired on US television and based on the artistic renaissance of 'Keepin' The Summer Alive' juxtaposed against earnest statements from 'the boys' regarding past foul-ups. And of course, there are the interviews; the one-more-time "Brian's-really-on-his-toes-again".

Schilling holds out the bait to UK Epic; with huge concerts set for Britain this summer they grab the ball and toss it on to the journalists.

Three journalists, to be exact. One is from the *Observer*, another from *Sounds*, plus yours truly.

The schedule is tight and I'm full of reservations: the 1975 piece did not go down at all well with The Beach Boys publicity department, causing a complete communication break-down with this paper that lasted several years. Bruce Johnston even stated in a rival rag that Brian Wilson had read

hide
"Sorry,
reporter.



"Hello, Doc Landy? It's Carl here. Listen, we'll have Brian back in your office just as soon as this Kent fellow has finished his interview."

is there?

the article and had become suicidally depressed by it; but that's something I flatly refuse to believe. Firstly Wilson was profoundly disinterested in any form of publicity at the time of publication. Secondly, it's virtually impossible to get a copy of *NME* in Los Angeles anyway.

So, did the group know *I* was coming over to do this interview? Surely Johnston, once again a fully-fledged Beach Boy, would try to prevent such a meeting? Was it some sort of set-up perhaps?

I BOARDED the plane to Los Angeles a day late. The two other writers accompanied by young, naive but conscientious Epic assistant PR Johnny Black, had gone on ahead. But he met me as I checked in at the hotel, with bad news to report.

My two colleagues had done their interviews, not at Brian's house as he was apparently in the middle of moving, but at The Beach Boys' offices with a somewhat agitated Wilson surrounded by brother Carl, manager Schilling and about five other record company people silently watching. The *Observer* guy got 20 minutes of halting, stammered quotes punctuated by embarrassed silences; *Sounds* faced an increasingly agitated Wilson who had become so fatigued by the previous ordeal he met the opening questions with a pained silence. Shortly afterwards, Wilson, obviously nauseous, lurched out of the room. The *Sounds* scribe was so shaken by the incident he'd given up on a Brian Wilson interview.

Now Johnny was apologetically explaining that it was unlikely that Wilson would do that promised 'definitive' interview with me.

As I'd suspected, Bruce Johnston had not been alerted to my arrival and mission until the very last minute and now was in hysterics phoning manager Schilling with warnings about the grievous consequences of my encountering Wilson. Anyway, the ensuing day would involve a meeting with Carl Wilson and manager Schilling. I was to be screened.

But first there was a viewing of *Going Platinum*.

A crass, badly directed documentary hosted and narrated by *Rolling Stone's* Ben Fong-Torres, the film parried 'candid' studio footage and interviews with the band, manager and various prominent Epic personnel with dreadful onstage footage of the group miming to tracks from 'Keepin' The Summer Alive'. Only Brian Wilson gave the lamentable affair any spark by dint of his amusing eccentricities: a sudden, eerie scream during a studio session when a song he'd written was starting to take shape; ridiculous attempts to give earnest replies to banal questions; the twitches of the great lumbering physique towering over the rest of the band as they walk along some cliched coastline at sunset.

Probably the most amusing piece was the camera constantly panning away from Brian during the mimed 'live' footage because of his inability to remain in sync. Then the bland turns to grim as manager Schilling, in that hideously 'mellow' voice that only Los Angeles habitues can attain, runs down a pat definition of each member's contribution to the group.

Carl Wilson is "the soul"; Mike Love "the energy source"; Brian Johnston "the diplomatist"; "And Brian Wilson is (reverent pause) Brian Wilson".

Just those two words say it all. The film cuts to Brian making some idiotic noise while Mike Love plays a cassette of some new song. The other members chuckle good-naturedly. Fade.

"HEY HONEY, do you remember the time that guy at the airport said to Brian, 'Don't you get tired of being referred to as a genius?' Brian just stared at him, shrugged his shoulders and said 'No'."

Carl Wilson looks at his girlfriend. "Oh yeah," he laughs. "Uh, didn't he say 'Nah, it doesn't bother me'? Something like that anyway."

At four in the afternoon, Carl Wilson has been talking for two hours about The Beach Boys. Dubbed "the Henry Kissinger of the group" by Schilling, he understands the power of diplomacy. He is a master at the art of the inscrutable understatement. Most of the time he fields questions — some innocuous, some rather more weighty — using this natural technique of "Oh, gosh, yeah. I can see your point but you've got to understand that I'm just an easy- going guy and that's the way it is" self-effacement. Very occasionally, he lets down his guard and an utterly cynical chuckle cracks through the veneer.

Carl and I are playing a game called tactics, or more specifically: How to prove inoffensive enough to get my shot at interviewing Brian Wilson. The judge is Jerry Schilling who sits quietly at his desk some feet away, but still within earshot.

Both he and Carl have that precious right of access to the eldest Wilson brother who, although officially "suffering from a bug . . . he's pretty sick", will be wheeled out if the conditions are conducive.

I play my role close to the chest with three fairly innocuous questions to one actual 'relevant' query. The latter involves the good nature of the uneasy truce formed twixt the two factions, the reasons for Dennis Wilson's current absence from the group (he's nowhere in sight on the TV special) and, of course, Brian Wilson.

Carl serenly nominates manager Schilling as "the true binding force" that caused The Beach Boys to call an internal cease-fire and brushes off Dennis' absence as "temporary".

"Dennis has come in for some real rough publicitiy over the last couple of years and he's kind of re-evaluating his life right now, y'know. He's on the new record . . . he came down to a couple of sessions."

He denies that Dennis, youngest Wilson brother, has permanently quit — a statement made to me by The Durocs' manager Kip Crones some months back when The Durocs' Scott Matthews took over Dennis' drum-seat. Carl, however, admits that Matthews plays drums on half the new album, while Ricky Fataar is also featured.

Regarding Johnston's role as producer, Carl says that "It was Brian's idea. Brian asked Bruce to help him onstage 'cos he was having trouble hitting some of those high notes, y'know. And it just went from there."

The extent of Johnston's present power is hard to gauge, but one telling moment comes when it's revealed that the song 'When Girls Get Together' is in fact an out-take from 'Sunflower' and was recorded at least ten years ago.

"I guess Bruce just ah . . liked that song," Carl mutters unconvincgly, clearly sidestepping any animosity.

The dialogue always returns to Brian. The *Rolling Stone* quote regarding his eldest brothers full creative resurgence with the music on 'Keepin' The Summer Alive' is mentioned along with a reference to the dreaded Dr Landy.

Carl dodges the latter topic altogether, remarking with a certain strained nonchalance that "Back then ('76) maybe it should have read 'Brian's almost back'." He chuckles to himself.

"No, but Brian's real well now. I mean, he's totally into the group. Totally into playing live. Don't you recall" — he turns to his girlfriend again — "Brian saying 'Being on the road is my real home. It's my whole life now'?"

She nods. "Yeah, *right!* Brian's so into touring. He's always here in the office asking Jerry when we're playing."

Had this new attitude towards touring come via Brian's recent separation from his wife Marilyn? After 16 years the marriage had collapsed with his wife filing for divorce and taking their two children with her.

Carl elegantly evades the issue yet again. "It's hard to say just how that's affected Brian, y'know. But Marilyn brought Wendy and Camie to a gig in San Diego not long ago."

Talking about what's emphatically known as 'Brian's problem', Carl continues, "He's coping much, much better. I don't know. Maybe it was a bad acid trip he took that caused all that inner turmoil. That's what I figure, y'know.

"But, like I said, he's so much better now. He's back into his music and he's . . . he's on this big health kick. He's got these hot tubs in his new house, a 'jacoosi', sauna . . . you name it."

TWO HOURS have passed. "Wow, that went really fast. Enjoyed talking to you," Carl remarks. It's impossible to tell how sincere he is.

Schilling hovers and I ask for a short interview. This is the big shot, after all. Schilling talks in a somewhat disconcerting whisper about himself. Previously he worked for Elvis Presley, first as a stuntman and stand-in when Elvis couldn't make it onto the set and later working for Presley's manager, Colonel Tom Parker. He remarks that Parker and he are still close — that the latter's offices are a mere two doors away, and even that Priscilla Presley's sister is Schilling's personal secretary.

"I figured when Elvis died that The Beach Boys were the next biggest legend in American music." And he talks about re-establishing The Beach Boys "as a real contemporary American music phenomenon.

"I think the Colonel's mistake was to keep Elvis too cloistered away from his audience."

Also there's the idea of movies. Schilling is really into film production and is currently working with Parker on an Elvis tribute. The final touch comes when Schilling mentions that he also wants to do a film of The Beach Boys and even now a script is being written by the same guy who wrote the Elvis film.

"Nothing's certain yet but we were thinking of maybe getting Jeff Bridges to play Brian."

Fade. Cut.

WE LEAVE the Beach Boys' office at five in the afternoon. I've played every shot I can think of, even mentioning that an interview with Brian would give my piece more clout. Schilling nods silently. He'll see what he can do, he promises. Two hours later, and Epic PR walking in LA informs me that we'll be driving over to Brian Wilson's house in half-an-hour. Schilling simply asked to keep the interview short as Brian needs to get to bed early to be fresh for a business meeting the next day.

In the twilight '60s when he was the hermit recluse living in Bel-Air with his sand-box and myriad eccentricities, Brian Wilson wrote an absurd song — later to appear on the 'Friends' album — in which he gave the listener exact directions to his house: just drive down Santa Monica, take a left on Sunset a few more detours and there he'd be, waiting inside his mansion 'Busy Doin' Nothing' (the song's title).

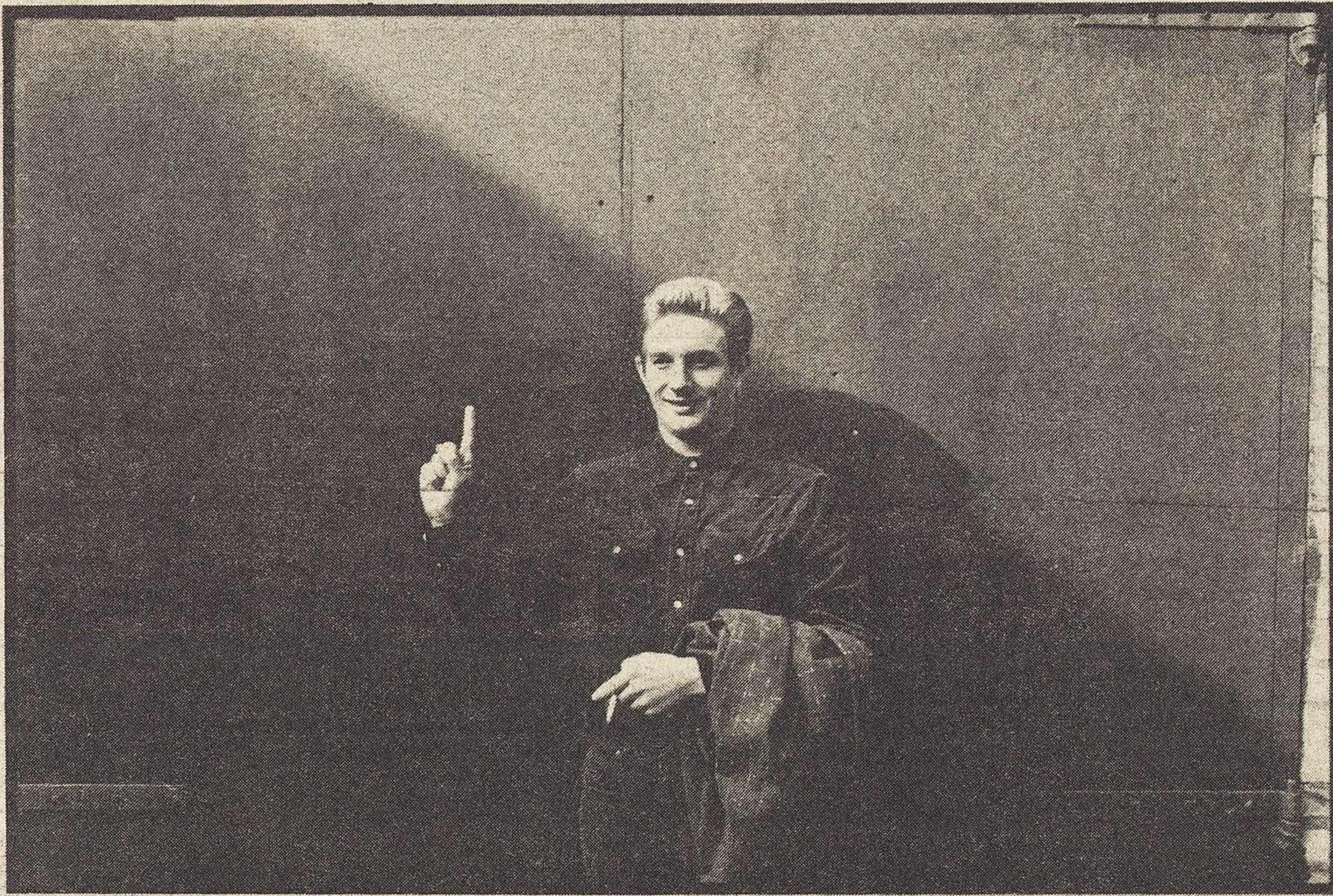
Times and locations change. It takes us an hour to find Wilson's new house. An emergency stop at a country club up in the hills finally gives us the right direction and we arrive at an unprepossessing building.

From the car you can see Brian Wilson's bulky silhouette through the bay windows. A black woman with fiery eyes open the door to us and we walk into a totally unfurnished living room.

Wilson is eating a vegetarian salad, a fork in one hand, a cigarette in the other. He is a

Continues page 55

This is Greedy Mental



So where's Dumpy, Sneezy, Sleazy?

Main pic Anton Corbijn

Adrian Thrills investigates another bunch of normal Australian mental cases

DISCOVERING Jamaica Rum for the first time was all it took to goad a disenchanted art student on the other side of the globe into coming up with one of the year's most refreshing, off-the-wall singles.

'The Nips Are Getting Bigger' began as a night of depressed boozing for writer Martin Plaza of Sydney combo Mental As Anything and ended up giving the group their first Australian Top 20 hit — an exceedingly rare feat for home-grown talent in the land of Kerry Packer — and secured the five Bruces a lucrative six-figure, six-album deal with Virgin Records into the bargain.

The single, contrary to rumours from the outback, is not a song about the yellow peril in the Pacific nor — as some US radio stations who refuse to play it claim — is it an allusion to the female anatomy. It is a wry account of an evening of vacant drunken self-reflection, the nips in question being the increasingly large tots of the spirit consumed.

It is also one of the most incisive bevy-beat songs written in years and a far cry indeed from 'Hurry Up, Harry'.

But 'Nips' is not a new song. It was written over two years ago shortly after Mental As Anything got together at East Sydney Art School. The band was formed by Plaza with guitarist Reg Mombassa and drummer Wayne Delisle, and later augmented by bassist Peter O'Doherty — Mombassa's kid brother — and keyboard man Andrew Smith (whose prodigious appetite has since landed him the nickname Greedy).

'Nips', in a more primitive, lightweight form, was just one of four songs on a self-financed EP 'Mental As Anything Plays At Your Party' released on the Sydney Independent label Regular in 1978. The privately distributed record chalked up impressive sales of over 13,000 leading in turn to a licensing deal with a bigger company, Festival, who culled 'Nips' from the EP and launched it into the Oz Top 20.

It became the second biggest home-grown Australian record of last year and led to the Virgin link-up, which was finally inked after Regular boss Cameron Allen came over to London's Townhouse studio in the autumn to mix down the band's debut album.

A tour back home with Rockpile kept them occupied until the end of last year and the release of the album, 'Mental As Anything Get Wet'.

Now they find themselves setting their sights beyond the Great Barrier Reef to a world outside Australia; Britain in particular.

The LP was released here a fortnight ago, following hot on the heels of the single, and Greedy Smith was flown in for a promotional visit with a full tour looking good for the summer.

BUT THE Mental's reputation back home will count for nothing over here and Greedy is already viewing the prospective British tour with some trepidation.

"We'll either do pretty well for ourselves or get bottles thrown at us," he grins over his fifth or sixth beer in a hostelry within crawling distance of Virgin's Portobello Road HQ.

"But it shouldn't be too bad, even if it comes to that. In Australia, you get bottles thrown at you as a matter of course when you're on a stage."

Their home audience regard the Mentals as something of an over the top punk band, but in reality they are little more than an entertaining bunch of wry R&B popsters. Most of the confusion stems from their name.

"The guy who did the artwork for our sleeve was doing posters for a gig we did at an aboriginal centre a couple of years ago," explains Greedy. "We didn't have a name at the time and he thought that was pretty suitable, and since then we've been trying to live it down.

"We go to all these places in Australia and we're being billed as a risque-punk band. Risque-punk! Can you believe that?"

Well, punk in Australia isn't quite the animal it was over here.

"No, we were just called a punk band 'cause we started out doing a few Monkees covers and there was no-one else doing that sort of fast rock 'n' roll, so we got billed as punk. Our name seems to have a lot to do with the way people regard us in Australia. Everything had changed around us so we got dumped in with the punk thing.

"But I don't particularly like much new music. I prefer the approach to music that people like Gene Pitney had. Or Roy Orbison. Their approach to rock 'n' roll is really funny."

The other Mentals.

BLISSFULLY unaware of the lip-service most British rock 'n' rollers pay to credibility and social redemption, Greedy will unashamedly admit that the Mentals are in it for the kicks and the cash. He is, however, astute enough to perceive that the laid back state of the Aussie rock consciousness is no more than a reflection of the stultifying apathy that exists there, fuelled by a bland mass media and the arch-conservative regime of Malcolm Fraser.

"The atmosphere is completely different to over here. Television is much bigger in Australia. There's about five channels and everybody watches it all night. Australia is much more Americanised in its outlook than Britain.

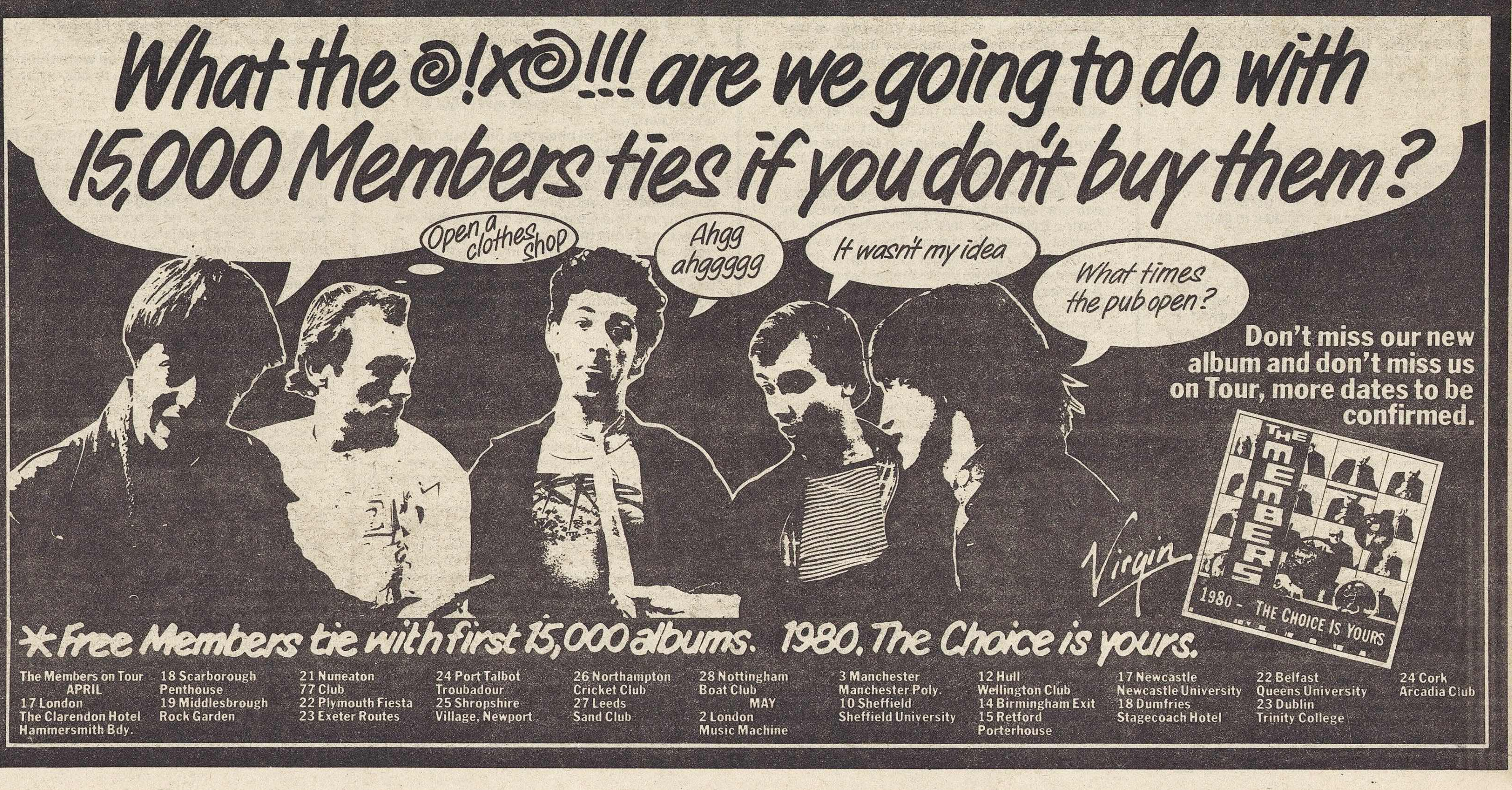
"The whole place is so laid back and the way everybody is conditioned to think is so middle class. It really is. It's always been really complacent. Australians always pick up on things that other countries would find far too tacky, things like Abba."

On one level, Mental As Anything fit in perfectly with the general Australian malaise, but on another their somewhat patchy LP does show plenty of promise, Martin Plaza's witty songwriting in particular. The success of their single in the home charts has also fuelled a lot of interest in the local rock scene, which is booming on a scale never seen before in Sydney, Adelaide, Perth, Melbourne and Brisbane.

"There have always been local bands playing around but recently things have really started to pick up. A whole lot of pubs and places are suddenly realising they can make money out of putting bands on and you've got plenty of English bands coming over to play.

"There are a lot of new Australian groups coming up in Sydney. There's nothing particularly complicated or heavy. But the music we play is just pretty good-time straightforward dance music."

And Greedy's favourite singer is Meatloaf.



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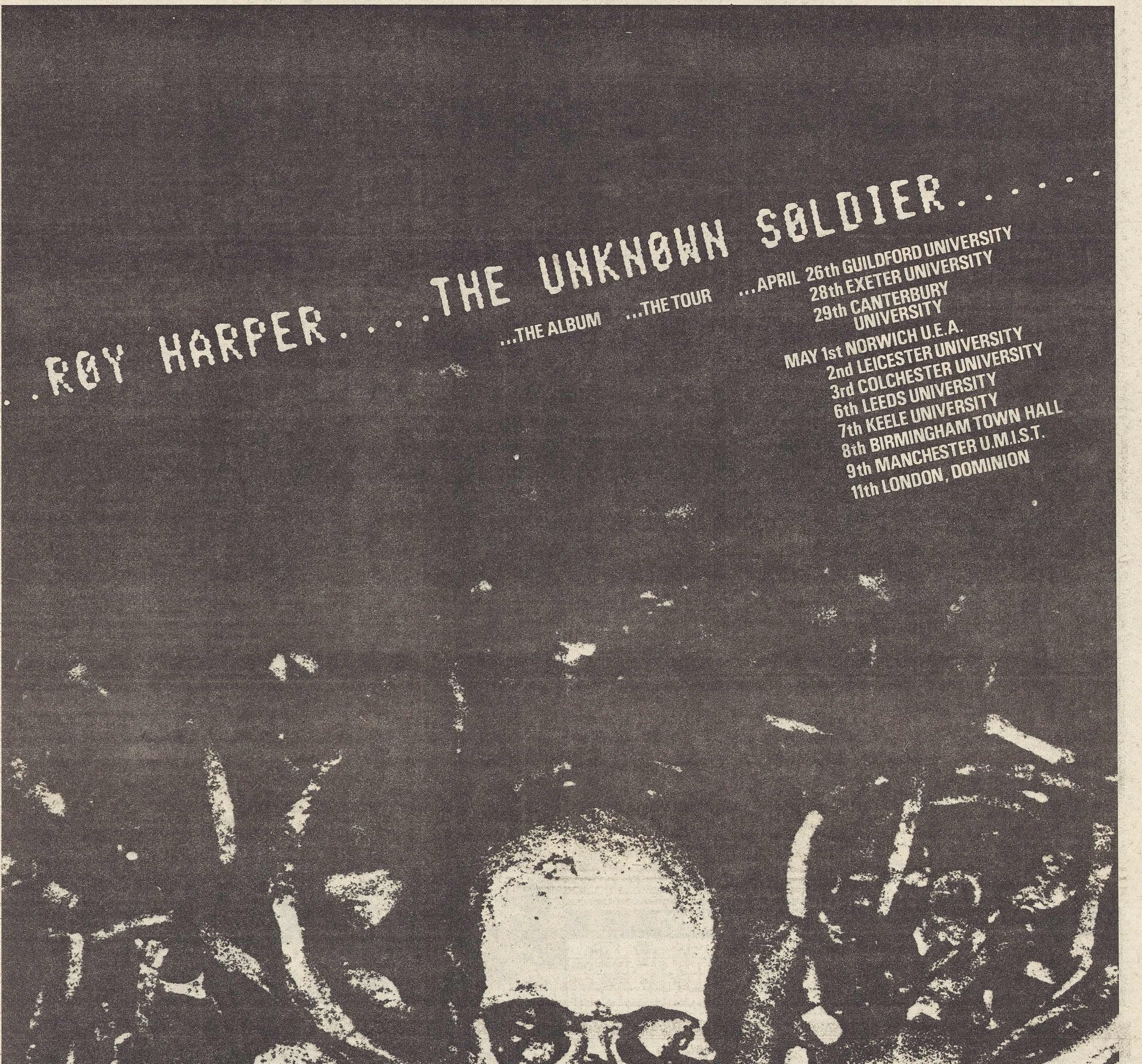

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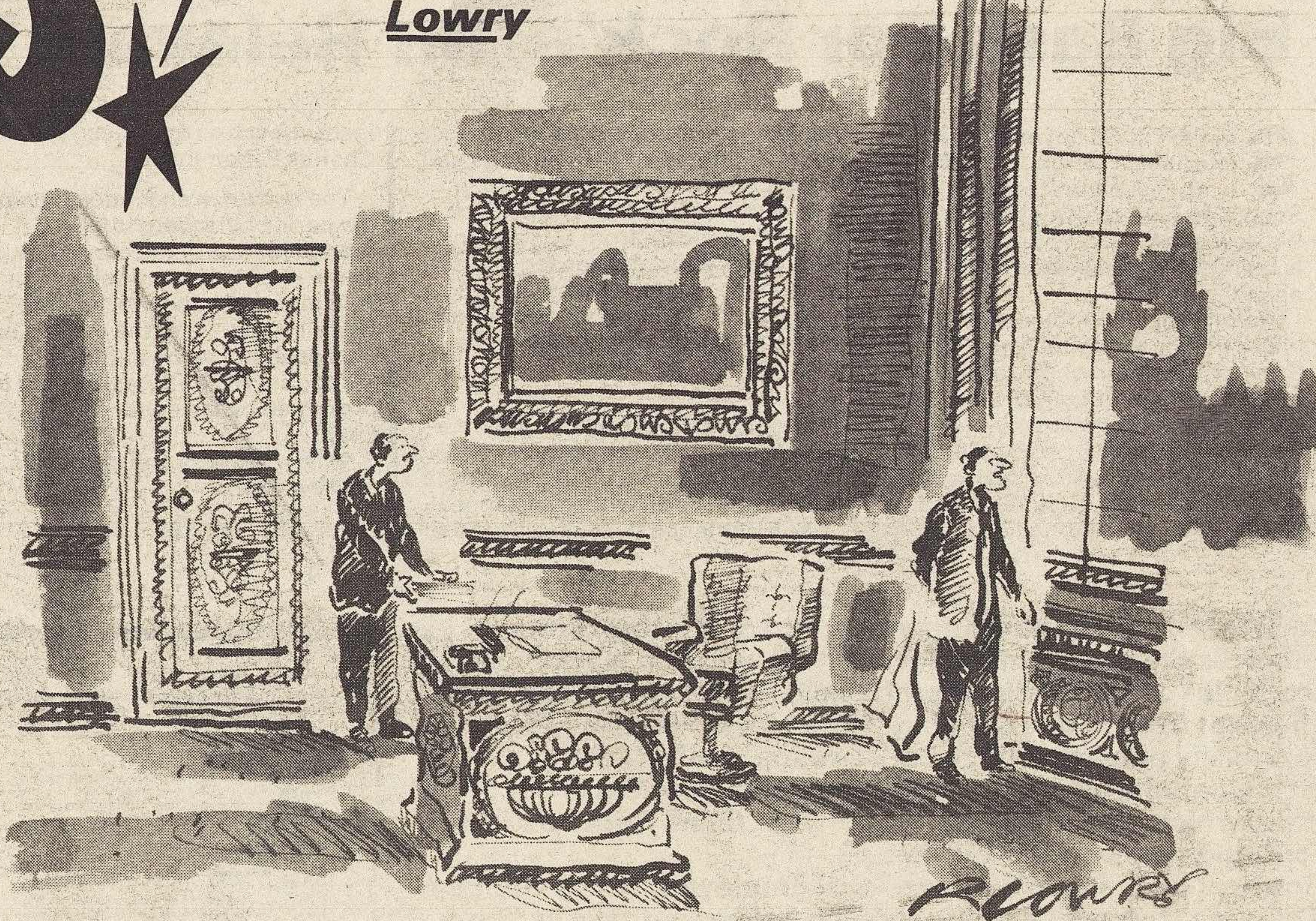
Thrills!

goes anthropological and takes a look at the lost tribes of the tabloid jungle.

Lowry



"We've encountered an unexpected difficulty, Minister. We're not recruiting emough bully boys, sadists and psychopaths to run the camps we've set up to discipline the young hooligans, bully boys and psychopaths."

MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL. WHO ARE THE NASTIEST KIDS OF ALL?

"*YOUTH LOST its innocence back in the '50s when teenage idol Marlon Brando was asked what exactly he was rebelling against,*" began the *Daily Mirror's* three-day centre-spread special on 'Britain's Young Tribes', *'Whaddaya got?' Mumbled Brando — and the generation gap was born'.*

Ever since then it has been periodically inflamed by the upright, sanctimonious tabloid press in their perpetual search for something that will incite in their readers emotions ranging from shock, indignation and outrage to, er, shock, indignation and outrage.

Tits are one thing, but this is a form of titillation just the same. And titillation, whether just comic, plain stupid, or crude and prurient, is the staple content of the most widely-read newspapers in the country. If it wasn't for the fact that many people read them mainly for sports pages (and because they are cheap — in price) it would be hard to have much faith in human nature.

Human nature being what the tabloids think it is, however, we were showered with the usual saucy, soaraway pulse-rates and temperatures this last spring Bank Holiday, courtesy of the newly opened nude beach at Brighton (although in the absence of anything resembling real news I trust other sources of titillation would have been found).

Real news broke on Tuesday, when 'MODS AND WRECKERS!' and others besides 'converged' on Britain's resorts to let off a bit of steam on any convenient adversary. Arrests ran into the hundreds, though there were no reports of any serious violence, and the case for the 'short, sharp shock' treatment has doubtless been strengthened.

Co-incidentally (or perhaps not) the *Mirror* chose that same Tuesday to begin its series on "Britian's Young Tribes', preying on the fears of those on the wrong side of the Generation Gap (or on the Neasden tube line, or just stuck in the traffic jams on the way to the coastal resorts) with a headline that played on the same old emotions: *The Disturbing Truth About The Cults That Breed On Violence.*

Hiding behind the fence of objective reportage, the *Mirror* braved the sub-cultural jungle to 'reveal' the thoughts and attitudes of these 'tribes', exploiting the 'violence' in the big bold letters. This is, of course, a marked tendency of almost all newspapers, including *NME* But at least *NME* does not go on in the text to equivocate about the violence it sometimes reports, in the way the *Mirror* did. Does that make us hypocritical? Yes. But by reporting violence without comment the *Mirror* could be accused of condoning it, which is worse, or simply accepting it, which is frightening.

Perhaps, though, the *Mirror* trusts in its readers to see good from bad; to understand that when they see a headline *Charlie is pure skinhead . . . all aggro, Paki-bashing and glue sniffing* (glue sniffing?!), the tone of which is carried through in the actual piece, this is something to be pitied, not emulated. Perhaps the *Mirror* has a better understanding of human nature than we think . . .

Apart from this . . . it was all the utmost tripe. Three days of ill-informed nonsense culminating in a hilarious at-a-glimpse 'Guide to the cults'. (See below) Interestingly enough, it becomes clear on reading the various pieces on the tribes that only one is readily prone to violence: the skinheads. This is reportedly because their hero is Sid Vicious. Skinheads "wear T-shirts in his honour and hold marches in his memory."

Now you know.

PAUL RAMBALI

In case you find all these new tribes a bit confusing, the *Mirror* provides a nice simple synopsis. And as a special service to all our readers we reprint this invaluable guide.

Guide to the cults

SKINHEADS : Have convict-style cropped hair and wear bovver boots. Dance the Moonstomp to reggae music. Enjoy fighting.

MODS : Very clean. Wear mohair suits, ride scooters and enjoy Tamla Motown music.

BOWIES : Imitate David Bowie in dress and musical taste.

RUDE BOYS : Wear pork pie hats and trilbys. Follow ska music. Some are enthusiastic vandals.

PUNKS : Out to shock through their appearance and behaviour. Have anarchist leanings.

ROOTS BOYS : West Indian-based movement. Smart dressers, good dancers, and anti-police.

RAR. No punks no skins — so no venue

RAR'S plan to use the Notre Dame hall as a regular club venue has come to an abrupt end after the hall's manager tried to keep punks and skinheads out of the gigs.

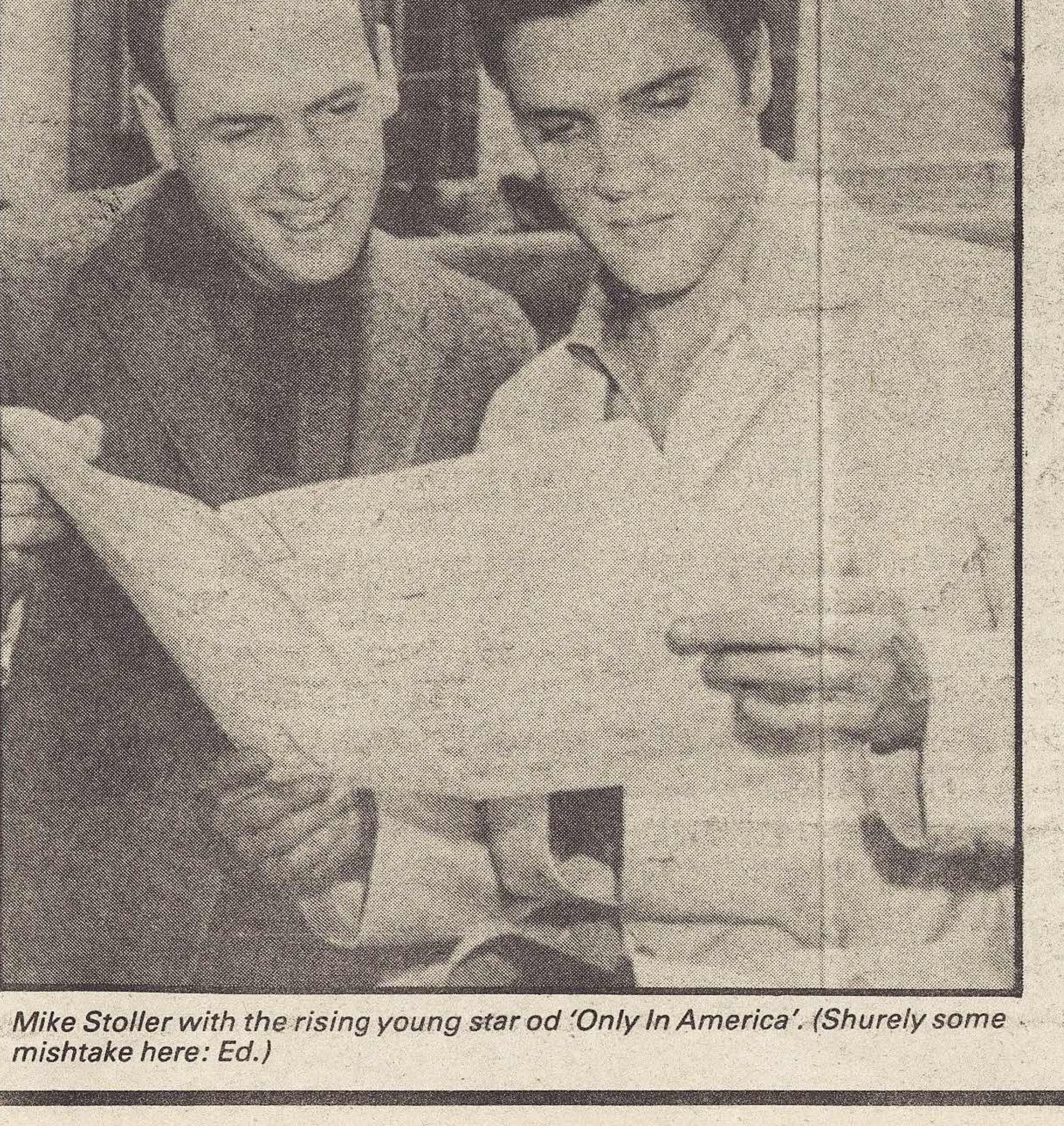
"The guy was really paranoid about the way people dressed," commented RAR spokesperson Wayne. "He'd get a bit hairy just over the odd zip, and obviously we couldn't have rar gigs without punks and skins cos that's a lot of our audience."

The cost of hiring the venue was also a factor in rar's withdrawal, as high prices undermined their policy of presenting smaller unknown bands.

Plans are now afoot for the rar club to restart, and a successful trial gig has already been held in the cellar of a Gt. Portland St. pub, the Albany.

The manager must be a *Daily Mirror* reader.

GRAHAM LOCK



Mike Stoller with the rising young star od 'Only In America'. (Shurely some mishtake here: Ed.)

Meanwhile, back at the bourgeoisie

LONDON'S LATEST ROOTS ROT MUSICAL

ONLY IN AMERICA — the heralded 'Leiber and Stoller musical arranged by Ned Sherrin' opened at London's Roundhouse last week. The magic of the countless rock classics that make up the show's score failed to materialise on the boards of the old engine house, however.

It would have helped if the band hadn't apparently been borrowed from Bertram Mills Circus for the occasion. Certainly between them and the majority of the singers, classics like 'Jailhouse Rock', 'Kansas City' and 'Spanish Harlem', to name but an unfortunate trio, didn't so much die the death as were quietly beaten over the head until they lay still in the dust.

It was difficult to make sense of the musical content — and the check list of songs is little short of phenomenal, including '50s and '60s classics immortalised by everyone from The Coasters, Elvis Presley, Ben E King and The Drifters, and many many more — and the form — a thoroughly mainstream musical with eager choruses of Rolf Harris Young Generation type dancers zipping across the stage in West Side Story devised choreography.

At half time *Thrills* stood appalled in the bar as the theatre crowd cooed at each other, most of them as far removed from the '50s American urban roots sensibility exalted in the songs as the Iranian Revolutionary Council from Ronald Reagan.

Still, as these things go, it went. The show is too well-paced to ever really drag, while an impressive system of radio mikes and the Roundhouse allowed multi-directional entrances and exits. There was also an elaborate two-tier stage set, one of the night's best moments coming when the real Pink Cadillac took a hunk out the set.

As a musical, the main problem was that TV superbore Ned Sherrin had apparently failed to provide the story with any discernable story line — all that's dramatised are the songs themselves in an endless sequence of scenarios. Some of these — most noticably those involving the black quartet on The Coaster' numbers and the fiercesome 'Big Mama' figure of Betrice Reading — work well enough, but ultimately *Only In America* is a pastiche of rock and roll, just another West End/Broadway show (waddywaddy), a fun night out for the squares. Today's equivalent to the street heroes lionised in Lieber and Stoller's songs are down the road at the Music Machine and the Electric Ballroom, as unacceptable to the audience and devisers of *Only In America* as they always were.

CHARLIE BROWN

Billy Karloff And The Who?

WARNER BROS. have informed their new Sarf London signing Billy Karloff and The Supremes that they can continue to be thus named, provided they first post a billion dollar bond.

The label's motives are two fold: (a) to stimulate quizzical press reaction and (b) to cover themselves, in advance, against a possible damages suit from the actual Supremes.

Karloff, a heavy new wave comedian, is consequently searching for a new handle and offers £100 for the best suggestion. er . . . Billy Karloff and the vanishing humours?

Big Bash For Rock's 'Mr Relevant'

SELF-STYLED doyen of rock journalism Derek Jewell threw a modest bash at Ronnie Scott's on Thursday night to launch his new book, "The Popular Voice", is being 'A musical record of the 60's and 70's.'

Among the assembled multitude was a hefty contingent from The Sunday Times for whom, as a long-standing stringer, D. Jewell Esq. has contributed many challenging articles on popular music (last week's effort featured "glorious" Jethro Tull). Wine and canapes were consumed in quantity while entertainment was provided to a varying degree by Elaine Page and her pianist Andrew Lloyd Webber. Jon Anderson and his pianist Rick Wakeman (flown from Switzerland for the occasion, broken leg and all), Cleo Laine and her sidesman John Dankworth. An unconfirmed report states that Rod Argent played the piano.

Highlights of the evening were a Beatles' reunion (ha ha, nice one Derek) and Ronnie Scott's duet with John Dankworth whose sax appeal was heightened by the fact that the instrument had once been played by Charles Parker Esq.

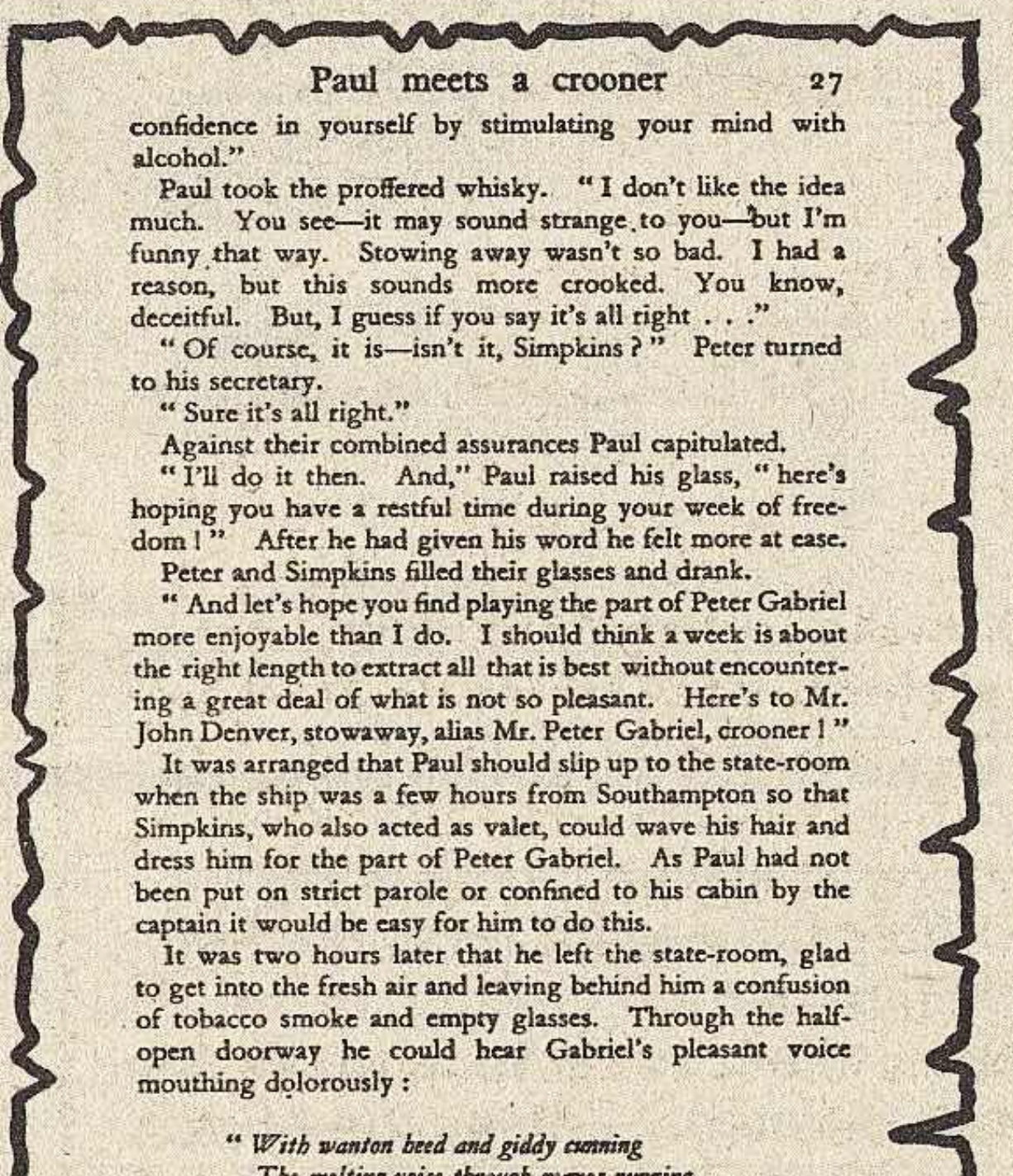
The audience and indeed most of the performers were totally representative of the current musical scene (the rock press being conspicuously absent), and the wistful nostalgia of the event was encapsulated in the author's emotional acceptance of a gold disc presented by his editor Harold Evans.

A night of tears and souvenirs. The past lives on.

NEIL NORMAN

AND ONCE again the wonderful world of printing errors provices the easily amused with more wild and wacky examples of the totally improbable. The lengthy extract on the right from Victor Canning's 1936 novel *Fly Away Paul* (originally published by the ultra-redoubtable William Heinemann) leaves us as speechless as is possible in our case, which means that all we can do is thank Andrew Kirby for bringing it to our attention.

Roy Kerridge rats on his occasional employers on the *Sunday Telegraph* by enclosing the clipping below that tells us "how Daffy learned his duckwalk", while Tim Barnett scored a tie by flipping us the same item suggesting, "So that's how he whiled away those lonely hours in jail." All *Thrills* wants to know is: who's Chuck Berry?



Paul meets a crooner 27

confidence in yourself by stimulating your mind with alcohol."

Paul took the proffered whisky. "I don't like the idea much. You see—it may sound strange to you—but I'm funny that way. Stowing away wasn't so bad. I had a reason, but this sounds more crooked. You know, deceitful. But, I guess if you say it's all right . . ."

"Of course, it is—isn't it, Simpkins?" Peter turned to his secretary.

"Sure it's all right."

Against their combined assurances Paul capitulated.

"I'll do it then. And," Paul raised his glass, "here's hoping you have a restful time during your week of freedom!" After he had given his word he felt more at ease.

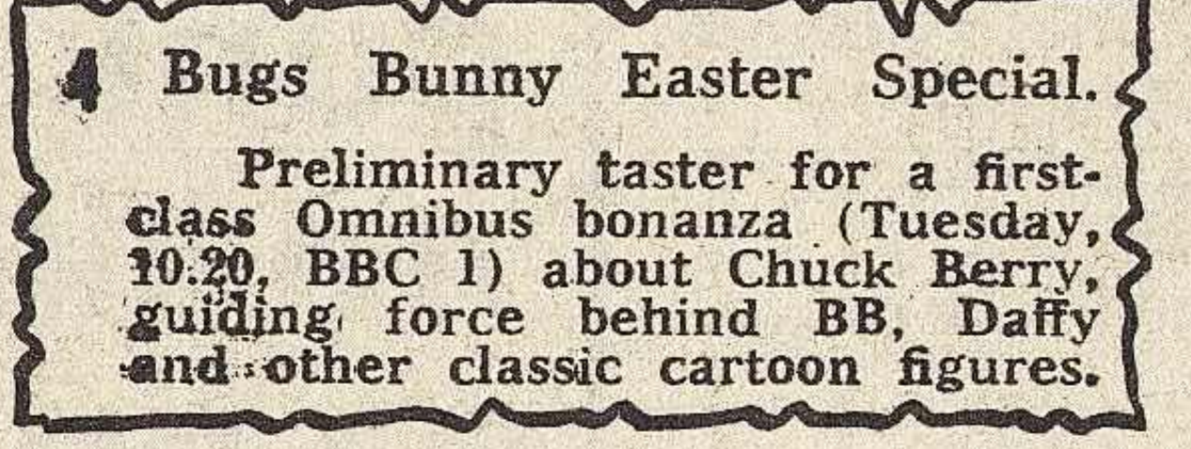
Peter and Simpkins filled their glasses and drank.

"And let's hope you find playing the part of Peter Gabriel more enjoyable than I do. I should think a week is about the right length to extract all that is best without encountering a great deal of what is not so pleasant. Here's to Mr. John Denver, stowaway, alias Mr. Peter Gabriel, crooner!"

It was arranged that Paul should slip up to the state-room when the ship was a few hours from Southampton so that Simpkins, who also acted as valet, could wave his hair and dress him for the part of Peter Gabriel. As Paul had not been put on strict parole or confined to his cabin by the captain it would be easy for him to do this.

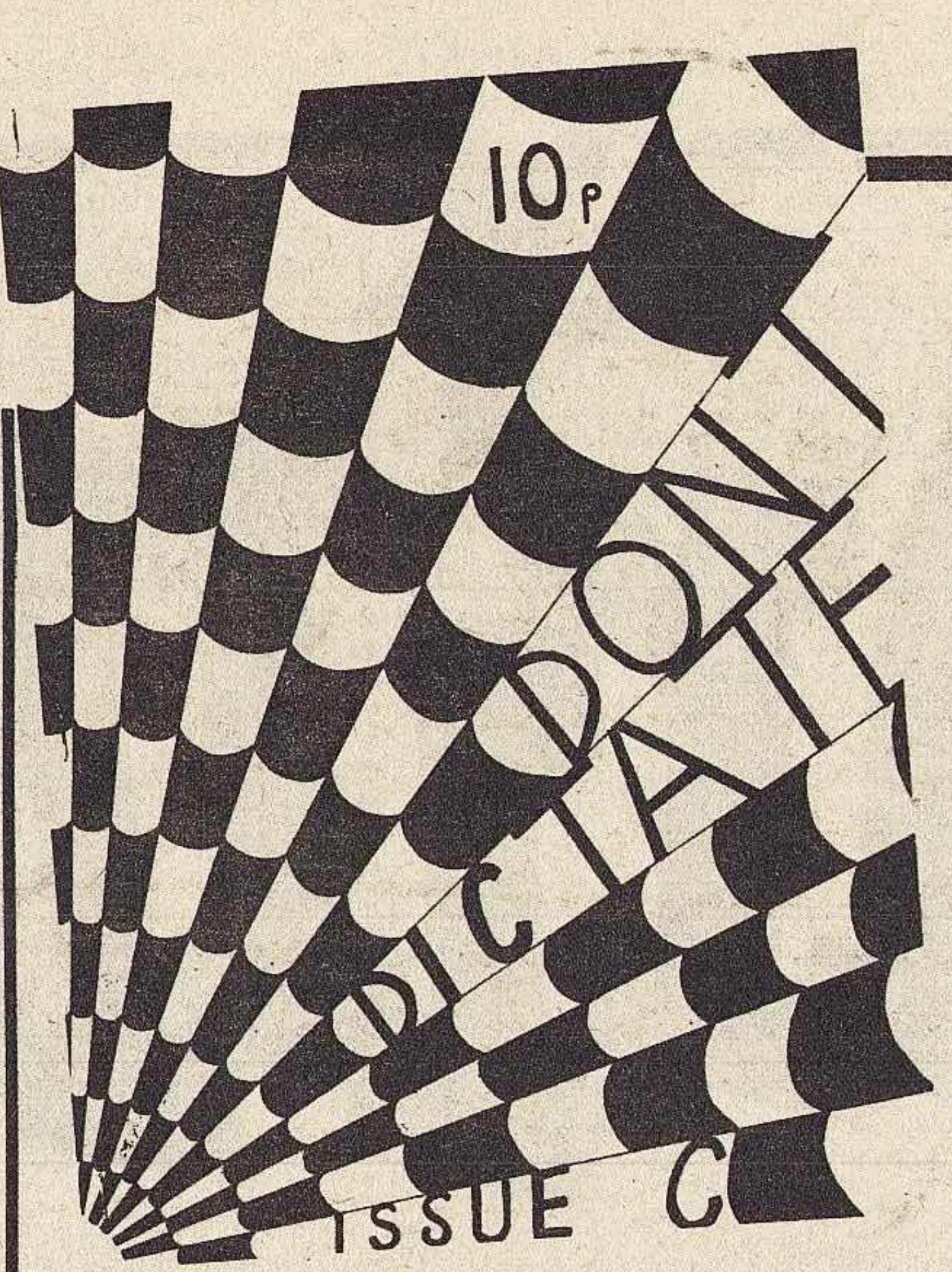
It was two hours later that he left the state-room, glad to get into the fresh air and leaving behind him a confusion of tobacco smoke and empty glasses. Through the half-open doorway he could hear Gabriel's pleasant voice mouthing dolorously:

"With wanton heed and giddy cunning
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."



4 Bugs Bunny Easter Special.

Preliminary taster for a first-class Omnibus bonanza (Tuesday, 10.20, BBC 1) about Chuck Berry, guiding force behind BB, Daffy and other classic cartoon figures.



one or two from a recent past, one or two from nowhere at all — and yet that gives them a much broader base than ever before. They can deal with far more possibilities and attitudes than those fanzines thrown up by *Sniffin' Glue*. Fanzines have more than ever to talk and moan about — and rip off. What is not so clear is direction and, although some go for it, conclusion; but you can't look at these 'zines, the words, the zeal and the designs, and say nothing has happened. Unless you're too strict for me.

How much has happened? This and that. The readers-voted-for-charts — one of many formal fanzine traditions — map accurately this post-modern

Fanzines go on for

THERE ARE now more independent 'zines assembled by enthusiasts, cynics and idiot-activists than ever before, as good an indication as any that away from the polarization and despondency, the pop'n'rock that is emphatically post-punk — or, to sound cornier but brighter, post-modern — shows no sign of dying or dwindling into a disastrous pre-punk idiocy. You could even get optimistic after reading them all, but that's usually been a fanzine illusion.

The 'new fanzine boom' — the same old tired words and labels but they suit what I'm saying — projects a post-modern music world where the pretensions and ideal isms of recent rock seem to be flourishing and changing. Fanzines are free to cut to the core of the issue, be as selfish as they like, and avoid the weight of industry froth and revivalist cut backs that the weeklies are forced to deal with. I don't think this is a con trick.

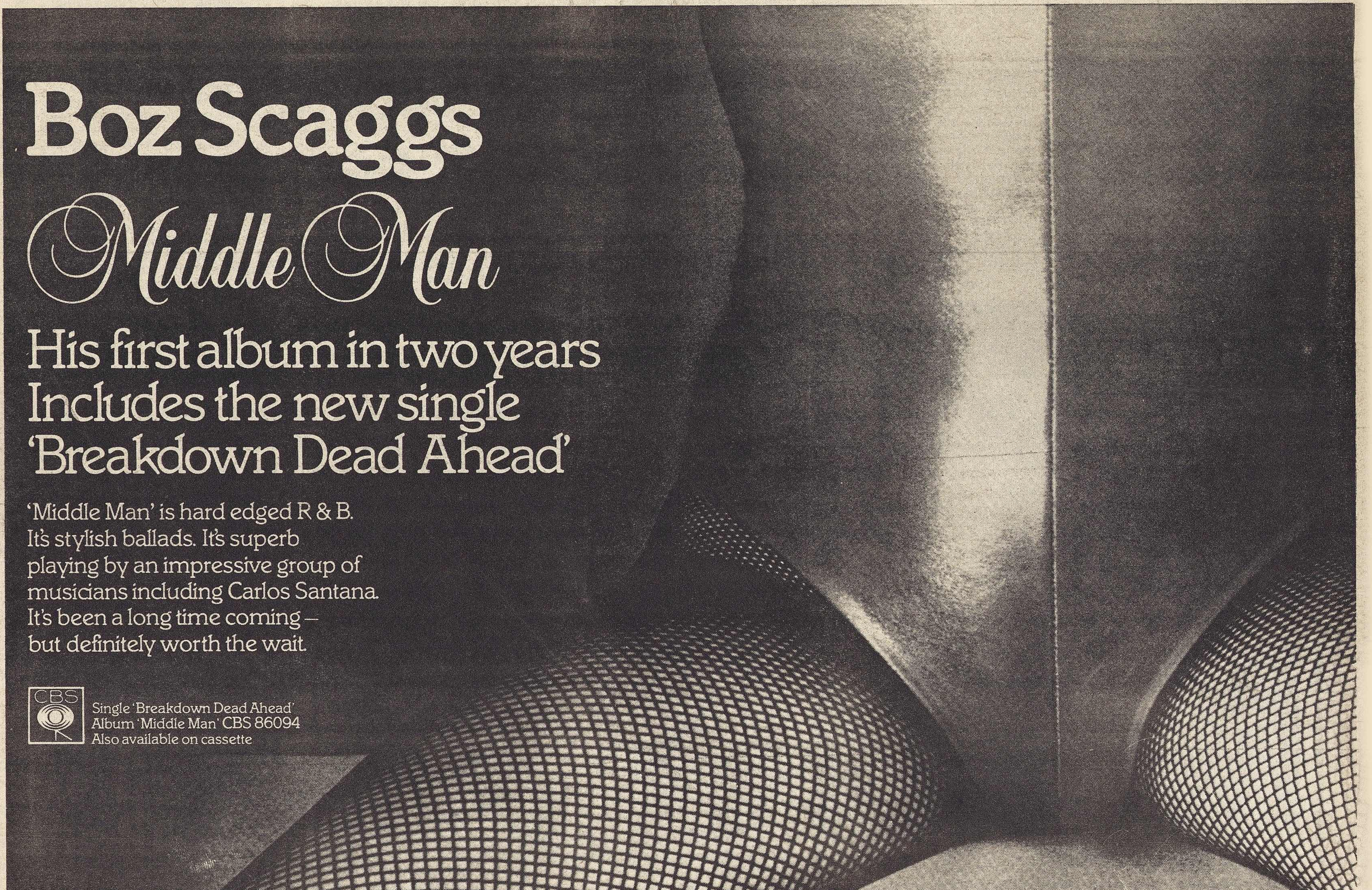
It's a narrow, nervous world they project, however superior some of the writers appear in print, but there's stinl an enormous amount going on in there. Most fanzines report from deep inside the half-insular post-mortem world — world (A Peel/Read/*NME* world, ever over-serious and naive?).

In The City (25p + p&p, 234 Camden High Street, London N.W.1.) is now up to issue 13, interestingly threatening *Zig-Zag* for glossiness, variety, neatness (of sorts), and surpassing it for insight. They're now competent and confident enough to be, er, branching out. Their Gary Numan special is smart, revealing. At 50p, they maybe expensive, but the Numan interview/photos and Army stuff inside is more than *we've* ever done.

But *In The City's* readers' chart for February goes from Gary Numan and Siouxsie down to the Bunnymen and PiL, with Ants, Orch. Man, J. Division, Crass, Foxx, Skids, Selecter, XTC, Fall, Specials et al in between. The drift, get it . . ?

In The City is as established as they come. Organisers Francis Drake and Pete Gilbert are well in touch and well together. The problem is how 'professional' can they become, have they already merged into the nebulous mainstream, and does that actually matter? It's just that there's no *now* fanzine definition. I think *City* should shake off their restricting fanzine formalities of charm and chit-chat and go for *it*. It being tje total sell-out. *Smash Hits?* I spit on it.

Jamming (25p + p&p. Tony Fletcher, 5 Little Bornes, Alleyn Park,

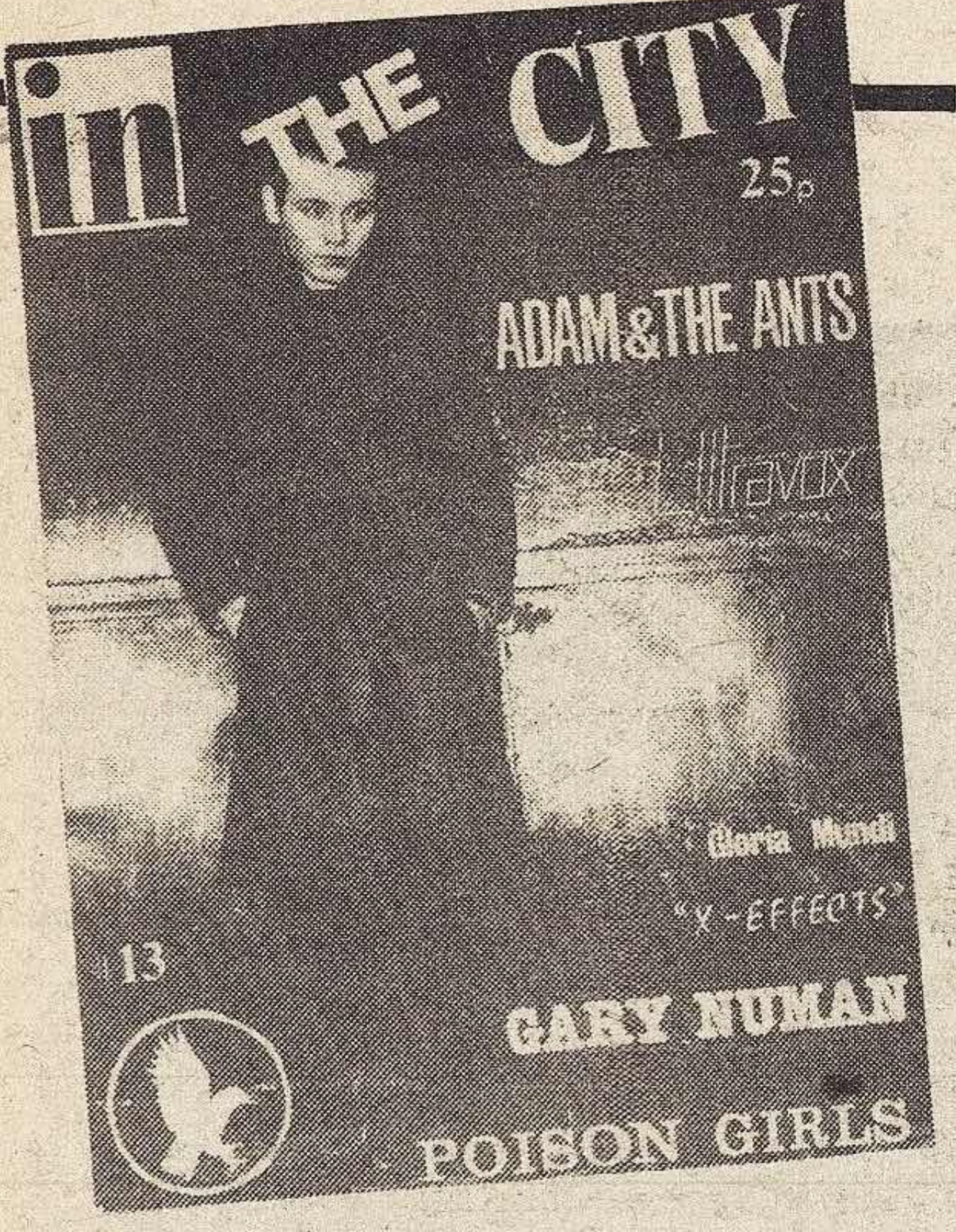

Boz Scaggs

Middle Man

His first album in two years
Includes the new single
'Breakdown Dead Ahead'

'Middle Man' is hard edged R & B.
It's stylish ballads. It's superb
playing by an impressive group of
musicians including Carlos Santana.
It's been a long time coming –
but definitely worth the wait.

CBS
Single 'Breakdown Dead Ahead'
Album 'Middle Man' CBS 86094
Also available on cassette



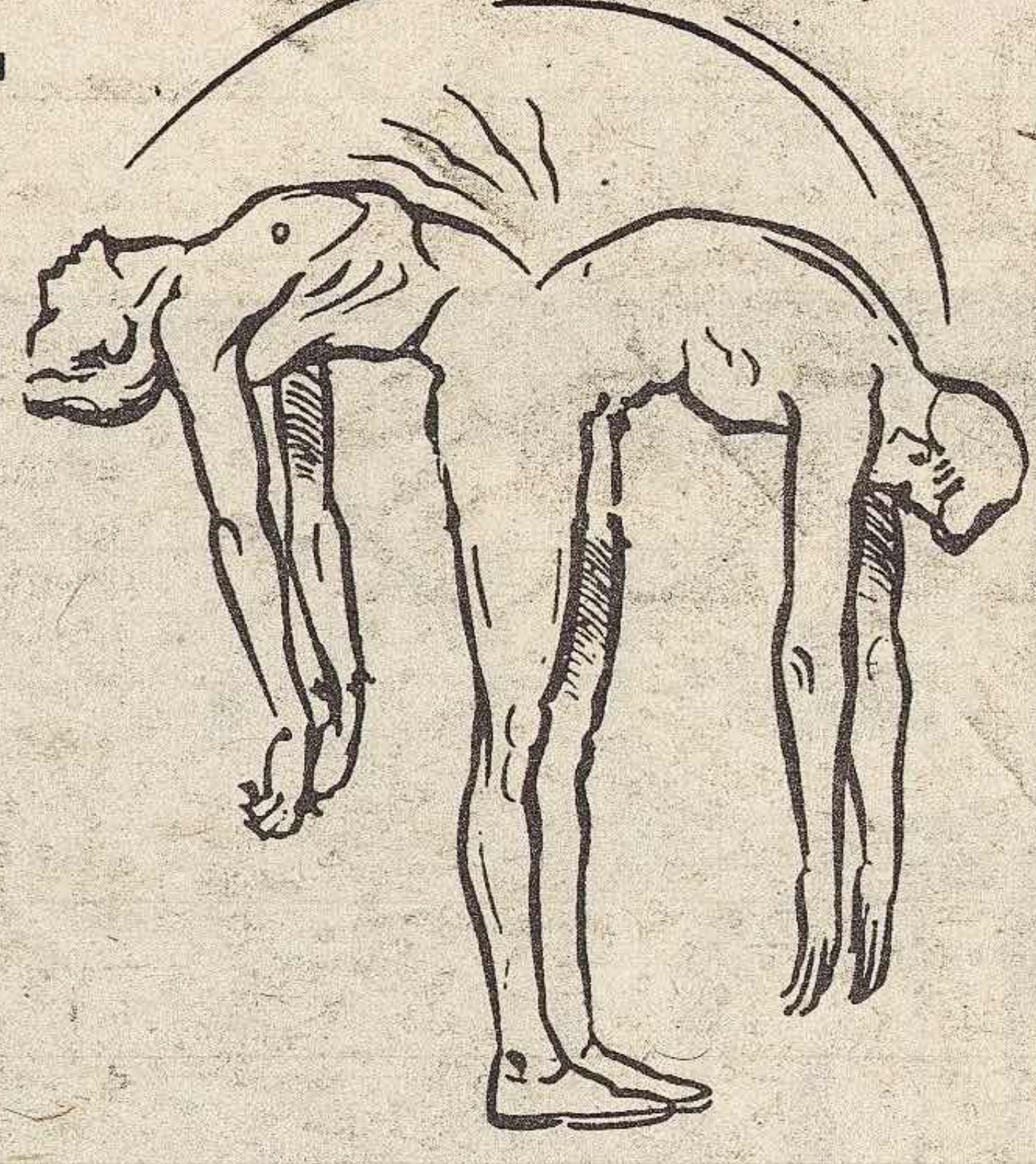
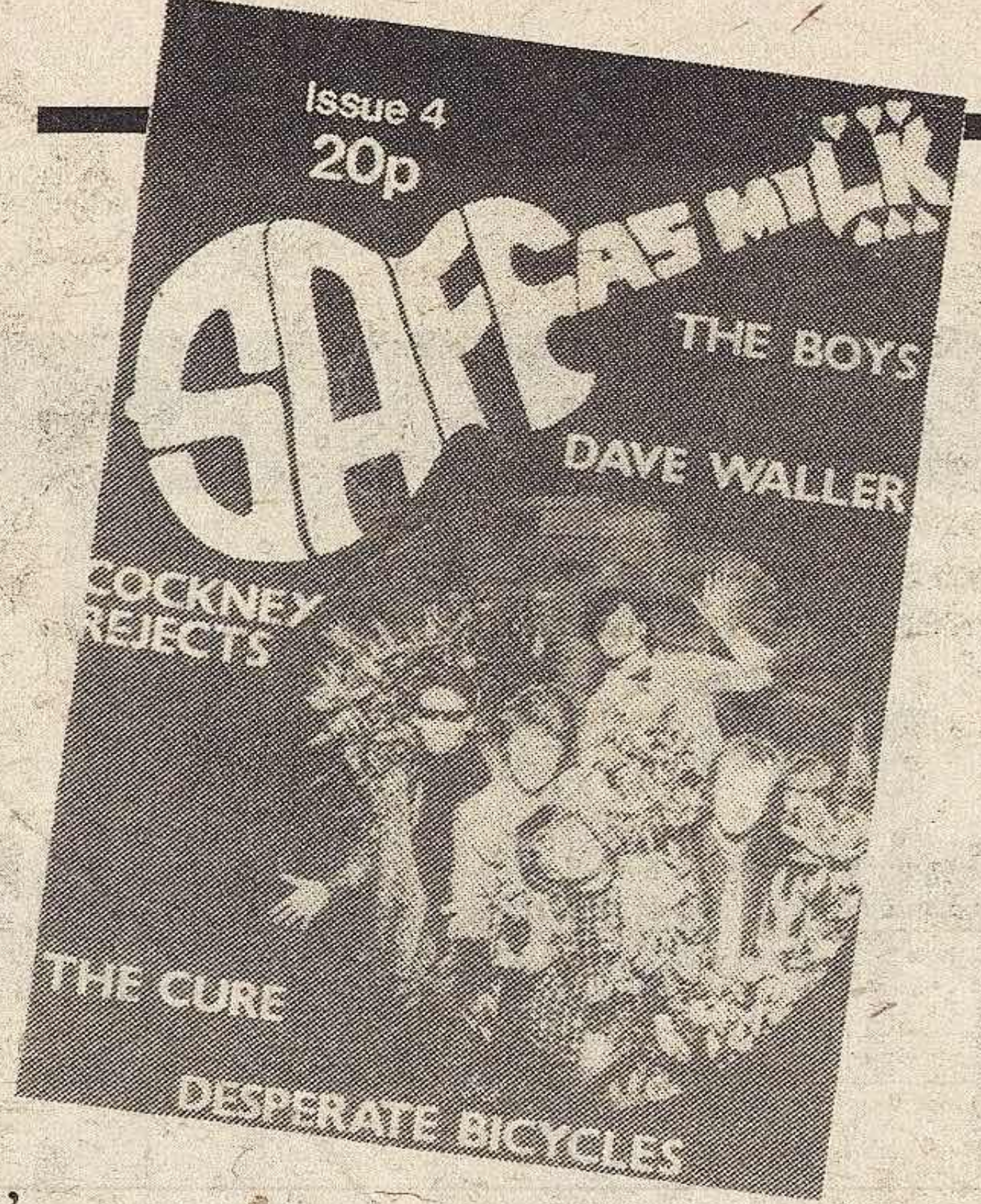


Fig 4. 'Approaching the Boss'



week's *Sunday Times Mag* special; brilliant. It's available from Better Badges, 286 Portobello Road, London W.10. It isn't all grey, hippy and introverted!

Common Knowledge (15p + p&p, 11 Ferrestone Road, Hornsey, London N8.) probably epitomises New Hippy, but . . . well, it's heavy and it's this sort of think that provokes all night discussions on reasons to be doleful, but throws up enough pertinent arguments about post-punk compromise and (im)possiblity to be worth a read. Some seriousness can't be all bad. You can't get any more serious than Mayo Thompson, featured in *CK* I. Whether it's important or not even time won't tell.

FROM THE MAKERS OF HEAT
Black & White
#1
30p

ever . . . and ever . . . and ever . . .

Fanzines Round-up
By Paul Morley

London SE21.) is *not* a modzine. It's up to number 9 and within reason it's a great issue. Their readers charts are as indicative as *In The City* — the four chart favourites are The Fall, The Jam, The Specials and Swell Maps and that's actually a remarkable spectrum. There are two strong pieces on The Fall and The Jam, chatty bits on new tribalism, local radio, Sheffield, fashion and in its chummy, concerned, exhaustive way it's the definition contemporary popzine. Which doesn't mean a thing, except to say if you're interested (in Cure, in Teardrop, in UB 40) then it won't let you down.

Jamming and *In The City* are posh. **Feast In The Garden** (Write to Jan or Terry at 54 Lord Street, Grimsby, if only to say put out another issue; the first was just given out locally and is actually worth it just for some Toyah talk), **Sniffin' Under Where** and **Don't Dictate** (10p + p&p Tony Webster 67, Richmond Way, Newport Pagnell, Bucks.) conform to vague set ideas on what punkzines are about. They're tatty and youth clubby, but all have redeeming factors if only because they're 10p or dirtily anti-complacent, and try to provoke local activity. Chesham's *Sniffin' Under Where,* which was given away free and faced with disinterest, is quitting in a blaze of disbelief-fan(zine) enthusiasm crushed before our very eyes!

'Zines are prone to fill their pages with pointless and boring reviews of records and gigs' which don't even put ours to shame. **Safe As Milk** (20r + p&p, Nean Smith, 45 Greenvale Road, London S.E.9.) has reviews that typically have nothing to say. A good interview with Cure 'saves' issue 4, but saves it from what? When fanzines try too hard to be an alternative to our lot, it turns me off. Then again, *Safe As Milk* deals with the likes of The Boys and Cockney Rejects better than *Sounds* does, and poet Dave Waller better than we do.

Pink Flag (30p + p&p, Gary Birchall, 11 Ashland Road, Sheffield, S7IRH.) only has a couple of live reviews, and works towards reflecting local activity and complementing the famous *NME.* There is no need to scramble to excuse Pink Flag's existence. **Rising Free** (25p plus large SAE, Gez and Gub Lowry, 36 Wilbury Way, Hitchin, Herts.) also lacks clogging reviews. Very punky and patchy, almost to the extent of being specialist, it suffers the fanzine plight of quaintness, which is daft, if honest, next to bits on Damned, Toyah, Subs and Chelsea.

It's the inclusion of reviews that could undermine Dublin's fresh looking **Black And White** (30p + p&p. Pete Price, 10 Dodder Park Road, Rathfarnham, Dublin 14, Ireland) but they're selective and perceptive enough to bolster the magazine's excellent coverage of Irish bands. **925**—not what it's called but the closest I can come up with, (it's 25p, no address, the cover is a man holding a pipe, try Rough Trade!)—reviews only one record, Pink Military's great 'Blood And Lipstick', and is overall the sort of Mancunian clever-clever and smarmy inside gen stuff I would love to have been involved in myself. It's almost pretentious, as in Devoto, not Yes, and the difference is massive, honest. It's in Jackanory colour. Must have rich backers.

Down to earth pretension is something missing from current fanzines, they're all a little steady and polite. Printing-it-yourself gives you plenty of opportunity to avoid politeness and obviousness. That the majority of fanzines do as well is a little disappointing. They're sometimes almost as indulgent and reliant on personality as we're accused of — terrible. Why so mild and inhibited?

Dance Crazy is many steps away from the straight and narrow, true post-modern, not a review or a gripe or a name anywhere but just collage, pictorial, sub-situationist, quirky philosophical analyses of Dance. (Cause, effect, sex, solipsism, dance after death.) Pisses all over this

If you read *Jamming* and *Dance Crazy* and *Common Knowledge* then there's no reason why you shouldn't go on to check **Contact** (£1 inc p&p, Philip Martin Music Books, 22 Huntingdon Road, York.) Number 20 has a good piece by Stephanie Jordan — Freedom From The Music, Cage, Cunningham and Collaborations. It's a piece that incidentally complements the flirting in *Dance Crazy*. And there's other stuff on Stockhausen, Christian Wolff, Brian Ferneyhough . . .

Still there? *Contact* is for some of you, those not ashamed of your feelings for Gang Of Four, Joy Division, PiL, Simple Minds, John Foxx etc. Its academic tone will put you off, but plough through for totally differenct perspectives, unimagined layers of seriousness, and Flying Lizards David Cunningham exposing his soul.

All this talk is no doubt comic to those who run fanzines and their lives on vacant punk lines, who feel Crass are changing and challenging things whilst PiL and Co. are merely doing now what the likes of Kraftwerk and Focus were doing pre-punk da£s. **Anti-Climax** (20p + p&p, 3 Church Crescent, Sproughton, Ipswich.) holds this view. It's the equivalent of a UK Subs LP. Tony D's appalling **Kill You Pet Puppy** I don't begin to understand. The point where pure punks start to bury themselves alive? Surely the last gasps.

The small and cute **No Cure** (15p + p&p, 6 Denmark Road, Newbury, Berks.) is the equivalent of a Swell Maps LP. I have a soft spot for it.

But really this fanzine jive can just be an excuse for some specialists/freaks pet project that isn't obviously marketable. Issue 13 of **Alternative Sounds** becomes **Alternative Fotos** (25p + p&p, Martin, 143 Moat Avenue, Coventry.) and is full of blotchy photos of entertainers from The Vietnamese Babies to The Specials. An admitted experiment that I think has failed.

The Power Of Rock'n'Roll is a jolly ode to the life and times of rock'n'roll, devotedly done, each verse set in an era, carefully represented by the 'right' pictures. From the simple days of Presley through simplistically to these strange days of Joel, Priest, Chic, Clash, Raincoats, PiL, Numan . . . *The Power Of Rock'n'Roll* is pretty and does something for me.

Look where we are! it says. All these fanzines say that. If you know where to look it needn't be boring. If you see something to fight for and against it's worth getting worked up.

And then I just got tired. Fanzines will go on for ever. (The post-mortem way is the best way!)

JUDAS PRIEST
strike again!

THE NEW ALBUM IS
BRITISH STEEL

Featuring the hit single "Living After Midnight."

Coming hard on the heels of a triumphant sell-out UK tour and a smash hit single 'British Steel' is an explosive album that goes all the way to match the raw power of Priest live. Forget Heavy Metal...Judas Priest is British Steel!

BRITISH STEEL
BRITISH STEEL
Judas Priest
BRITISH STEEL

CBS

Judas Priest
New album 'British Steel'
CBS 84160
Also available on cassette,
includes the single 'Living After Midnight'
Produced by Tom Allom and Judas Priest

Pic: David Travis
Pic: Peter Anderson

Left: Dave Vanian. Right: Max Splodge
This caption contains absolutely no puns on bum, cheek or ass.

Splodge get Sensible

THE AGE of the superstar jam session is with us once again. Well-known incredibly famous and would-be ~~notorious~~ Damned person Captain Sensible has started jamming with well-known publicity seekers Splodgenessabounds.

Their first joint venture at the Tramshed in Woolwich was apparently a major disaster/triumph (delete as applicable) culminating in the destruction of every piece of equipment Splodge possessed.

Did this signal the end of a short and inglorious career for the nation's least celebrated band? Regrettably not.

Splodge, evidently in possession of more money than sense, have without any apparent difficulty obtained new equipment which will be given its first — and last — airing at the Greyhound in Chelsea tonight (Thursday, April 17). Yes, Sensible will be there again, attempting to draw the crowds by promising to dispatch the new equipment as effectively as he did the last lot.

Splodge singer, Max Splodge, promises it will be quite an event. Well, he would, wouldn't he?

FI BULSTUNT

Looks good, smells good, by golly it *does* you good

INSIDE DOPE

By DICK TRACY

IT IS one of the anomalies of our current medical system that doctors can freely prescribe morphine and heroin but cannot prescribe marijuana or its derivatives without a specific endorsement from the Home Office.

This state of affairs is shortly to be challenged by Dr Michael Rose of St George's Hospital Medical School in London who wants to use it to treat the painful symptoms of intensive chemotherapy treatment for cancer. He says: "I believe in due course it may be considered malpractice not to prescribe marijuana in such cases. It is already negligent."

Marijuana as medicine is currently big news in the States. Eighteen states have now recognised marijuana's medical value and the Federal government is fast making plans to develop a synthetic "pot pill" of the marijuana derivative — Delta-9 THC.

The National Institute of Drug Abuse (NIDA) recently sponsored a meeting of government researchers and drug company representatives in an effort to interest one of the firms in manufacturing it. However, before such a pill could be put on the market, the company concerned would have to invest several million dollars and spend two years satisfying the rigorous demands of a New Drug Application — and the companies are reluctant because THC is an unpatentable substance.

Even so, it's clear that the medical establishment, after years of neglect, are beginning to realise that marijuana is a plant substance with unique therapeutic properties.

Delta-THC was used as an anaesthetic in ancient China and as a tranquiliser and anti-stress agent in both the Hindu and Moslem systems of drugs. At the beginning of this century, when medicines became increasingly standardised, marijuana fell out of favour, because Delta-THC is an unstable compound, whose active principle was unknown and whose potency varied. It was only in 1964 at the Hebrew University School of Pharmacy in Israel that Delta-THC was first isolated and characterised.

It appears likely that, in the years ahead, a whole range of valuable drugs based on marijuana will be exploited. One additional recent discovery was that THC dilates the bronchial airwaves and an aerosol spray has now been developed for the treatment of asthma and bronchitis.

The claims that marijuana has no medical applications can now be safely relegated to the propaganda comics.

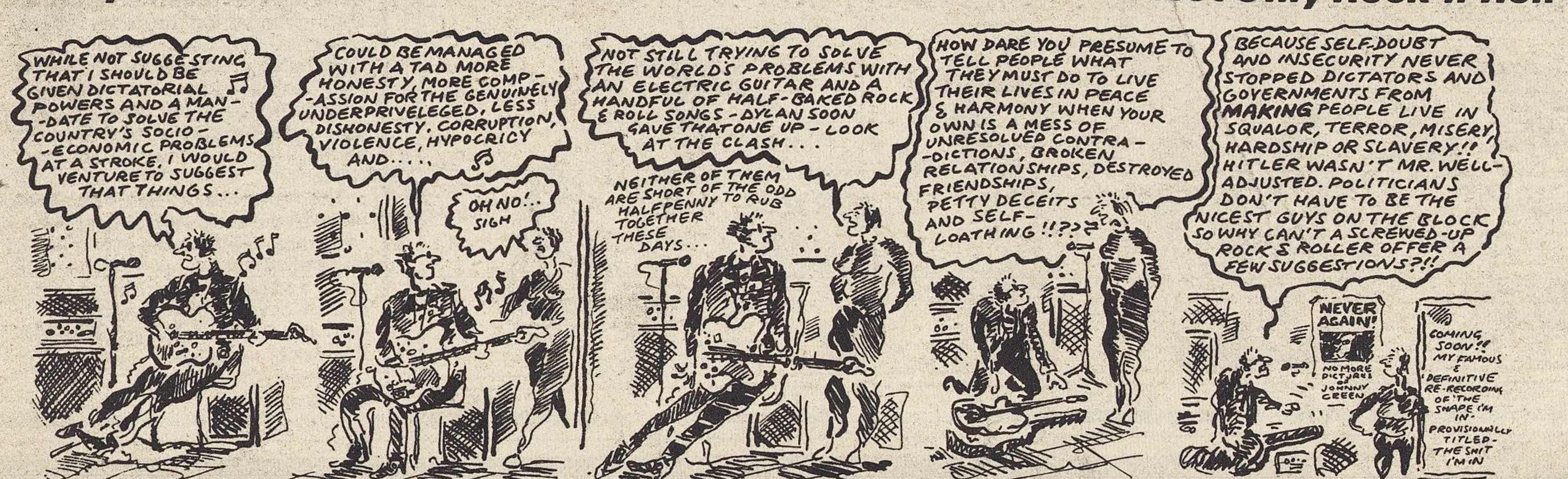
EUROPE'S first drug magazine *Home Grown* recently achieved notoriety when three copies of it were handed to jurors at Exeter Crown Court during the recent trial of the marijuana farmers.

The sixth issue, styled "The Turn of the Decade issue", features prose from Patty Smith, Heathcote William on the Psychedelic Pogrom, a review of the Great Books of Hashish and a look at the anti-marijuana campaigns of the past. Copies costs 75p and are available from Alchemy Publications, 253 Portobello Road, London W11.

Home Grown is now joined on the market by a new magazine *Stash* produced by the guerilla arm of the Cannabis Liberation Front, the Smoky Bears.

Stash 2 currently going the rounds boasts 'Our coverage is universal, our readership is international' and carries news of direct actions and campaigns. Copies cost 35p and are available from 182 Upper Street, London N1.

Lowry — Not Only Rock'n'Roll


WHILE NOT SUGGESTING THAT I SHOULD BE GIVEN DICTATORIAL POWERS AND A MAN-DATE TO SOLVE THE COUNTRY'S SOCIO-ECONOMIC PROBLEMS AT A STROKE, I WOULD VENTURE TO SUGGEST THAT THINGS...
COULD BE MANAGED WITH A TAD MORE HONESTY, MORE COMP-ASSION FOR THE GENUINELY UNDERPRIVELEGED, LESS DISHONESTY, CORRUPTION, VIOLENCE, HYPOCRICY AND.....
OH NO!.. SIGH
NOT STILL TRYING TO SOLVE THE WORLD'S PROBLEMS WITH AN ELECTRIC GUITAR AND A HANDFUL OF HALF-BAKED ROCK & ROLL SONGS - DYLAN SOON GAVE THAT ONE UP - LOOK AT THE CLASH...
NEITHER OF THEM ARE SHORT OF THE ODD HALFPENNY TO RUB TOGETHER THESE DAYS...
HOW DARE YOU PRESUME TO TELL PEOPLE WHAT THEY MUST DO TO LIVE THEIR LIVES IN PEACE & HARMONY WHEN YOUR OWN IS A MESS OF UNRESOLVED CONTRA-DICTIONS, BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS, DESTROYED FRIENDSHIPS, PETTY DECEITS AND SELF-LOATHING!!??
BECAUSE SELF-DOUBT AND INSECURITY NEVER STOPPED DICTATORS AND GOVERNMENTS FROM MAKING PEOPLE LIVE IN SQUALOR, TERROR, MISERY, HARDSHIP OR SLAVERY!! HITLER WASN'T MR. WELL-ADJUSTED. POLITICIANS DON'T HAVE TO BE THE NICEST GUYS ON THE BLOCK SO WHY CAN'T A SCREWED-UP ROCK & ROLLER OFFER A FEW SUGGESTIONS?!!
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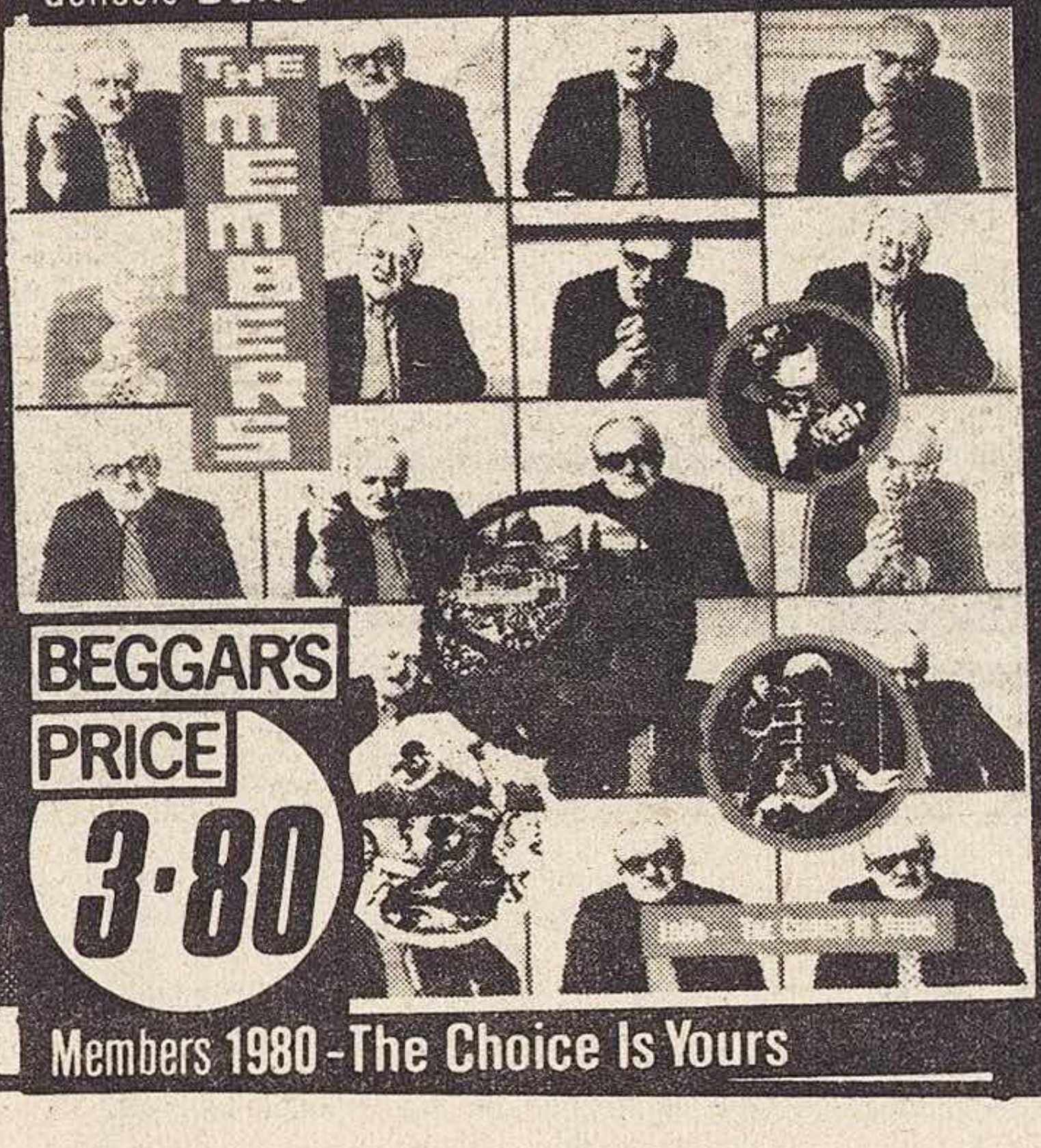
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SPECIAL

HEARTBROKEN

Osmond Thrill's stunning effect

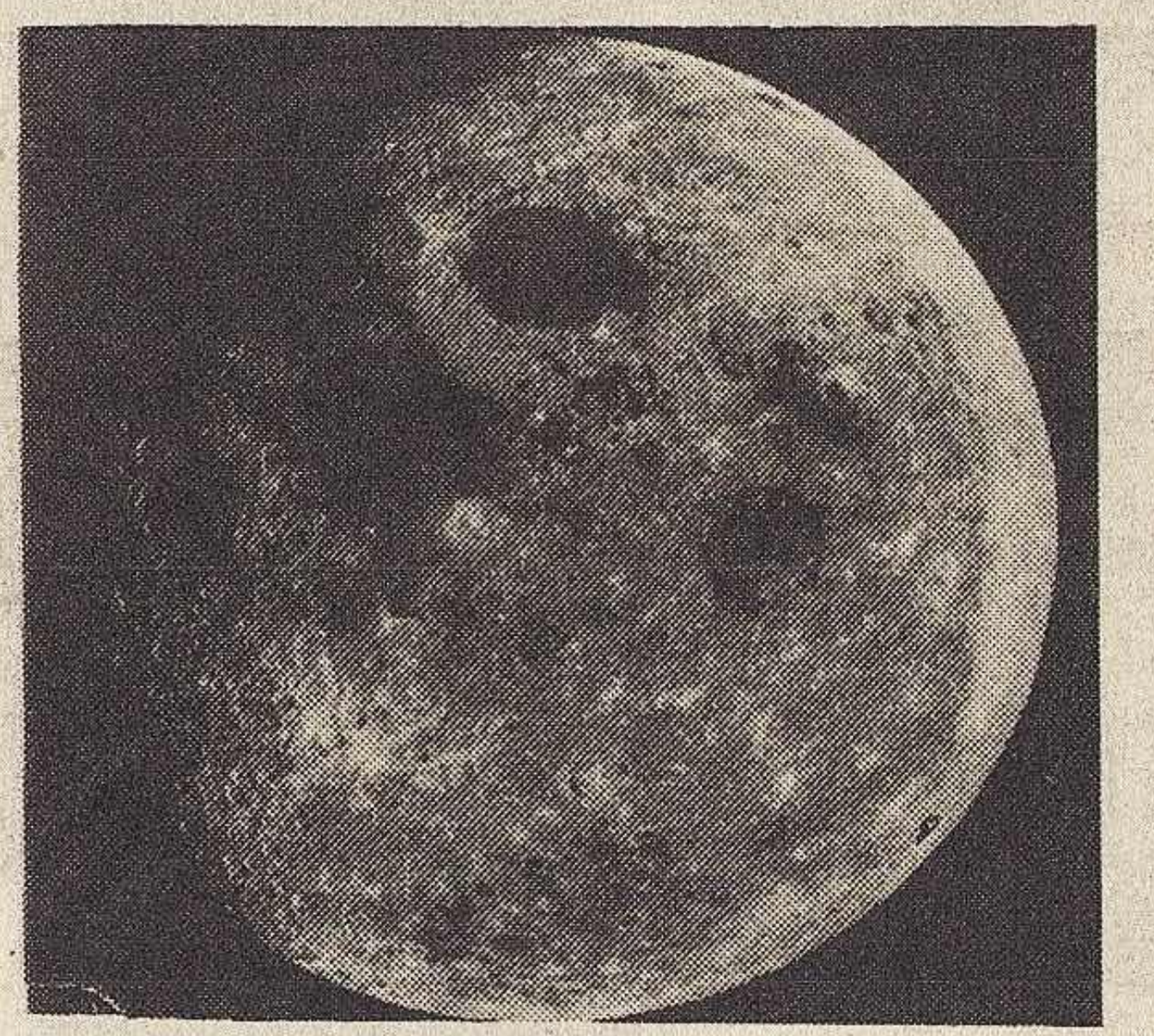
POOR Merrill Osmond. What a terrible week he's had. First he and fellow Mosmos are subjected to a piece of cruel and cynical so-called journalism in *NME* going on about how the group's farewell British tour has belly-flopped.

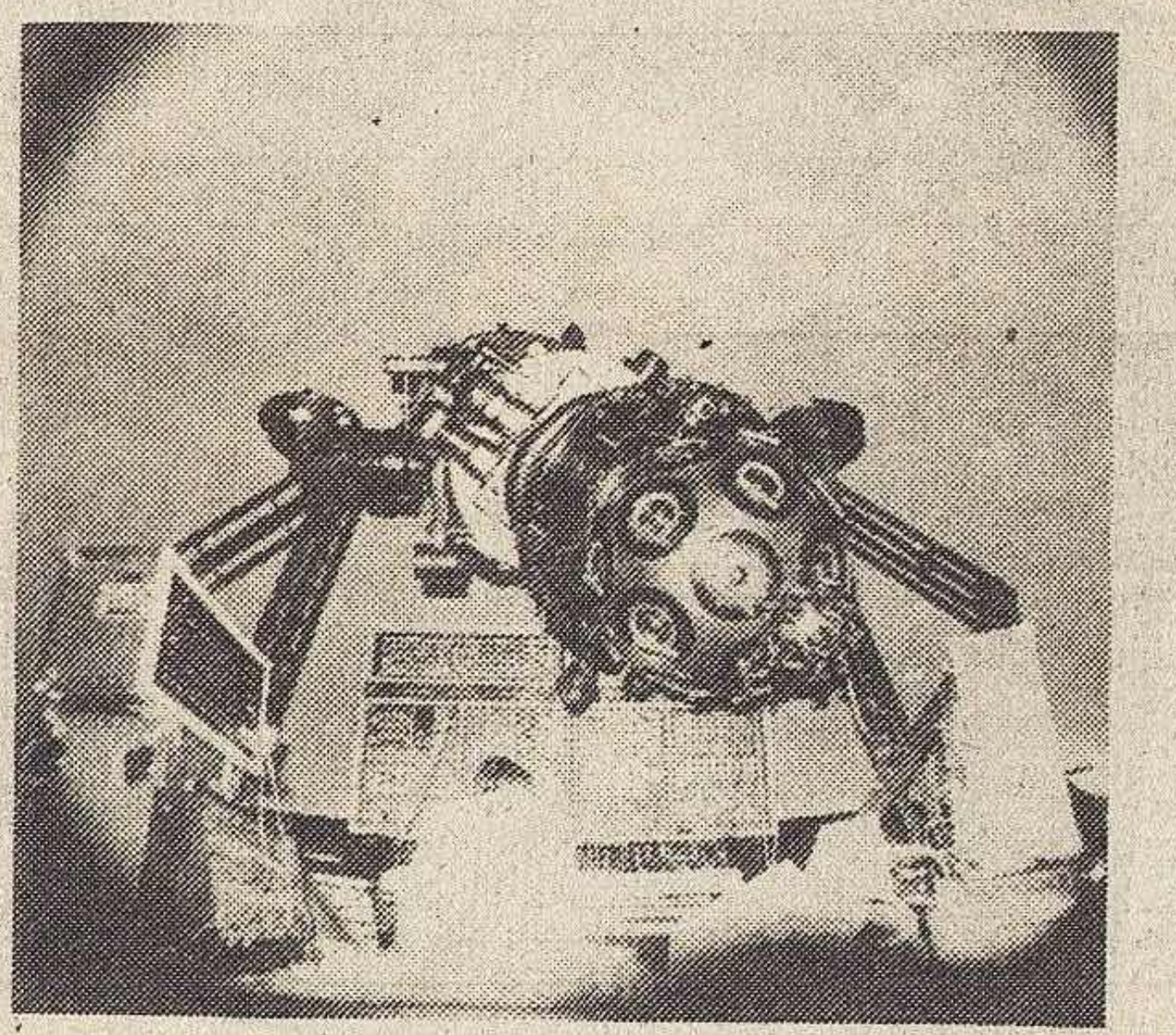
So what happens next? His heart goes and attacks him hours before the group's all-important Theatre Royal gig. But, Ed, you can't say the boy's not a trier, because with oxygen and a qualified medic standing in the wings Merrill battled through a solo banjo spot and earned a terrific ovation from the audience who, you have to suppose, must have guessed something queer was afoot.

Now he's been flown home and I think *NME* must bear part of the responsibility. Do you think this is worth a thrill, Ed? Or have we done enough harm already? *(Nah, sling it in. It'll fill a space. Ed).*

CAL LOUSHACK

DANGEROUS VISIONS





Paul Rambali reaches The Outer Limits

To boldly go where many have since gone

FOR REASONS beyond the understanding of man, the BBC has been re-running a series of American pulp TV classics from beyond the understanding of man.

Every Friday night for the past three weeks, the screen has flickered and buzzed into perfect monochrome. Over mock static a disembodied voice grimly announced that: *"We are in control of transmission . . ." Do not adjust your set. The next 50 minutes promise to probe the very edge of man's experience, The Outer Limits.*

The Outer Limits was made in 1964 as a spin-off from Rod Serling's much-acclaimed *The Twilight Zone,* which later evolved into *Night Gallery*. Like *The Twilight Zone,* each episode is self-contained; a small vignette of what real science fiction enthusiasts decry as sci-fi. Aside from the first episode, blessed with a script by Harlan Ellison, it all seems to be unashamedly cheesy and one-dimensional; everything we 12-year-olds know and love about the comic's version of the cosmos.

Despite its '60s date-stamp, the style and look of the series belongs very much to the previous decade. You could probably find at least half of the scripts in EC's *Weird Science* comics, the other half are unmistakably derived from prolonged exposure to the golden age of science fiction films, from the likes of *Invasion Of The Bodysnatchers,* though nothing as intelligent as that has yet been seen.

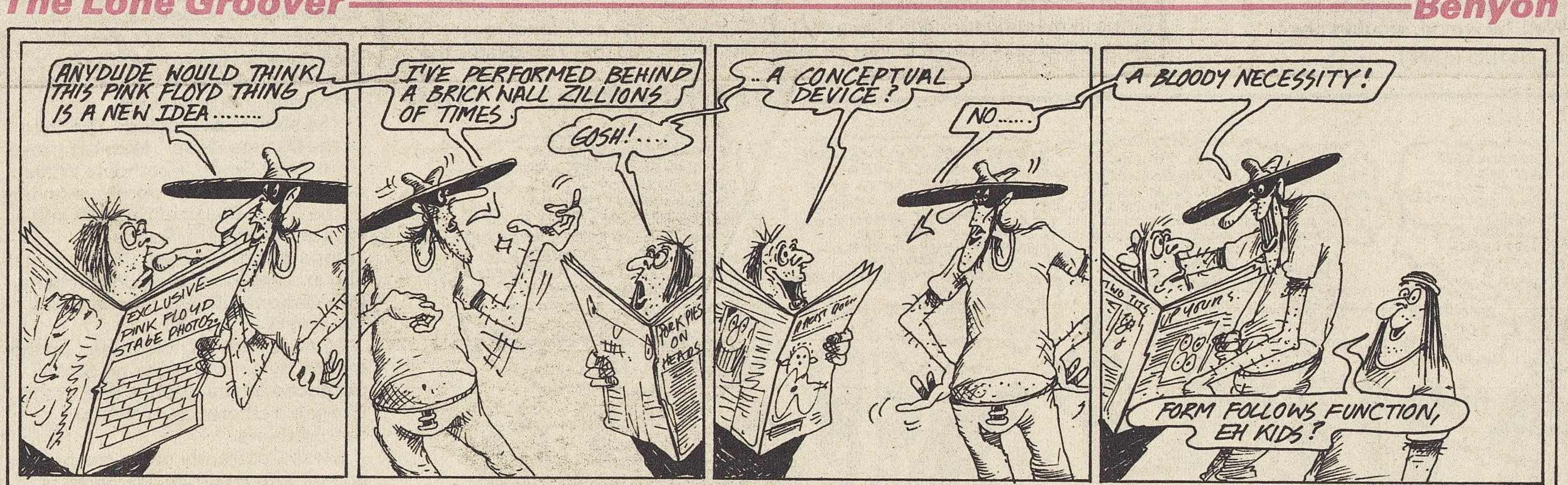
Still, for sheer kitsch weighed down at the corners with half-baked profundity, *The Outer Limits* can't be beat. Bug-eyed, super-brained aliens aren't the half of it. Invariably, it seems, the protagonists encounter one or other advanced intergalactic envoy of the omniscient kind; either wicked, in which case the battle is between super-science and mankind, or else benevolent, in which case it's between mankind and super-science.

Cold war paranoia undercuts every line of dialogue. The alien is heartless, logical and ruthless. The mind of all his people is one etc., etc. During the period the series reflects, US school text books had all communist countries blocked out in red. The fear of the skies was very real when Russia put a man in orbit before the Americans, and this series is its low-brow cultural reflection.

The American of *The Outer Limits* looks to the skies with almost messianic zeal, at once in fear and in hope of what advanced science (the atom and beyond) may bring. But, like the cavalry, the values of the God and Country always win out in the nick of time.

At least, they do in *The Outer Limits . . .*

The Lone Groover — Benyon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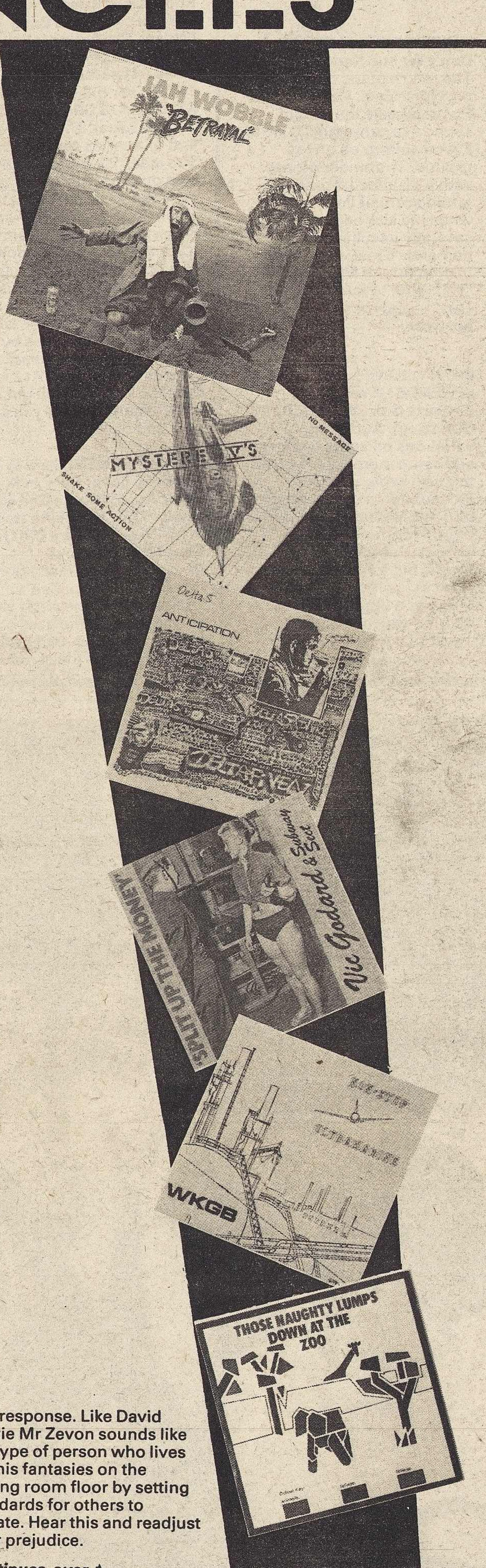
Reviewed by MAX BELL

SINGLES



INDEPENDENTS DAY

IN MOST ways that I can think of the single 45 revolutions per minute artefact is the life-blood and support system for that handy catch-all rock and roll. Some weeks you'll laugh as much as I do at the absurdity of the results, when the whole operation seems dull and flat and frustrating. Similarly there are times when you turn on your radio and there's nothing going down at all, when the general consensus is for boredom, not even hopeless anger but negative futility. Those are the days you believe that this rock and roll is dead, a pointless interlude before an inevitable deluge. Claustrophobic England is reaching breaking point — we're slap bang in the middle of a total social watershed and listening to funny little pieces of expensive plastic isn't going to alter that reality or make it any more bearable.

So some weeks I'll buy that truth and bite on it bitterly but . . . not this week, not yet. For once we have the exception that puts the wasted time into perspective, a collection of a dozen or so records which justify their existence and warrant your attention. Not a miraculous occurrence, these spring-heeled artistic endeavours aren't won on the cheap. So the singles that begin this column stem from a variety of sources, from small time established groups, from a brand new town sound, from the aftermath of a musical change that accepts punk is dead, so long live whatever comes next.

These records may not satisfy people looking for the relatively comforting sanctuary of decided taste, but it's too easy to stay rooted and dig in when you find somthing, a fashion, a suit to wear all the time. Making that into a lifestyle is now self-defeating. Why stay stuck on just that one thing which you thought was action if it becomes reaction — just like that diet of metal or electronics or modernism you promised yourself?

At best you can hear the exchange of ideas, plenty that's both new and different, not too derivative but not ashamed of influence. Maybe these 45s won't improve your status after all but they should improve your mood, excite you, make you jump up and down or whatever it is that people do now. Tape all the ones you can't afford and make up an album, it's fun and it annoys the record companies. The independents are best savoured in the flesh, as food for future thought. Great new bands with great new records — isn't that what everyone wanted after all?

A Monochrome, setting

Lori, without Chameleons

An Expelaire

LORI AND THE CHAMELEONS: The Lonely Spy (Korova). The scintillating Chameleons change colour and go beyond their tactile 'Touch' to an altogether more adventurous journey behind the Iron Curtain where Lori lost her lover. Brilliantly conceived from the haunting vocal to the Ennio Morricone type score that baffles and builds. A many splendour'd thing, not precious. Wonder what they look like?

MYSTERE V': No Message (Flick Knife). Post Police anti-ritualistic music that dances in and out of ska, dub and a dangerous bass lead, then carves out a small personality by breaking down the walls of fad. It says no message but actually packs a lot. The flip is a version of the Groovies' 'Shake Some Action' which comes close to eclipsing the original. Mystere V's have news for you, psychedelicate arrangements, their own logo, and diagrams of the French fighter plane on the cover. A perfect record.

MONOCHROME SET: The Strange Boutique (DinDisc). Din Disc's second big hit deserves to go to The Monochrome Set whose fast steps are better developed than your average snap-shot and much more fun than TV. This group understands the importance of dressing for the occasion, write songs about warped clothes and eat good food. 'Surfing S.W. 12' transforms the mundane into the essential, a funny love song of particular interest to Velvet Underground fans.

VIC GODARD & SUBWAY SECT: Split Up The Money (MCA). The ever-ambitious Godard goes for the big time and makes it first time, easy. Gorgeously loose acoustic guitars slip against a swirling rhythm that could almost be The Melodians but is irrepressibly the new improved Subway Sect. This is what happens after you rob that bank. 'Out Of Touch' is lighter, clipped and loaded. Ditto Monochrome Set, it seems that the Reed/Yule approach to melody is fresh in and sounding healthier than I'd ever expected. More records like this and Vic Godard will be a tax exile.

THE EXPELAIRES: Sympathy (Don't Be Taken In) (Rockburgh). Late of Zoo, Leeds' Expelaires offer some cautionary advice and their customary keyboard panache. The song isn't as immediately compulsive as 'To See You' but the B-side 'Kicks' indicates that the new line-up has permanent possibilities. Dave Wolfenden's guitar is forcefully acidic which tends to unbalance the material nicely.

DELTA 5: Anticipation (Rough Trade). Disillusionment, black crisis and more well-aimed sarcasm from the mildly vitriolic Delta 5 who don't seem to have refined their sound at all after the heady debut of 'MYOB'/'Now That You've Gone'. Memories of Kleenex and the Slits on their (one) good day so far. The dynamic guitar solo is on the flip this time ('You'). Deltas worth exploring for anyone with a curious nose.

CLIVE LANGER AND THE BOXES: Splash (A Tear Goes Falling Down) (Korova). Poorly received elsewhere but Clive Langer, fresh from a support tour with E. C. and the Attractions, deserves better. Known as a producer (Madness, Bette Bright, The Teardrop Explodes) Langer has shaken off the Deaf School associations and the troubles at Radar by making a record that bears his technicolours just as surely as those worn by Syd Barrett and Henry Badowski. Langer's idiosyncratic vocal delivery and penchant for depression also single him out as a fan of Robert Wyatt. Musically the single is decidedly original with synthesised brass band ensembles and very English chord changes. Aspects of '67 and the technical know-how of the modern world, but why so sad, Clive? Such a nice boy he was at school too.

THE SCENE: Hey Girl (Hole). Bet they never even heard of Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders but the Scene have made a straight pop classic by unconsciously reviving the ma-ma-ma-ma sound and spreading it over a fat slab of rhythm that wouldn't sound out of place on a Buddy Holly record. Ian Harding writes and sings with the assurance of a star. B-side 'Reach The Top' wanders into realms of greater sophistication and falls flat by comparison. Worn out the A-side already.

JAH WOBBLE: Betrayal (Virgin). Utterly captivating madness. An ultimate white reggae record that tends to show up the stoned rantings of The Clash in a similar direction. Well known Egyptologist and Bob Marley impersonator (eat your heart out, Sting) Jah Wobble gets into training for his soon-come Can collaboration. Proving that there's more to PiL than meets the eye the Wobble conjures up deserts of sinuous sound fixed into place by a bass that's simultaneously anchor and sail. Over the edge Jah keeps the same rhythm track and takes to the air with the assistance of a gentleman of dubious sanity (could be Raymond Baxter) as the 'Battle Of Britain' is re-enacted in front of your very ears. Wonderful silliness. Who was that masked man? I do not know.

STANDING WAVES: Don't worry (Classified Records). Austin, Texas is already one of America's new capitol sound centres so Standing Waves must be gloating over their own abundance of natural talent. This is the smartest Talking Heads-type eclecticism on the market. Whipping wires and an asylum of weirdness assault the senses, guitars lurch and burn like David's, effectively subliminal and almost frightening in their finished perfection. Standing Waves' aim on 'Integrated Circuits' is simply to change your brain. Any volunteers?

SHAKIN' STREET: Suzy Wong (CBS). Franco-American hard rock sun by the mouth-watering Fabienne Shine, guitared by Eric Lewy and Ross *the* Boss Funicello and produced by Sandy Pearlman — his first studio result since the miserable and ungrateful Clash dumped on him in public before exercising their stolen heroics somewhere else. Bah! Pearlman remains the master of metal shades anyway and Shakin' Street benefit enormously from the injection. Fabienne deals with her subject matter, the notorious sailor's friend, in a breathless, soaring swirl of pathos. Ross's lines have lost none of their Dictators-fed urgency and the result is a sensual, crisp victory bound for posterity. File next to 'Venus'.

CABARET VOLTAIRE: Silent Command (Rough Trade). This got lost in the shuffle three months ago although it's the Cabs' most vital recording to date. A dizzy confusion of staccato electric organ and distorted musical imagery that threatens to evaporate when you least expect it to but hangs together by virtue of its lightly dubbed backbeat. Still sounds like fun despite the band's uneven LP.

WARREN ZEVON: A Certain Girl (Asylum). Allen Toussaint's mid-'60s sex secret was a hit first time around for The Yardbirds, a hard act to follow even now. Zevon succeeds, despite his label, and his deliberately sloppy image, by minimising the available frills and concentrating on the basic propulsion of the song's call and response. Like David Bowie Mr Zevon sounds like the type of person who lives out his fantasies on the cutting room floor by setting standards for others to imitate. Hear this and readjust your prejudice.

Continues over ➧

Venuzian Girl

Illustrations: Serge Clerc

Singles

From previous page ➧

VOICE OF THE PUPPETS: I Don't Wanna Know (Impulse). The return of the power trio in the North East. Voice Of The Puppets scale the wall of sound like commandos where Zevon shimmied on the ground. The singer drones with a disaffected tone reminiscent of Peter Perrett while the kick behind him is savagely peculiar and demands a response. Worth buying for the flip-side title — 'You're All I Wanted (And A Car)' — and the great art-work.

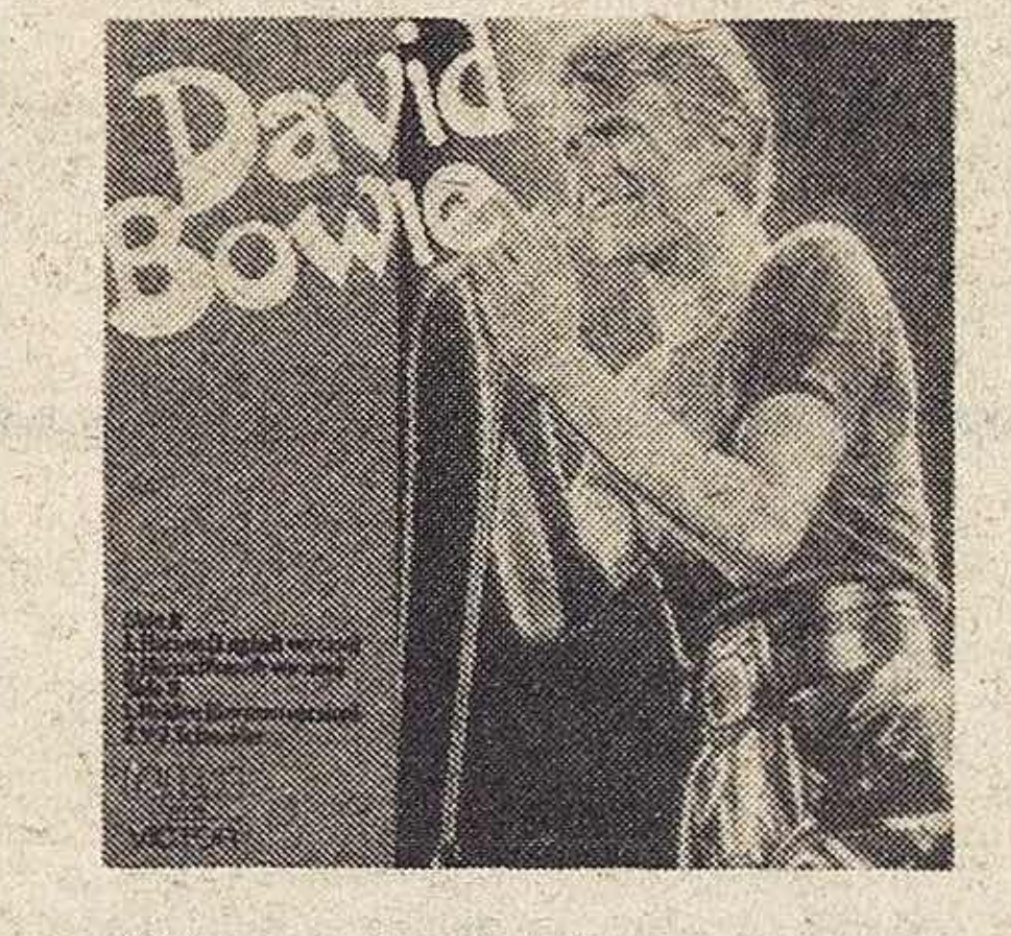
PONTY BONE & LEWIS & THE LEGENDS: West Texas Squeeze Box Boogie E.P. (Amazing). Authentic variations on some country and cajun themes come from this self-explanatory independent venture hosted by Joe Ely's ace squeeze box man. Recommended in various alternative type charts, but too good to be stuck in the implied ghetto. Fine if you like this sort of thing — which I do. Drinking music of course.

SUE RE-ISSUE
BOB & EARL: Harlem Shuffle; OWEN GRAY: You Don't Know Like I Know; ROBERT PARKER: Let's Go Baby (Where The Action Is); DONNIE ELBERT: A Little Piece Of Leather; BILLY PRESTON: Billy's Bag; THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS: Justine (Sue). This 10" is the first of a series centred on the Sue label, Island's mid-'60s soul outlet. While it's great to have this material available again ('Harlem Shuffle' *and* Robert Parker on the same record — what more could a poor boy or girl want?), and future treats include Chris Kenner, Wilbert Harrison et al, it would be nicer to see Island maximise the archives by putting this vintage black gold onto cheap albums. At £1.75 a time the set will work out a trifle expensive. The pressing ain't so hot either.

THE SUPREMES: Stop In The Name Of Love; Back In My Arms Again; Come See Me Again; Love Is Like An Itching In My Heart; Where Did Our Love Go; Baby Love (Motown). A 12" disco re-mix medley blah blah. Can't imagine Supremes fans will go a bundle on the bass and drums doctoring, bad taste, tampering with the seminal, philistinia, etc. Actually, err, I was never all that keen on the Supremes in the first place (can we say that in print?) so I'm not too bothered either way. Backed with Diana Ross solo on 'Long Hangover' which was equally unconvincing in 1976.

HUMAN LEAGUE: Holiday '80 Double E.P. Marianne; Dancevision; Being Boiled; Rock 'n' Roll/Nightclubbing (Virgin). Marsh and Ware's semi-oblique electronic opportunism leaves me cold. At best their combination of daffy D.I.Y. synthesisers and marching rhythms conjure up an atmosphere that's momentarily soporific, nothing more. This double package should amuse League devotees however as it includes a selection of their staple live act and repros of their Fast beginning. The glam rock number is twee, like Klaus Schulze with a forced sense of humour.

FAUST: Extract I & 4 (Recommended). Uwe Nettelbeck's voguish and sporadically popular Faust germ resurfaces in Wandsworth with two extracts from the Faust Party tape given their first public outing. These recordings date from 1972 when they might well have seemed special, or at least unusual. Now they're not at all innovative and definitely dull. Ten minutes of 'Extract 4' was too much of a good thing for me. Any Faust fanatics left out there?



SCUBA SCUBA

WKGB: Non-Stop (Fetish). WKGB is two Americans, Dennis Kelly on EMS synthis and Dave Goessling on guitar/vocal: Devo fans will remember them from the last world tour. Despite an accompanying blurb that claims they are new and original, WKGB don't inspire any excitement this time around with their lethargic rumblings; this is strictly sub-old Chrome minus the possible madness. The Fetish label is promising however; releases include Martin Rev's solo album, the disbanded Teenage Jesus, Love of Life Orchestra and New Jersey's promising Bongos. Fetish invite hopeful parties to ply them with demos at 3 Carlton Vale, London NW6. Where's that hoover now that I really need it?

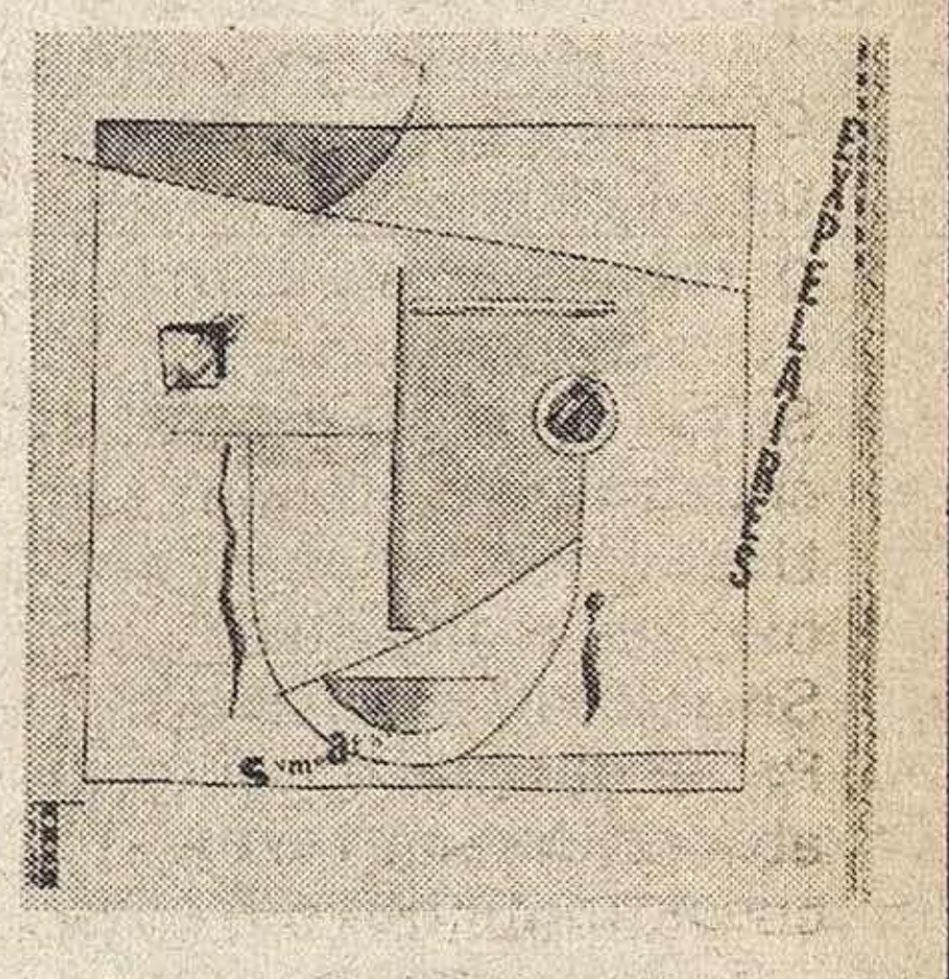
ROOM TO MOVE EP
THE OUTCASTS: Cyborg; SHOCK TREATMENT: Belfast Telegraph; THE VIPERS: Take Me; BIG SELF: Snakes And Ladders (Energy). A Terry Hooley/Good Vibrations showcase that brings together punk, R&B and some neccessarily acute social observations courtesy of Shock Treatment. Their 'Belfast Telegraph'; with its accusations of corruption in high places, is a strong antidote to The Outcasts' rather silly moderne lament. Meanwhile The Vipers have lost a lot of their former bite on 'Take Me', a forgettable love song with no redeeming features. Big Self seems likeliest to break the ice (and the windows) at your next radical chic gathering. Board game manoeuvres that are more down than up, suffer from a nasty Stranglers echo but are eventually off-set by a stirring guitar pattern. Odd. . .

NIGHTMARES IN WAX: Black Leather (Inevitable). *Very* inevitable really. Nightmares In Wax want to bring back some of that old-fashioned glam decadence into tired ol' rock'n'roll. This is just mildly sordid — an overlong joke of interest to terminal Iggy clones and MC fruits. Cheesey.

JIMMY 'BO'HORNE: Without You (TK). Not the Nilsson anthem of yore but a KC production as instantly recognisable as any obvious hit should be. Could be that Casey and Finch will do for 'Bo' what they did for George McRae. Not exactly a great record but a cunning stab at the commercial market last occupied by Sheila B. Devotion.

PAUL McCARTNEY: Coming Up (EMI). Paulie trails his much vaunted solo album No. 2 with this guaranteed chart smash. Although he's only ladelling out the peace and understanding schtick again, as well as oodles of funky gimmickry, the results aren't as offensive as recent Wing efforts. You'll be humming this against your will for at least five months. Be thankful for small mercies as he hasn't got his kids on this one. Now, about these large black plastic bags, Mr. McCartney. . .

BOZ SCAGGS: Breakdown Dead Ahead (CBS). That three year vacation hasn't exactly seen Mr Scaggs change his tested formula. This picks up where 'Lido' left off, albeit with fewer rhythmic subtleties. Boz going HM? Not quite, the vocal is recognisably cultured and the choruses nag with the certain smell of FM success. Pretty tepid really but I'll wait for the album.



The Chords
Something's Missing

NICK SATAN AND THE ROCKIN' DEVILS: Middle-Aged Teddy Boy's Lament (Orchid). *'Me switch blade's gettin' kinda rusty, me bike chain's on the point of seizin' up,''* snivels Nick Satan. You get the picture. Capable of raising a mild chuckle, I s'pose, but not a patch on Ronnie Barker when the chips are down.

THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS: Down At The Zoo E.P. (Open Eye). Liverpool's TNL (ex-Zoo Band) specialise in caprice and off the cuff chit-chat set to neat little pop tunes. They seem quite happy staying within these self-imposed limitations. An acquired taste that lingers . . .

CULT FIGURES: I Remember (Rather Records). Cult Figures and some Swell Maps weep and wail and stretch the point. Footling romance that doesn't amount to a real memory.

YACHTS: There's A Ghost In My House (Radar). R. Dean Taylor's hopelessly dated hit gets a wash and brush up and still sounds as unlikely as ever. Should have tried 'Gotta See Jane'.

SMOKEY ROBINSON: Let Me Be The Clock (Motown). New soul idioms drift uneasily behind Smokey's crystal delivery and lackadaisical lyric. Hard to believe this is a real revival of fortunes for the former tearjerker supreme. No time stopper.

THE POLICE: Bring On The Night (A&M). For American consumption but that won't stop the faithful flocking to pay homage once more to the most popular band in the history of the universe. Lots of the usual squeaking. B-side is 'Visions Of The Night', a dark and hitherto unreleased secret that slips down unnoticed. No picture cover.

DAVID BOWIE: Heroes EP (RCA). All the master's bi-lingual versions gathered together under one roof but surely not with his approval? Noticed how Bowie's popularity is on the wane these days? An Australian import.

Continues page 61

TODAY, THEY'VE MORE IN COMMON THAN JUST JOHN, PAUL, GEORGE & RINGO.

They were all acting just like any other self-respecting Beatles' fan acted.

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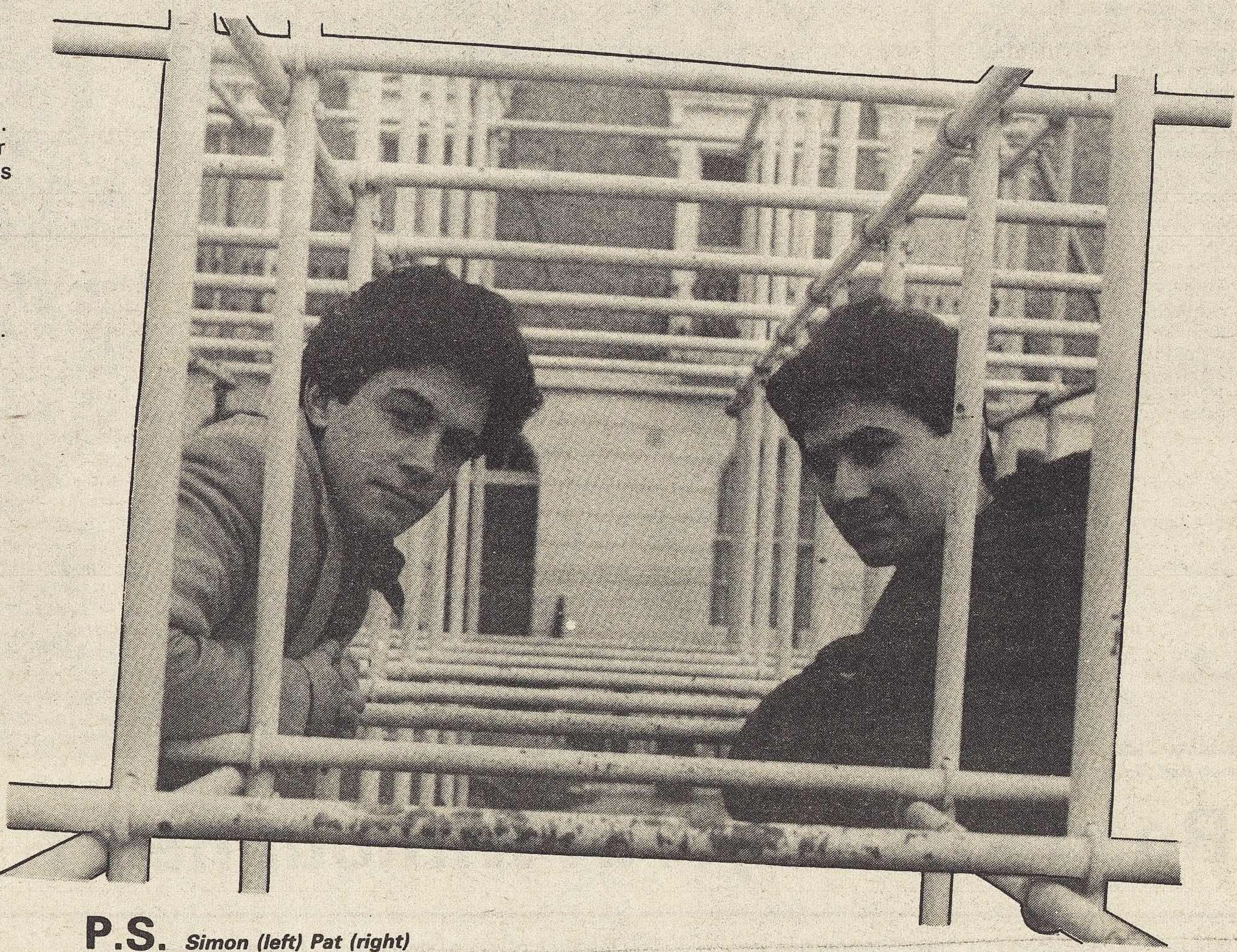
The fine art of scaffolding . . .

Or A Working Man's Guide To Surrealism

By Bob Edmands



P.S. *Simon (left) Pat (right)*

IF SURREALISM is an art form that attempts to interpret dreams, then Simon Eden must have a tough time when he's asleep.

Simon is one half of a surrealist partnership called P.S. They have an album out on their own P.S. label, and Simon writes the words which seem both disturbing and a mite disturbed.

The album — called 'P.S. Surrealism' — sounds like a weird cross between The Velvet Underground and a British art rock band on the Harvest label circa 1967. Since Simon is 21 and his partner Pat Coghlan is 25, they must have absorbed these influences some considerable time after the event.

As it is, while they acknowledge the debt to Lou Reed, they insist their approach is entirely fresh.

"Surrealism is the use of the unconscious mind and dream elements in art and literature," says Simon, by way of explanation.

"It's very much a literary art," adds Pat, "And it's never been fully taken up in musical form."

"So," continues Simon, "That's why we're taking that step now."

Simon and Pat both come from Brighton, a town with no great reputation for artistic achievement, unless you count the Pavilion, and they're attempting to launch their bold musical experiment from there

Predictably, it's an uphill struggle to gain recognition.

"We've spent about £2,000 of our own money on the album, the sleeve, and various other things," says Pat.

"Like bus fares and train fares," says Simon.

Simon and Pat often finish each other's sentences. They also look uncannily like each other, and a bit like Bryan Ferry's kid brother, if he's got one.

Both favour slicked-back rockers' hairdos, sports jackets and matching vinyl pants. Just wandering around, they're a bit of an art show even without their music.

If all this makes them sound a bit precious, then that would be totally misleading. Pat Coghlan, who plays all the instruments on the album, somehow manages to contrive a brutal, ominous guitar sound that many a garage band would envy.

At the same time, Simon Eden's lyrics juxtapose a bizarre collection of vivid images.

It's a far remove from the explicit harshness of the old punk rockers, but the point presumably is that you can only go on saying dumb, angry, obvious things for so long. The time comes when fresh insights can only be produced by less predictable processes.

Before they made their album, Simon and Pat carted demos round assorted record companies.

"They weren't really interested," says Pat, "They only want things that will obviously make some money." (This appears to be a bit of a revelation to him). "So we decided we didn't need them," says Simon, "And we just went ahead and did it ourselves."

They took labouring jobs on building sites, just long enough to raise the cost of the album, which was recorded at various sessions in a small studio in Surrey.

Their music takes some getting used to. For one thing, they deliberately set aside all the familiar reference points: hooks, choruses, and on occasion even melodies. They see surrealism as a revolt against the artistic values of capitalism, something which punk rock was meant to be, but never really made it.

So far, they've played no gigs, and talk a little optimistically of mime shows and videos still in the planning stage.

In Simon's view, "Surrealism expands people's imaginations," and if the phrase has a '60s ring to it, then it's not entirely surprising. Suurrealism was a big deal at the height of the psychedelic era, though the dreams interpreted then were mainly chemically induced.

Simon and Pat seem generally oblivious to the wider revival of interest in '60s styles — ska, mod, soul, etc — but they nevertheless represent an intriguing aspect of the evolution beyond New Wave.

Maybe there is a beatnik revival after all.

The P.S. album 'P.S. Surrealism' is available from a number of independent record shops in London and Brighton or by post at £4.00 from 91 Hillside, Brighton.

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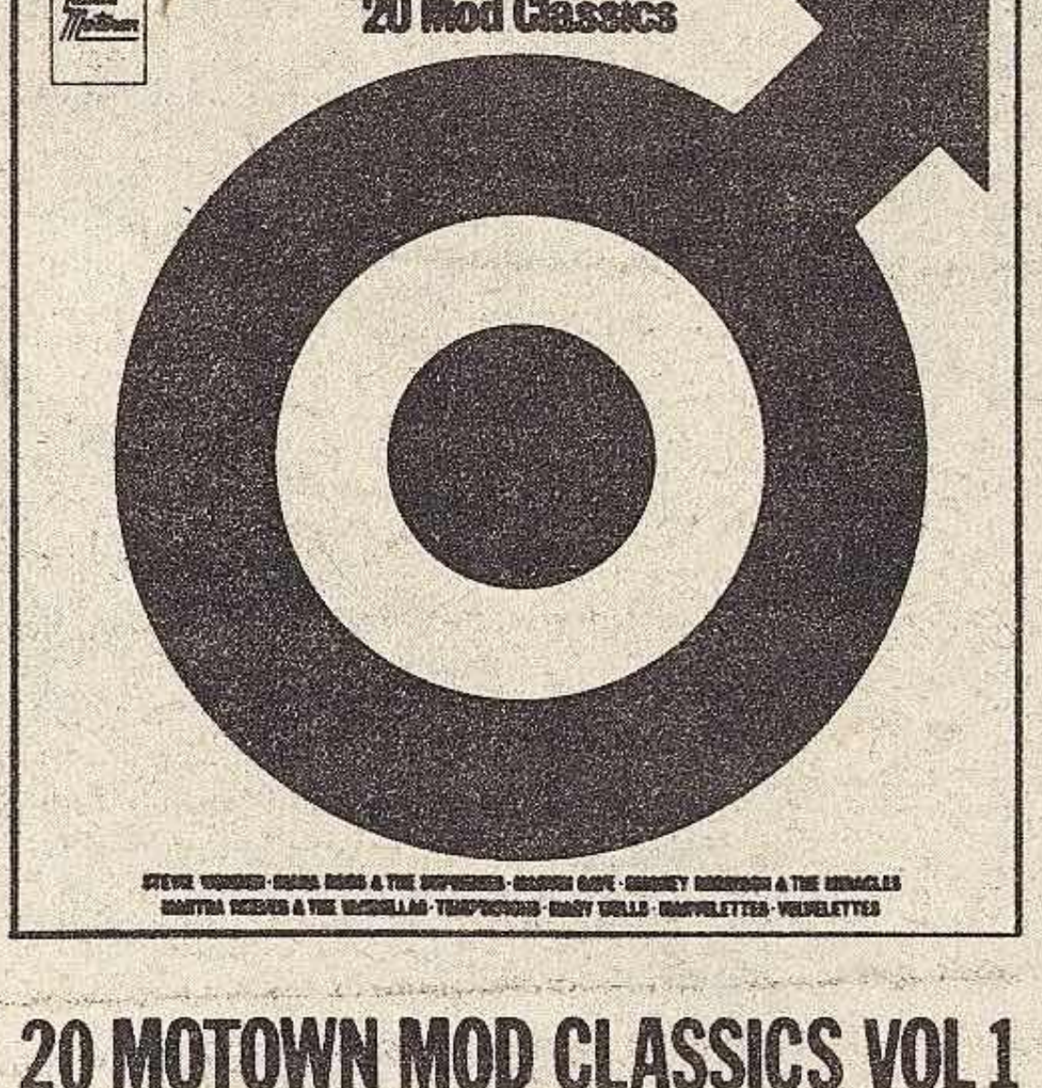

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Extremely Bad Timing: Art fails to overcome Theresa's terror of 'Bridge Over Troubled Water'

Roeg's gallery: Art without heart

Bad Timing

Directed by Nicolas Roeg
Starring Art Garfunkel, Theresa Russell, Harvey Keitel and Denholm Elliott
(Rank)

A CLOCKFACE blurs as it devours hours in the milliseconds, figures evanesce into thin air and rooms rearrange themselves before your eyes; someone takes down an old print at what seems to be the very moment that someone else in the same city puts up an identical one; the sight of a g-strung stripper rolling across rope netting above her nightclub audience is immediately replaced by its visual echo in the shape of a sheet of paper being wrenched from a typewriter; what was once incidental soundtrack music later emerges from a car radio; a man waits in a corridor to all intents and appearances observing events he could never have actually seen. . .

Welcome once again to the jarringly uncomfortable filmworld of Nic Roeg, the director who brought you *Performance, Walkabout, Don't Look Now* and *The Man Who Fell To Earth:* a world in which time is fluid, not so much a function of space or eternity as of frames of film, in which pictorial images and personal identities are relentlessly interrelated and/or consciously disconnected with a speed and intelligence that borders on the extra-sensory, in which conventional distinctions such as those between subjective and objective screen reality are constantly scrambled.

Roeg's cinema is that of applied disorientation, of often brilliantly conceived and executed visual brinkmanship, of psychic synchronicities between places and people, of multiple parallel universes. It's never a pretty picture, always a striking one.

And yet for all Roeg's flare *Bad Timing* is an extremely unsatisfactory film. The problem is simple enough, and distressingly crucial: Yale Udoff's script lends precious little plausibility to the central, mutally destructive relationship between wilful, emotionally unstable Milena Nordvic (Theresa Russell) and indecisive, self-absorbed research psychoanalyst Alex Linden (Art Garfunkel), and since the film devotes itself almost entirely to reconstructing various versions of events leading up to Milena's attempted suicide through an archetypically Roegian maze of flashbacks, it fails to cohere artistically, still less to convince psychologically.

Russell and Garfunkel grasp the emotional nettle of their parts enthusiastically enough, but the ever-rising tide of mannered dialogue and muddled, inconsistent character development finally carries them off.

That both Alex and Milena are peculiarly unappealing people is irrelevant — what's lacking here, for whatever reason, is any real sense of the claustrophobic consuming sexual passion depicted so well by Brando and Schneider in Bertolucci's *Last Tango In Paris.* As it is the couple are fish thrashing uselessly in separate pools, and what might have been harrowing becomes merely infuriating.

The film's two other major parts are similarly thwarted. Harvey Keitel's intense appearance as the detective Netusil is as misplaced as his accent, the role an ungainly anachronism, whilst Denholm Elliott is just badly cast against type as Milena's Czech husband.

Amongst all this debris Roeg produces some of his most accomplished and startling work to date, exploiting the film's Viennese locations to the full.

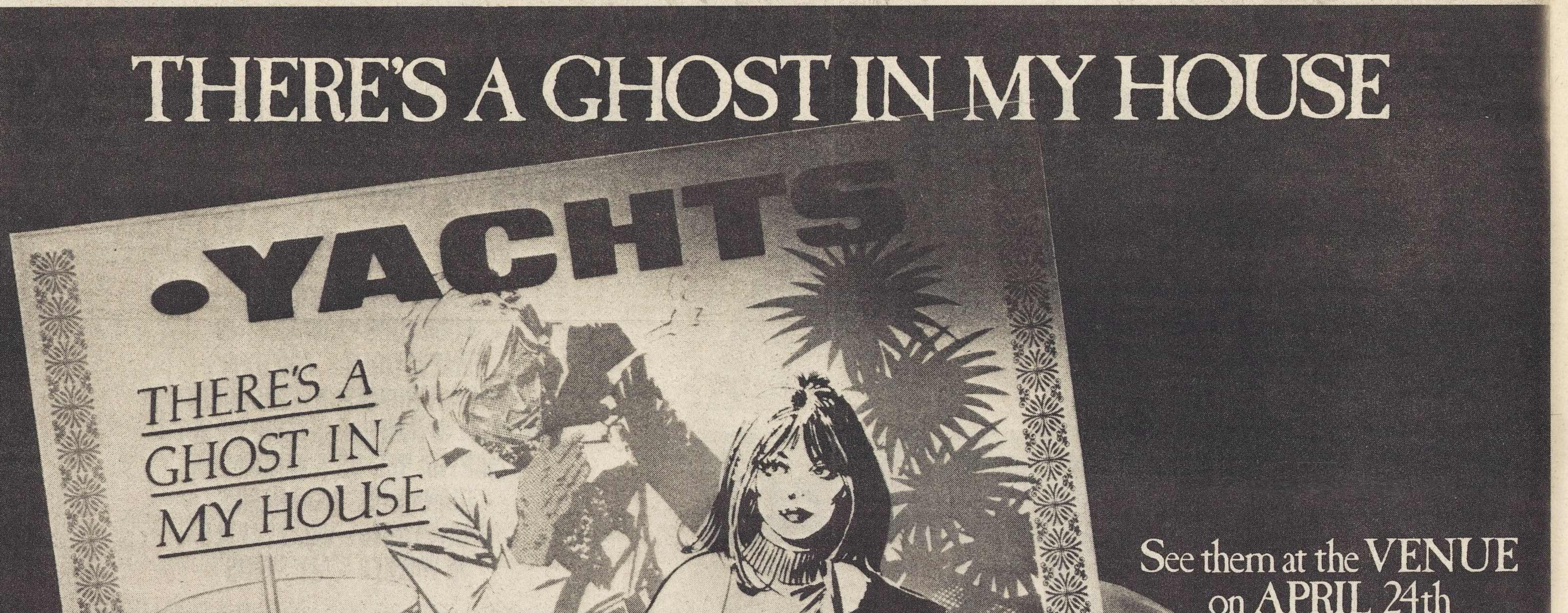
Alex for example lectures at the city's Freud Institute — an excuse for Roeg to make unnerving visual and thematic connections between the Freudian concept of guilt and the mentality of the spy, or more intimately the voyeur:as successively represented by Alex in his relationship with Milena and Netusil in his investigation of her suicide attempt.

Roeg thrives on such cross-referencing, but he's rarely shaped it into so intricate and fascinating an edifice as *Bad Timing.*

That the film ultimately collapses around its under-realised central characters is doubly depressing.

Angus MacKinnon

■ *more Silver Screen on p54*



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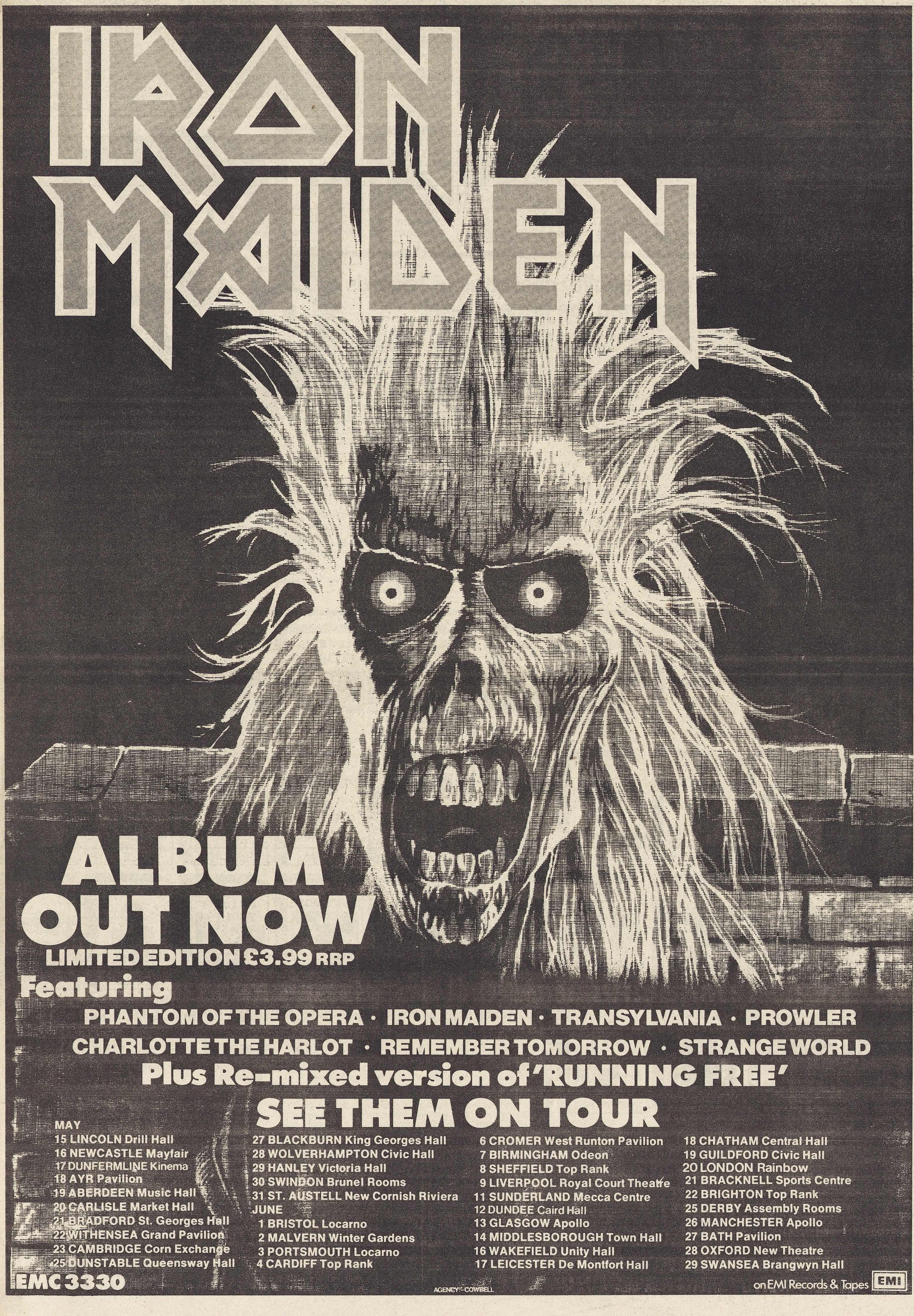

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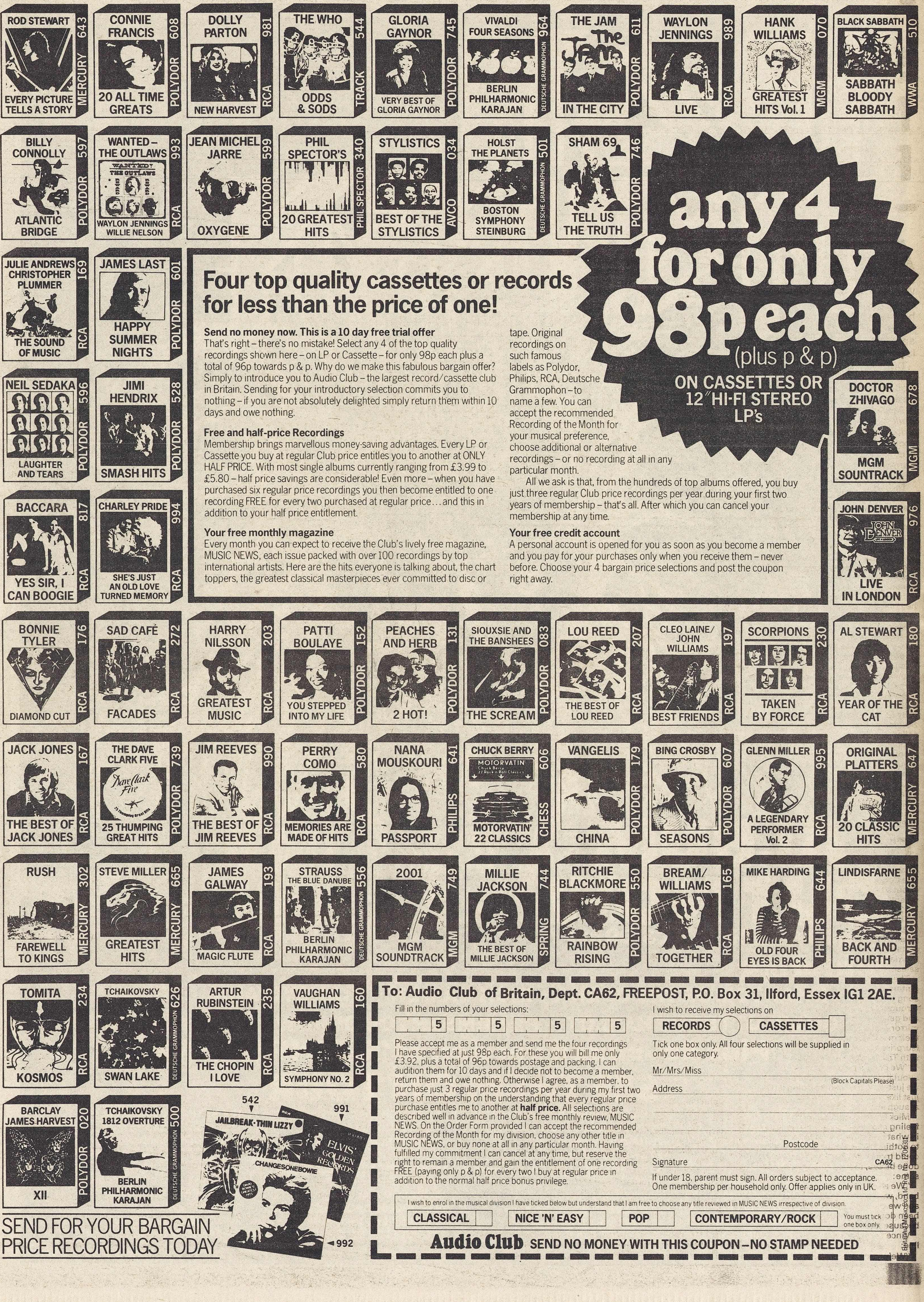

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1 EAST END RACKETEERING

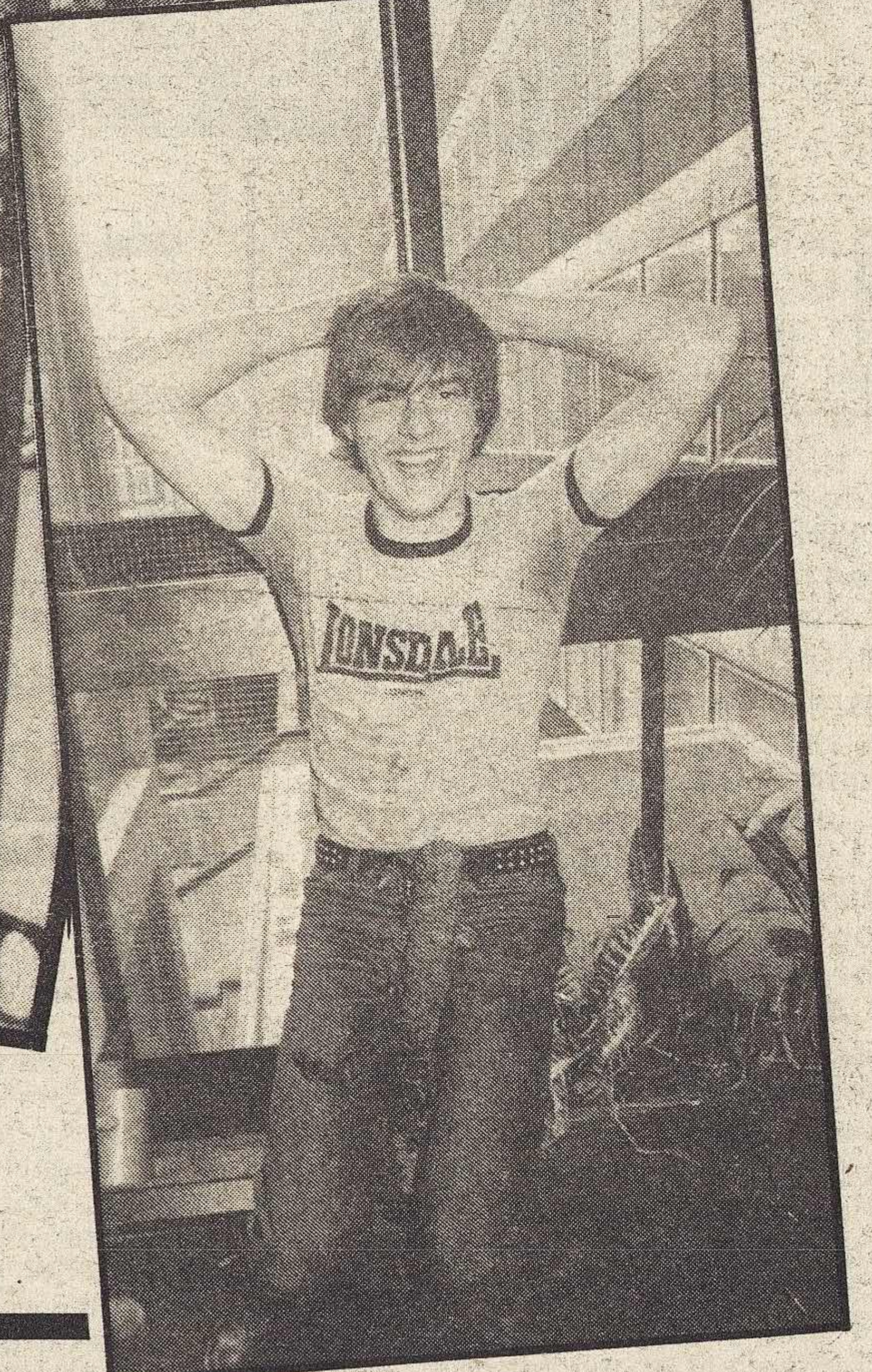
SOOTY MEETS THE REAL PUNKS

Kevin Fitzgerald meets The Cockney Rejects

Pictures by George Bodnar

EMI open the gates, rejects fail to take the hint . . .

Stinky, Mick, Nigel and Vince admire each others' acne. Below: wishful thinking, Vince.



AS A NINE-YEAR-OLD schoolkid, I used to dawdle home from benediction every Wednesday afternoon and spend a good quarter of an hour trying hopelessly to locate Radio One on an appliance of amphibious landing-craft proportions.

Defeated, I'd slink off upstairs to my room, hoping that my cloud of disappointment would be dispelled by reading the A-Amphetamine volume of the *Children's Encyclopedia Britannica* that I had recently acquired WITH NO OBLIGATION WHATSOEVER. Sulking gummily, I'd content myself with a few facts Beginning With A.

The august volume eventually became vandalised, and my interest waned. And so it came to pass that I switched on the telly one week and gazed with virgin cynicism at *The Sooty Show*. And there every week, an audience of glace cherry-faced piglets would squeal with delight at the cavortings of some manic male fossil attempting to keep as many plates as possible spinning on quivering sticks. Despite my prayers he always managed to do it, and I'm still thumbing my rosary beads to powder in the hope that even today, his current equivalent, the writers who contribute to the pop magazine *Sounds*, will lose control of their wobbly props and everything will come crashing down to earth.

Punk, mod, ska, skinhead . . . every fad is a prop to be juggled and exploited.

By far the most offensive of all *Sounds'* mindless trends is the one called Real Punk: a market populated by the alternative chart lobotomyboppers, floundering around like bum-flapped turds in a tide-mark, unaware that they're just figures on a Spotlight circulation balance sheet.

Give the suckers a teatful of musical plasma. Keep them busy. Keep them *buying*.

THE BAND currently in the vanguard of the Real Punk death-throe, along with the UK Subs and The Angelic Upstarts, is The Cockney Rejects, whose EMI debut album 'Greatest Hits Vol.1' recently entered the national chart at No 22.

The band comprises small ex-boxer Stinky Turner on vocals, small ex-boxer Mick Geggus on guitar, large ex-hole-digger Vince Riordan on bass, and ex-shoe salesman Nigel Woolf on drums.

Their music is floods of pig-iron guitars and bawled vocals, while the song titles vary from 'I'm Not A Fool' through 'Are You Ready To Ruck' and get the bottom of the barrel to a mirror-finish with 'Shitter'. I regard their music as retrogressive (surprise surprise); they defend it with The Garageband Solution:

"We don't think about it like that, about it being retrogressive and that, we just do it 'cos we like doing it. We just like playing rock and roll, having a laugh and a piss-up."

Mick Geggus says this with no feeling of awkwardness. He believes in what he's doing — which amounts to nothing. When I suggest that they could try something that hasn't been done before, the reply is virtually the same:

"We all know what we like in this band, we know what sound we want and we get it. We don't care if it's been done before — we do it because *we* like it."

Vince Riordan, continues the party line:

"We've only been playing nine fucking months and we've got an album, our *debut* album, at number 22 in the chart, a record deal, free beer when we want it from EMI . . . We're just enjoying it while we've got it."

Geggus develops the point:

"If we decided to kick it in the head, we'd probably, like, take a load of cans up to his bathroom (he nods towards the silent drummer) and just say 'Oh well that's that then'. I'd go back to boxing and so would Stinky, Vince'd go back to digging holes, and he'd probably do something like selling shoes."

The Rejects utilised the most obvious means of gaining attention: a single on Small Wonder attracted John Peel, they did a session for his obituary column, and released an EP, 'Flares And Slippers', which in turn sold and is still selling in large quantities.

It's a classic case of the free enterprise fallacy of 'alternative' rock. Bands limping off to camp out at Peelie's are following a rule that's nowadays adhered to solely because it's what they're told they ought to do.

THE REJECTS don't regard their music or its lyrical content as having any worth other than that of simple entertainment. They're content to live in the tattered storybook of rock myths.

The fact that there's a large number of (presumably) young people out there buying their records ought to goad them into some kind of moral responsibility towards their fans. Instead they use their working class background as a kind of pop-up cartoon backdrop in front of which they shout and soapbox, without being a threat of any sort to the kind of restrictions that have faced them (and at this rate will continue to do so) and their peers.

Their attitude to sub-animal violence at gigs is commendable but they flirt with it in a way that is potentially dangerous:

"If we're onstage and we see six big blokes beating the shit out of one 15-year-old kid, we just put down our instruments and sort them out ourselves. If anyone comes to one of our gigs with a grudge, and he's gonna take it out on someone, he'd better be prepared to deal with us and our roadies."

What about 'Are You Ready To Ruck', don't you think that's a glorification of violence?

Geggus pauses briefly and decides: "We're not glorifying it, we're just saying it happens. It seems to happen to us a lot, but I mean we deal with it as it happens, we don't do what Pursey or Mensi do, like go offstage crying at being betrayed and all that bollocks."

So you're saying 'don't do it' by presenting it that way?

"No, we're just saying it happens, that's all."

The Rejects obviously haven't considered their status — and that's their problem. If Real Punk thrives (and it probably will, sod it), The Rejects will have to start putting their case to the politically-motivated people who are *really* interested in them. Irrespective of the delapidation of their music, they have to learn to act responsibly, instead of falling back on the garageband syndrome: refusing to confront the publicness of fame.

But as far as *Sounds* are concerned, everything's great in the garage. These bands and their audience don't see it, but they're being set up, fooled by a brand of Alf Garnett prole earnestness that is not only obscenely patronising, but reactionary and insulting. But then if they saw the light, all those poor bondage-bedecked trolley-trundling consumers would be left among the bare barriers and stalls without a habit to support.

Real Punks are being told that if they shunt themselves politely into a reservation that's kitted out with facsimiles of Lilliputian anarchy and listen to bands like The Cockney Rejects for long enough, they'll beat The System. And they fall for it!

The Rejects are just a musical suburb, a tarted-up slum area that puts out its bunting over the trestle tables and welcomes everyone to the Working Class Cardboard Carnival. Mick Geggus describes them as "a Post-Chuck Berry Steve Jones Rock 'N' Roll Shazam Heavy Metal Punk Band". They don't want to be anything else, but almost without realising it they've had an artificial identity stamped on them and they're stuck with it. They're the Judas-goat: the animal that herds the chop-fodder to slaughter.

The Cockney Rejects already have their audience; it's been seen to that they've got believers. They're just unobtrusive, indifferent guests on the new kind of *Sooty Show* that anyone with any sense can giggle at. Uncle Garry Bushell spins the plate while the Real Punks jerk around in the palm of someone's hand. The puppeteer puts out his cigar and smiles for the camera.

2

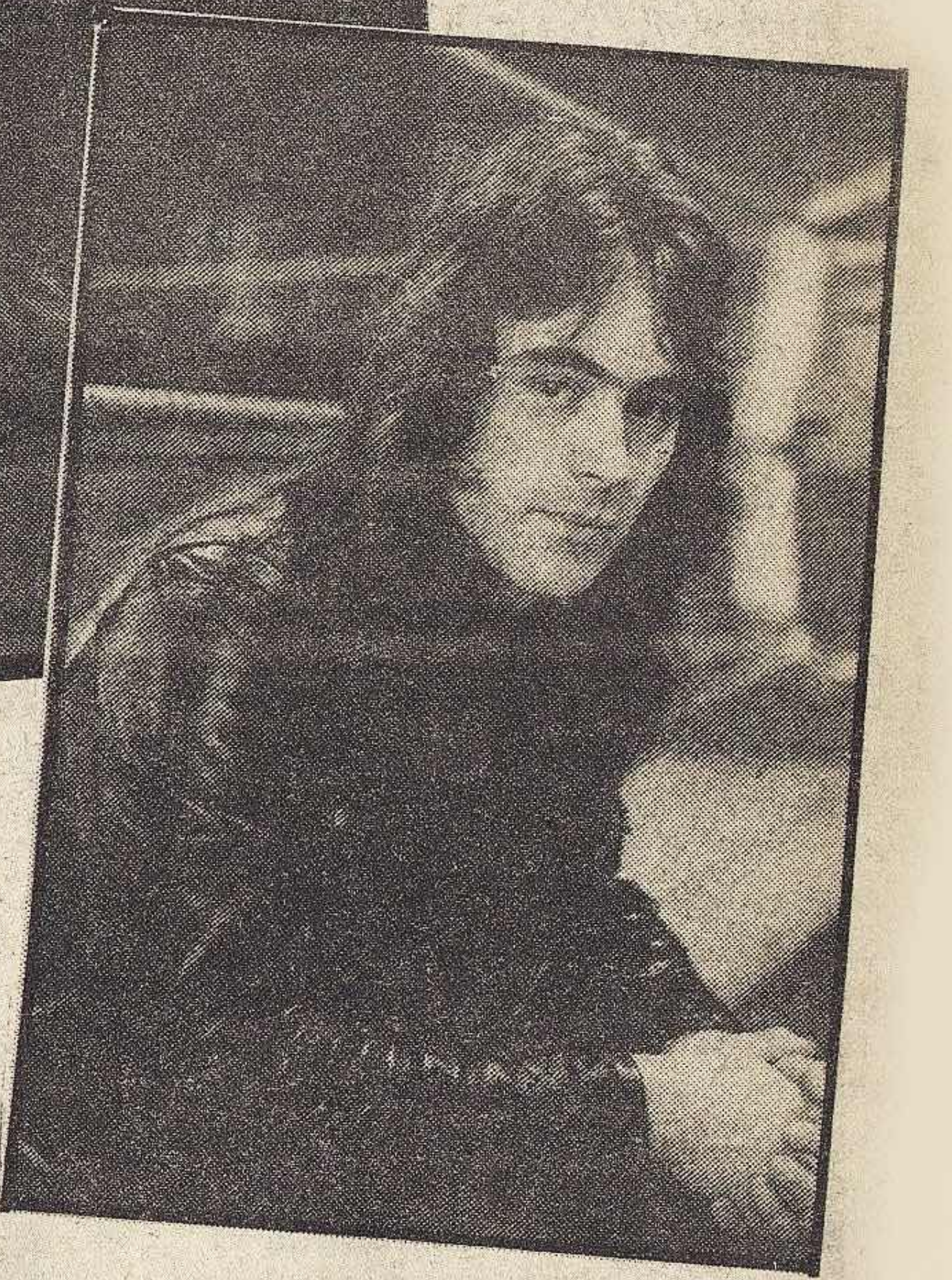
EAST END RACKETEERING

REAL PUNK WITH A STATUS QUO BARNET

Paul Rambali meets Iron Maiden

Pictures by Mike Laye

Left: Iron Maiden wait for their appointment with Def Leppard (L-R): Dave Murray, Clive Burt, Paul Di'Anno, Dennis Stratton, Steve Harris.
Below: Steve Harris, invisible guitarist made flesh.



IN THE DRAB, outlying London suburb of East Ham, there is a pub like many others giving escape from the workaday world.

Upstairs, in the private gym, you can box your way out. Downstairs, in the back bar, you can rock your way out.

Paul Di'Anno, Iron Maiden's singer, used to work out in the gym of the Ruskin Arms, and even boxed a few semi-pro rounds. Steve Harris, who founded the group, writing songs and playing bass, once trained at the nearby West Ham football ground as a member of the junior team.

All of Iron Maiden live in the area, and are tonight repaying a debt to the landlord of one of the few venues that would give them work during the years of their music's abeyance. Thirty quid every Friday night went a long way towards paying off the HP on gear, while those Friday nights went an even longer way towards staving off the frustration.

In the back bar, posters for groups with names like Pagan Alter and Salem's Curse litter the walls. Fans, friends, parents and local press have turned out to celebrate Iron Maiden's ascension to the new metal pantheon. Headbangers wearing Hells Angels' colours, and even one or two with a legitimate claim to those colours, jostle good-naturedly for the best positions from which to precipitate blood from the ears.

Steve Harris and his band are only distinguishable by the extra grooming that has gone into their appearance — a uniform of jeans, sneakers, leather jackets and (excepting Paul Di'Anno) long, flowing manes, the latter worn with pride that denotes its survival through the recent dark ages of heavy metal, when the music was ignored by the musical media like an embarrassing idiot cousin locked in a forgotten cellar of the house; beleaguered but unbeaten.

"The thing that *really* got me," complains Steve Harris without any marked bitterness, "was not so much that — it was the fact that you couldn't get work. Because we were a heavy metal band nobody wanted to know. But a band like ourselves . . . You *got to* work."

Harris started Iron Maiden in '76, after ensuring he had a trade — as a draughtsman — to fall back on. This blunt, pragmatic attitude is typical of his outlook. His convictions are straightforward and firmly held. He always knew a band with a name like Iron Maiden would have an audience.

"Never mind all the new wave bands, there was always people that liked heavy metal. A lot of the punk stuff has got heavy metal riffs anyway, it's just that they play with Telecasters that've got a lot more ring and don't have that really beefy sound. It was good that punk encouraged people to pick up guitars and play, but after a while it got a bit out of order because just anybody who picked up a guitar and had been playing a very short while got up there, and it wasn't good anymore, know what I mean?"

Yeah . . . Heavy metal with a spiky haircut. But at last the guitars they picked up weren't made of cardboard.

"The people that do that really would love to be up on stage. *I* used to do that. Not with a cardboard guitar, but all the rest of it. Now that I'm up there playing it feels really weird. Maybe in three or four years' time some of the people down there will be up on stage. But some of them fantasise with their guitars and bother because they think they're never going to get to a certain standard."

. . . And thus all the craven idolatry goes round in sluggish circles.

Harris had his heroes too. He began with a desire to play 'Paranoid' and 'Smoke On The Water'; now his band have refined those elements after a fashion. They do it well, with plenty of polish and punch and pose. And such is the insatiable thirst for what they do that their first album is set to chart in the upper reaches almost instantly.

MEETING Steve Harris gave me pause to reflect. At 24, he's a year older than me. Ten years ago I too owned a copy of 'Paranoid'. Nowadays my idea of good heavy metal lies somewhere between The Stooges, Joy Division and Blue Oyster Cult. Harris cites The Scorpions, UFO and Judas Priest.

When I was 14 I spent a summer in the thrall of a local Road Rats MC chapter — a typical adolescent smitten with a fatuous rebel image (the biker type so beloved of today's metal tykes), one that Iron Maiden still espouse in songs like their new single 'Running Free'. The subject of the song is 16 and — you guessed — *"running free"*. Harris is 24, a qualified draughtsman, and a rather cautious, timid fellow.

No attempt is made to reconcile fantasy with reality. No attempt is required. No need even to tamper with the metal mythology. Does Harris ever feel the urge to add something new to the genre; to change or re-invent it somehow? No.

"You should do things that just come naturally to you. It becomes false if you sit down and think: we've gotta be original. That's *so* false. It might be original, in the sense that other people haven't done something like it before, but it's better to do things that come naturally. Like, we were looking the way we do and playing the way we do long before our record company and management came along. So I suppose in their eyes it was great, 'cause they didn't have to model us in any way."

Wasn't that just dandy for the record company! But wait . . . Harris has his pride. He's honest, modest, and can justify himself to himself. He satisfies his own criteria.

"We play music a lot faster. There's a lot more aggression onstage."

(Aggression is the wrong word. But it's a buzzword in the jargon, synonymous with energy, gusto, excitement . . .)

"Being onstage makes you feel really . . . you get the adrenalin flowing. You feel really excited. When the kids are shouting for you and they've got your name on their back . . . it brings a lump to your throat, it really does. This is no joke: there was a guy at the Bandwagon on Sunday, he was so happy that we were getting on he was almost crying. I couldn't believe it. The guy felt that much about us!"

The Iron Maiden logo takes its place on the denim scroll of honour. You know you've arrived when you see your logo rub hunched, greasy, dandruff-ridden shoulders with the logos of your own idols. The allegiance of the heavy metal fan is fierce and unbreakable once pledged.

"It's because all the time it gets put down — that's why. Punk is given all this street credibility because it's working class music. Any of the big industrial towns — that's where you get all the heavy metal fans. And a lot of it's the escapism thing . . . they go to a gig to enjoy themselves. You very rarely see any trouble at heavy metal gigs. They're there to have a good time, and that's all it is to me."

Harris goes on to ascribe Maiden fans' raving devotion to the fact that they are on something called the same level. He hasn't given much thought to the time when they won't be — when the projected two tours apiece in the three major markets (UK, Europe and America) have fulfilled EMI's belief that by the second or third Maiden album they'l have the next Deep Purple on their books; an endless moneyspinner.

Iron Maiden aren't bothered by the prospect of blanket touring, nor are they unsettled by the thought of EMI rubbing their hands in anticipation of its almost painfully inevitable rewards. Iron Maiden, above and beyond all other considerations, simply live to play.

"The only thing that worries me is . . . the feeling for gigs. I just hope we don't lose it."

And if there comes a time when they do, it's a long way off.

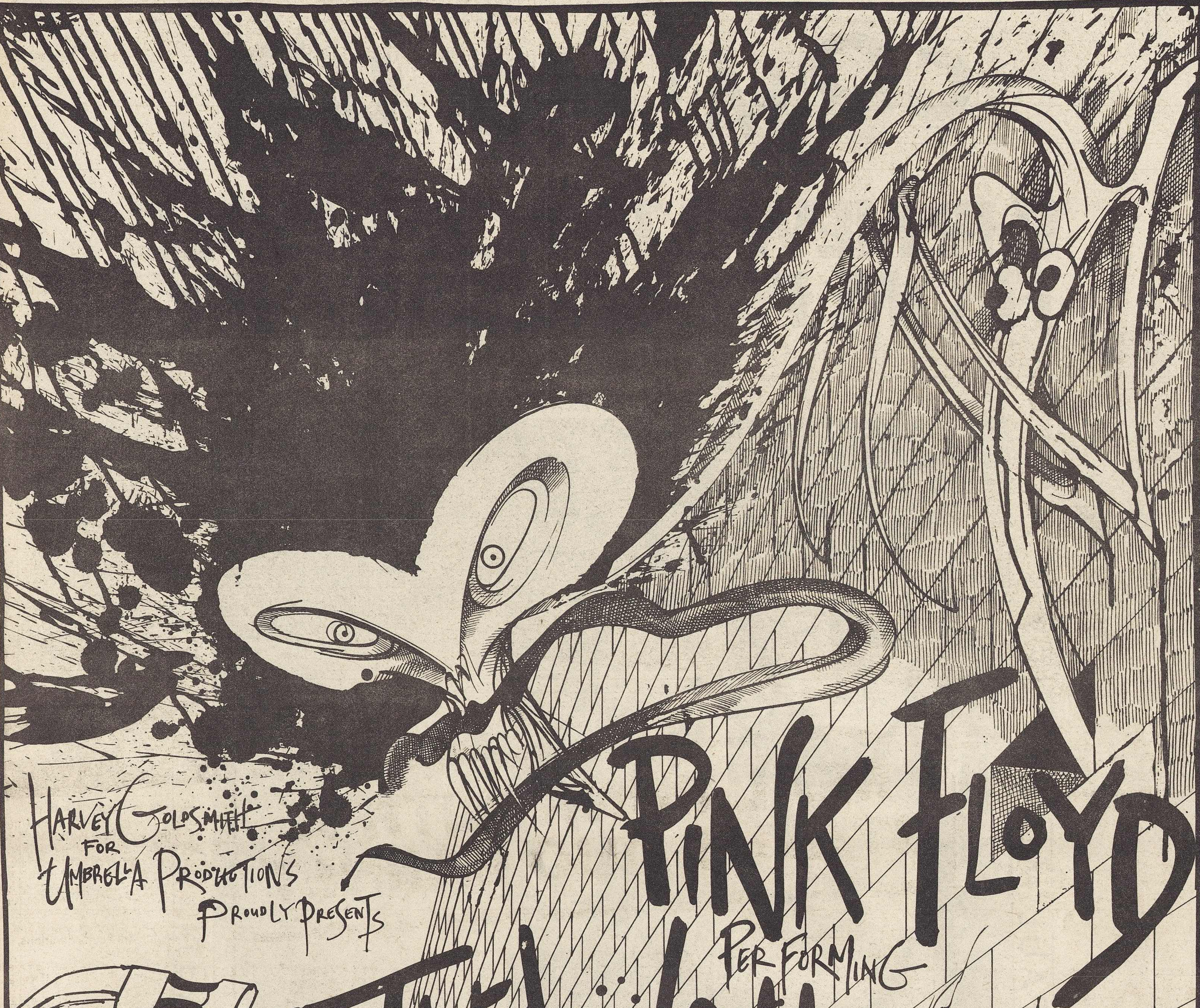
"Let's face it, we're not going to be playing this sort of music when we're 50. I'd like to be, but I could just as well be down here playing in the Joe Bloggs Band or something, playing country and western . . . well, hardly that.

"It's funny though. You know those bands playing standards in the pubs with all the old boys sitting around? Imagine bands playing heavy metal in 50 years' time when there's some far out music happening: they're thinking *aaaooh gawd,* can't put up with this, but there's still the 'eadbanging going on in the corner!"

Fifty years is a conservative estimate. Many feel this scenario is already too real.

STEVE HARRIS, however, is happy in his devotion. It's awesome in a way. You can't help but admire the unselfconscious fervour the heavy metal fan has for heavy metal, and you certainly can't fight it. I wanted to hear Harris vigorously defend it, justify it, and even persuade me of it. I was going to try and draw him out by telling him Ritchie Blackmore was really gay, or something, but couldn't take such a low swipe at someone's genuine enthusiasm and patient, contented convictions.

Photographer Mike Laye, who worked on the recent *NME* new metal overview, said later that he sometimes felt that talking to headbangers was like talking to Christians. There's some truth in that, but talking about heavy metal just makes me feel like the hammer banging against an anvil. The anvil always breaks the hammer.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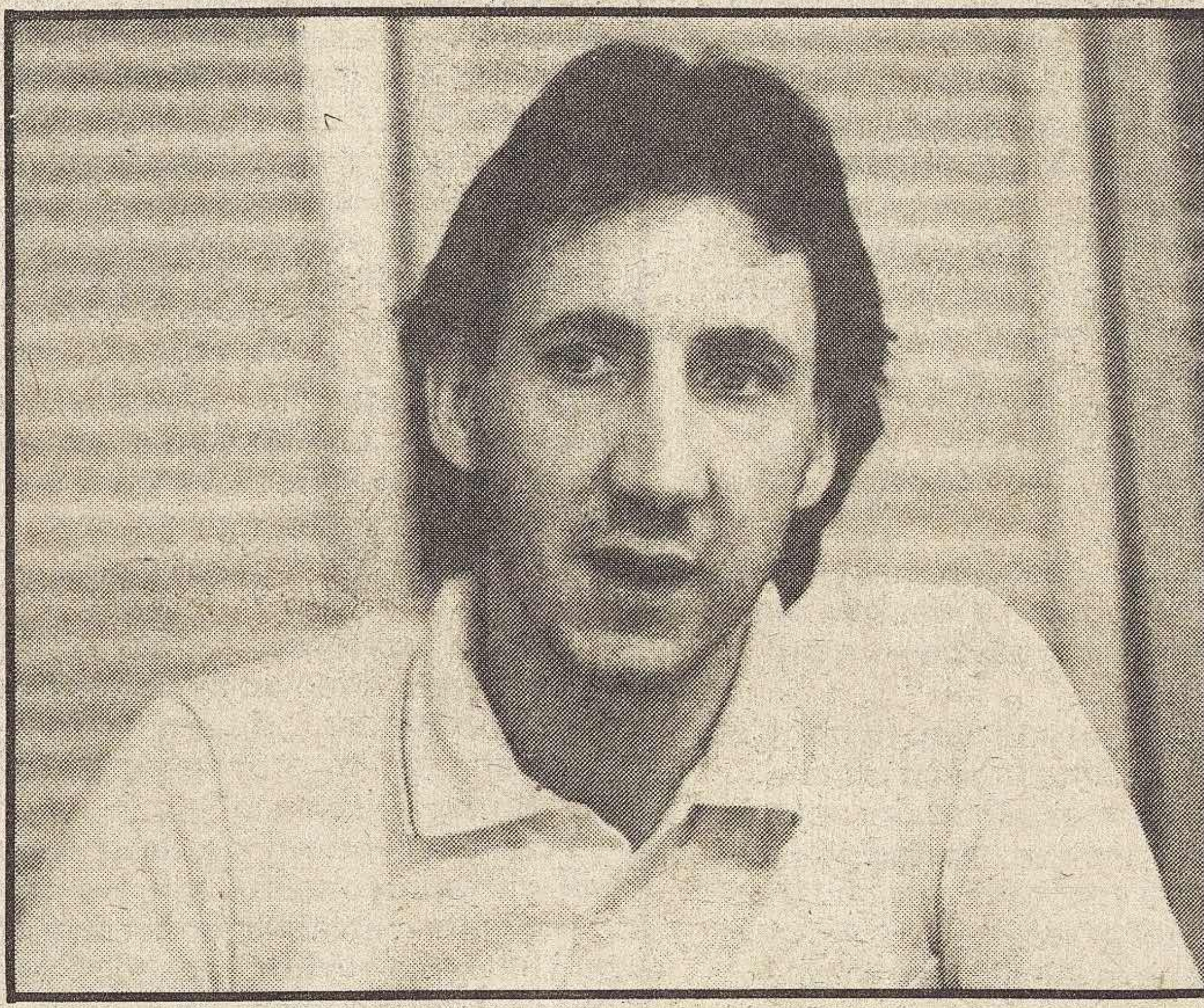
CONVERSATIONS WITH

PETE

ON AN UP WITH BRITAIN'S LONGEST SERVING HONEST MAN OF ROCK · BY CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY



IF ANY one person symbolises the most positive continuing aspects of British rock over the last 15 years, it's Pete Townshend.

His vision of rock and roll as vehicle for rage, elegance, ecstasy and ultimate salvation started him out as a contemporary of The Rolling Stones, The Beatles and The Kinks and finds him now as a contemporary of The Clash, The Jam and The Specials; not simply the guiding spirit of The Who, but a man whose ultimate concern has always been that rock should live up to its frequently broken and tarnished promises, and actually become that force for positive action that it has so often pretended to be.

1980 finds The Who — and Townshend himself — in better creative fettle than they've been for years, with a Townshend solo album just plopping out of the pipeline and a new Who album on the way. Townshend has appeared — either solo or with The Who — on behalf of causes ranging from Kampuchea to Rock Against Racism and Amnesty International as part of his re-involvement with positive political action, has quietly and unostentatiously used his money and facilities on behalf of several new bands and is contributing once again to a scene which has — in turn — revitalised him.

The first Pete Townshend interview took place a few weeks ago in the offices of The Who's management company. Last week, we reconvened to cover some ground left untouched by the first interview — mainly to discuss specific aspects of the 'Empty Glass' album — and to amplify a few points made in the first interview. The text as presented here is more or less complete (barring a few sections erased as a result of cassette breakdown and human error) and presented more or less in the order in which it occurred.

CSM: *First of all, let me congratulate you on your new-found beardlessness . . .*

PT: I shaved it off about a month ago, mainly for medical reasons. My face started moulting, so I shaved it off and my kids started screaming and my wife started screaming. I've had a beard since 1970, so my youngest kid has never seen me without one except for when I played Widow Twankey in the pantomime. At that time the Kenny Everett false chin was not available, otherwise I would have worn one. The director said I had to shave. Nobody knew who the fuck I was.

In what way are the songs on your solo album 'Townshend' Townshend songs rather than 'Who' Townshend songs?

I don't actually know if I make that distinction. The only distinction I made was that if I was really going to do a solo album deal properly — and I'll tell you the reason why I did it later on — the only way I could do it would be to take the best of any material that I had at any particular time, rather than knock together solo projects of any sort based on material that The Who had rejected. So my album — though I was able to take a lot more risks with the material than The Who would — could have been a Who album if we'd happened to be recording at that time, just as the Who album that we're doing now could have been a solo album.

I just decided to *write* — to write straight from the hip and offer everything to the project that's going at the time, not earmark stuff. I think that what's quite interesting is the way that *I* do a song as distinct from the way that The Who would do it, and I don't want to deny myself all the Who-type material because y'know, that's what I am.

■ *Continues over*

PETE

■ *From previous page*

But when you're writing, do you feel that you want to sing that song yourself?
Sometimes I feel like that. Sometimes I feel that I get a little too precious about a song, and I feel that I don't really want to hear the band play it because I like it the way it is on the demo. But I'm always pleasantly surprised.

Some of the material that we've been recording with The Who I've sung with a half-English accent — as is the current trend — and I never thought Roger would be able to do it, but he just lunged right in and did it and it sounds much more natural than singing in his normal Bob Seger accent. He was pleasantly surprised and I was pleasantly surprised.

I think one of the great things about having done my solo album stuff and decided to chuck really quite nutty material in . . . is that the changes which have taken place between the last Who album 'Who Are You' and my solo album have affected the next Who album.

Roger really likes my album — though I don't think that he's particularly mad on 'I Am An Animal' — but everything else he really likes. He likes the sound of it, the feel of it. It's affected all of us, it's a pool to draw from. It's affected Roger's singing and delivery; he's using a much more modern delivery, and the new material needs it. I still have a tendency to get very wordy, and as it gets easier to write the longer you write, the easier it gets to veil what you're really trying to say behind clever words or words that anyone who didn't get an English GCE wouldn't be able to understand.

So to have a heavier delivery, a more *abandoned* delivery, a more — if I can just use this word *once* in this whole interview — *credible* delivery, which Roger is more than capable of doing, it helps to get what's really in the song across, helps to get it *through* the words. That's what's always great about Roger doing the stuff; he can smash through stuff that might be pretentious. My heavy delivery always comes across cynical, rather than real guts.

You mentioned the 'naturalistic accent' earlier; I wish that had been adopted as early as Quadrophenia.
Yeah, but it hadn't really been done up to then. There was only one band I can remember doing it, quite an arty band . . . but it always made me feel as if *that* was put on. The first band who made me feel that it wasn't being deliberately *done* but that they were just *singing* was The Sex Pistols. I really got into their albums and played 'em all the time, so when I was ready to do demos it felt quite natural just to do it myself.

It's quite weird the way The Jam use it, because it's almost like a mixture: sometimes it's American, sometimes it's English, sometimes it's grammar school and sometimes it's . . . *compre'ensive.* Probably what's a bit of a pity is that everyone's very conscious of their accent, and that if they're using a particular accent, they're very conscious of it. Joe Jackson sings in an American accent, Elvis Costello sings in an American accent . . . it's like they actually sat down and thought, 'Am I going to use this new English accent thing or not?'

I don't know if you've been in LA lately, but there's a big, *big* punk scene happening there in the Chinese restaurants, and what was amazing was seeing all those American bands singing in Cockney accents.

Part of what differentiates The Who from the generation of musicians that they came up alongside is that you take notice of what's going on and you're open to influences.
Well, we tend to . . . I don't know, *anticipate* things.

For two years I was anticipating the punk thing, wondering how it was going to happen, and getting really frustrated when it didn't. I spent a lot of time literally personally forcing the band, especially Roger, into conversations about it and around the time of 'The Who By Numbers' we used to have really quite heavy conversations about where music was going to go — particularly in this country — and whether we should be involved in it, and the problem with Moon living in America and living that Hollywood lifestyle and whether we should try and force him to come back to England . . . all those kind of things. Whether our music should change, whether we should let the Who tradition just bash on until it got really boring, whether we should try and force change by starting labels and working with other bands.

Before the emergence of punk, The Who were the only band who actually sat round a table to decide 'Should we go on or not?' Would we be doing music a favour if we just fucking *stopped?* We actually considered that.

You faced the consideration of your own musical obsolescence?
Yeah, no question about it. I think it's amazing that someone like Peter Gabriel puts out a single like his new one and it can fit quite gracefully somewhere in between Joe Jackson and XTC and on the other side someone like Gary Numan and yet when you put it in context with the rest of his stuff, he hasn't changed at all.

In a way, he's a lucky one, and I think The Who are lucky because our sound has always been reflected.

I saw The Damned at the Nashville once and Boz from Bad Company got up and Rat Scabies was having a terrible go at him — 'Fuck off! Go on, get out!' — and Boz refused to go, but the band actually sounded great. They reminded me of The Who, in a lot of ways, and Rat — the Viv Prince of the punk world! — just looked like he was impersonating Moon and getting pretty close to it on occasion. And I suddenly realised that the tradition — particularly Moon's drumming — had affected a lot of bands and they were getting away from that tidy Ringo-style drumming which was really just an impersonation of black music.

Much as I think Ringo is a great drummer and Charlie Watts is a great drummer, I think what they do is derived from black music in too much of a straight line. What I like about many of the modern English bands is that their music has managed to skip that direct route. I think it's caused some bands some problems when they've not acknowledged any roots at all, but just dealing with the drum style, I think it's loosened it up, freed it.

Obviously that screaming guitar sound's been around for ages and it's distinctly English and it wasn't just me that was doing it. But I think Keith's drum style was totally unique and it was great to see it acknowledged and developed.

One of the things I found particularly noticeable about The Kids Are Alright *was that the latest footage looked contemporary and the earliest did also, but the* Woodstock *period seemed really dated.*
A lot of that was tied up with Roger's development as a separate ego, and everybody in the band started to define their images a lot more. I used to go on wearing a boiler suit and Dr Martens *in defiance* of fashion, d'you know what I mean?

This was immediately post-LSD and Roger was wearing fucking *shawls* and I don't know what . . . I don't think Roger ever even *took* acid, but at that particular time that was what everybody did, made sure your clothes were kinda trippy (laughs). It was that Beatles and 'Satanic Majesties' period when everybody was really turning out *crap.*

I think we diluted our appearance and our music by separating up. What I find really cheering about you saying that was that in that period just prior to Keith's death, which is when stuff was shot at Shepperton, we were starting to cut at the individual egos again, saying, 'Look, this is a *band.* Let's not be afraid of being a band. Let's not be afraid of being The Who. Let's not be afraid to be different. Let's not be afraid to take stances. Let's not be afraid to be affected'.

That was a conscious decision that we took after a talk round the table — it was in a pub, actually — and it was most effective in my relationship with Roger.

We decided not so much to stop fighting as to stop deliberately getting in each others' way and giving each other a lot more space. And then, of course, once we started giving each other a lot more space we realised that that space was not what we wanted. As soon as you shut someone in jail all they want is freedom, but as soon as you get 'em out they realise that there's quite a lot of advantages to being in nick. There are a lot of people who as soon as they get out of jail just commit a crime so they can get back in.

Ah, I thought you were going to cite George Jackson or Eldridge Cleaver or people like that who became philosophers in prison . . .
Or McVicar becoming a professor of whatever it is that he's a professor of.

As early as 1970 — when 'Live At Leeds' came out — you were slipping bits of Who trivia inside the packaging, stuff from '65 or thereabouts. Even five years after that period, you seemed to be regarding it as a kind of touchstone for The Who . . .
Well, that album cover . . . wasn't it based on bootlegs? That was just a brilliant idea by some designer who used to work at Track at the time, always coming up with nutty album sleeves. The first super-controversial album sleeve was the one with Lennon and Yoko naked on the front, and Track distributed that; and then they brought out the Hendrix one with all the naked birds on the front, and they were really into album covers and we weren't. We didn't really give a shit, despite the resident art-school member.

As far as I can remember, we had very little to do with the cover of 'Live At Leeds', but if I think back to that period, of more importance is the reason why we put out a live album at all. It was because it was all we had. My writing had gone completely ape-shit — I won't say it had completely stopped, but I was definitely coming out with some really weird stuff like 'Dogs', 'Magic Bus', bits and pieces, really strange things.

It was seen as a refreshing change: a live album and a few oddball singles after 'Tommy' . . .
We were actually shocked by what happened with 'Tommy', that it actually did what it was supposed to do, which was to shatter the preconception that people had of the band.

Remember we'd only really existed in the UK at that point as a singles band. Even though we'd had a couple of well-conceived albums — in fact, I think all our first three albums were great — we were confused about why we'd stopped selling singles when we'd felt that the quality of the singles was going up. I mean, 'I Can See For Miles' was one that the industry reacted to very favourably. By 'the industry' I mean broadcasting. We'd just lost the pirate stations, but it was on the radio all the time, *Top Of The Pops* played it *every fucking week* but it still made only a very low showing in the charts.

I felt it was a very powerful single from the band, but people had obviously got bored with hearing The Who do that sort of single.

So it wasn't like we retreated from singles as a principle for rock — I've always believed that singles are the best principle, 'cos it's harder to do things short anyway and that's the most effective rock — so much as suddenly realising that there was no way we could go on working like that.

After 'Tommy' we were shocked that it had been accepted at all, because it had been a real fucking last-ditch attempt. If we couldn't go on doing what we were good at, which was just making singles, then what the fuck could we do? I imagined us spending our lives like The Searchers or somebody . . . going round cabaret clubs and then finally going broke and opening up grocery shops. And I didn't know what we were supposed to do next.

Were we supposed to make lots of 'Tommies'? When it was ecstatically received in America and Europe, I thought, *'Fuck this.'* We're still really only any good at singles. That's why 'Tommy' is big; it's a series of vignettes. It was supposed to be a series of singles and any departures from that were introduced really by Kit Lambert's coaching: 'keep that, write another tune, then repeat that'. So I just wrote bits, stuck them into songs.

It may appear to flow, but when I presented it to the band, it was just a series of songs. So the point with 'Live At Leeds' wasn't 'back to business', it was all we were capable of doing at the time.

We did a hell of a lot of roadwork, particularly in America, just exploiting 'Tommy'.

You've got to remember that Woodstock was the renaissance of 'Tommy', it was after 'Tommy' and it put 'Tommy' back into the charts *again.* But virtually as soon as we finished recording it I was thinking of other things: 'Rock Is Dead Long Live Rock'; an early version of *Quadrophenia, Lifehouse;* maybe developing 'Rael' from 'The Who Sell Out'; just searching for something which we could get away with, and if The Who were identified with Heavy Metal in the States, it was because . . . 'Live At Leeds' is the best and most exciting Who live stuff I've heard. It may be a bit of a headbanging album. It's not pretty or brilliantly performed or anything, it's just *energy.*

It wasn't so much the fashion of the time, but we were affected by bands like Led Zeppelin suddenly appearing, but then we'd been affected by other people suddenly appearing and we still are.

I can't tell you what a shock it was to be on a bill with someone like Jimi Hendrix after having been established for two or three years as The Person Who Smashes Guitars and then see someone smash 'em, set 'em alight, use feedback *and* play the most astonishing guitar I'd ever heard in my life. I was also affected by Cream when they started. I thought, 'Well, this is another fucking rip-off for a start'.

But then afterwards I realised that The Who have something that none of the three bands that I've just mentioned have, which is a unique chemistry — which is something that we can always go back to and lean on.

I don't think we've got it as much as we used to have, because a lot of it was to do with Keith and the four of us, but maybe an element of it is still there. And what makes that chemistry magical is a lot of the tradition, and the length of time that the band's been together.

When the decision was taken to film Quadrophenia, *had you any idea of what would be going on* outside *the cinemas by the time it was released?*
No, not really. Although it was probably very lucky for us that there was no original mod movie and never will be other than from England, so it hasn't affected the success of the film anywhere else.

In America, the film is *slow.* It does good business in the cities, but when it goes out on the road it stays in a cinema for a week and then moves on. Probably because it's a music film it'll make its money back over a period of years, like *Monterey* did.

The reason that it's doing incredible business in England is that we were lucky that the mod movement was having its renaissance around the time that the film came out. In fact, it was already well-established, as I understand they certainly didn't have any trouble getting people for the film. A lot of the kids in the film were actually existing mods from Sheffield, Stafford and a few other places, and they had scooters and they had parkas and they had all the kit.

The film was 18 months in the making, and while we were making it we saw the mod thing starting, and some of the kids told us that it had never *stopped.* In Stockton there's a group called the Stockton Footsies who were a mod-type situation and they'd sparked off a skinhead fashion in the Midlands but they'd retained a very clean image; it wasn't all tied up in unnecessary violence. In fact, it was the reverse: it was like an American 'cool' scene where you didn't get into fights because it was uncool. They were just interested in dancing and looking good, which seems a bit of a lightweight philosophy, but that's what mods were about.

And I certainly don't like being accused of trying to influence kids what to do, either with the film or with some of the obviously exploitative things which have followed in the film's wake.

Yeah, but you endorsed the Quadrophenia *clothing line . . .*
I had very little to do with it. That's more to do with Kenny Jones.

Kenny was very interested in that and he went along to see the fashion people. Someone ought to talk to Kenny about that and find out why he did it, because it's the last thing on earth I would want to do, to be involved in clothing lines. I never even saw the clothes.

I wouldn't mind a Sting suit, mind you, but the suit Sting wore in the film must've cost about 300 quid. But you can get anything you need to be a mod at the shop at the top of the road. It doesn't have to have a Succhi label in it or a Quad label or whatever they call it, but then I don't know why so many kids that I see wear the bloody Who badge.

Outside the Rainbow where we did our first concert, I couldn't resist going up to a row of kids in parkas that all had 'The Who' on and I said, 'Have you ever seen The Who play before?' And this kid turned round and he didn't know who I was. He was queueing up for tickets and I don't think he cared. He wasn't interested. He gave me a look like 'Fuck off, cunt' and I suddenly realised that that symbol is just a symbol, just like the bloody swastika was to the Hell's Angels. It meant nothing to them.

The people most responsible for the mod fashion thing coming back are The Jam. They started it, and we were just lucky that the film was there.

You see, it costs so much to make a film that when you make one you've got to try every fucking device in the book to get your money back. We're just proud of the fact that we managed to make a film *in England.* It wasn't entirely English money, but *McVicar* was made with a lot of English money and *The Kids Are Alright* was made with all our money, and it'll make it back.

It's great to be able to cock a snook at all the Americans who say that we're finished as a nation of film-makers. Most film-makers don't have the first fucking idea of what gets kids into the cinema, and it's not just tagging music onto something. It's making films in the British tradition, which is the only kind of film that I think we can make well, which is the kind of *Saturday Night And Sunday Morning* thing. I know it's depressing, but that's *our cinema verite,* if we ever had one.

At the Kampuchea concert you did, you were amazingly unselfconscious for a band who've been going so long.
We're still just about alive! I enjoyed that particular day and I went to all the concerts, except I missed The Queen one because I didn't realise that it was going to start that early, but I saw all the others. I think the one I disliked most was the Wings night, because they were obviously under-rehearsed and unconfident and seemed to feel out of place.

Well, it can't be too relaxing to follow Costello and Rockpile.
I don't know, I think that's what McCartney welcomes, that kind of opportunity. I think he likes to keep his feet in what's happening, whether or not it deeply affects what he does.

But on each night there were seven bands that were keen to do it. The Clash were keen to do it, and in their case it turned out to be a mistake. It was the wrong kind of thing for them to do, but they did it, and it's the kind of thing that's important for them to do. Just as it's important for us to be on a bill with bands like them, even though they actually played a different night from us.

Did you enjoy The Specials?
Yeah, not 'alf! I think they're going to be enormous in America if Madness don't steal their thunder.

We were watching kids' telly and they had this little girl on there and she looked like she wanted to go to the toilet. She could hardly speak! She'd been to one of Madness' under-15 matinees and they'd had a press conference after and they asked what *that* was like. And she said one of the most revealing statements about Madness that you could ever come across: 'Oh, everyone just sat around and asked the gang questions'.

She didn't call 'em a band: she called 'em a fucking *gang!*

The thing that I like most about The Specials is that they're not just out for laughs. The music *is* exciting and they're obviously really enjoying themselves, but there's something

■ *Continues page 34*

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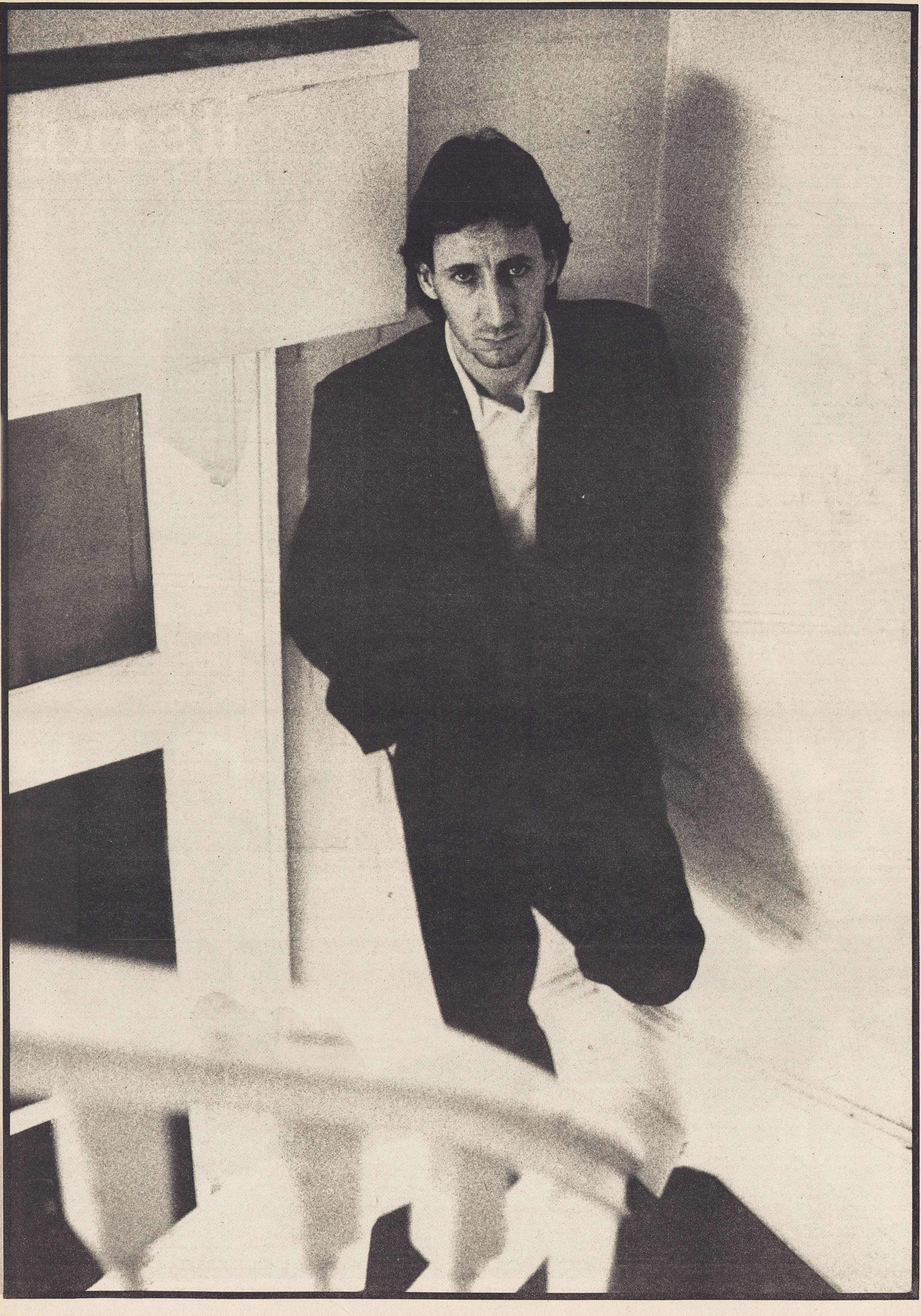

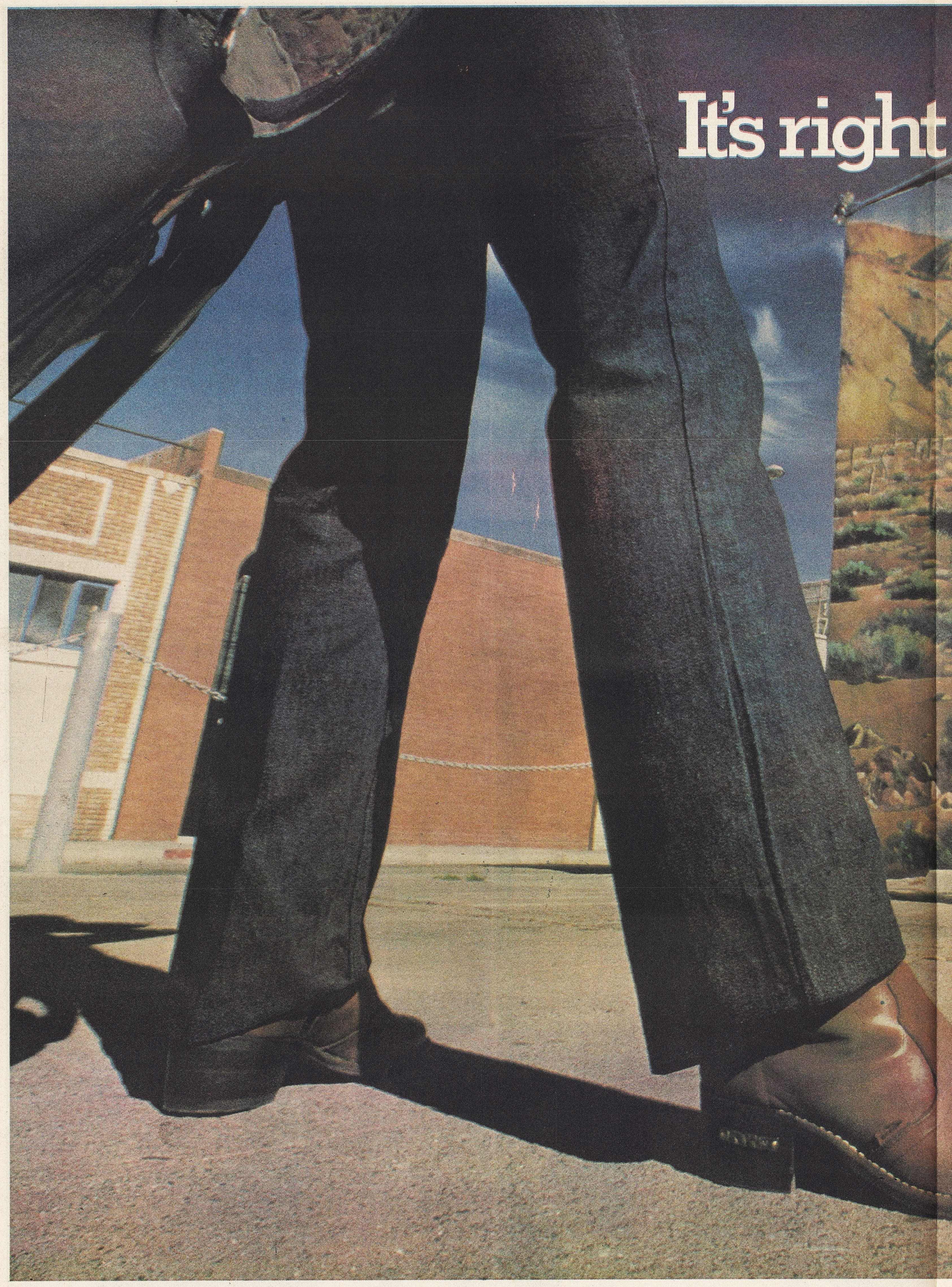
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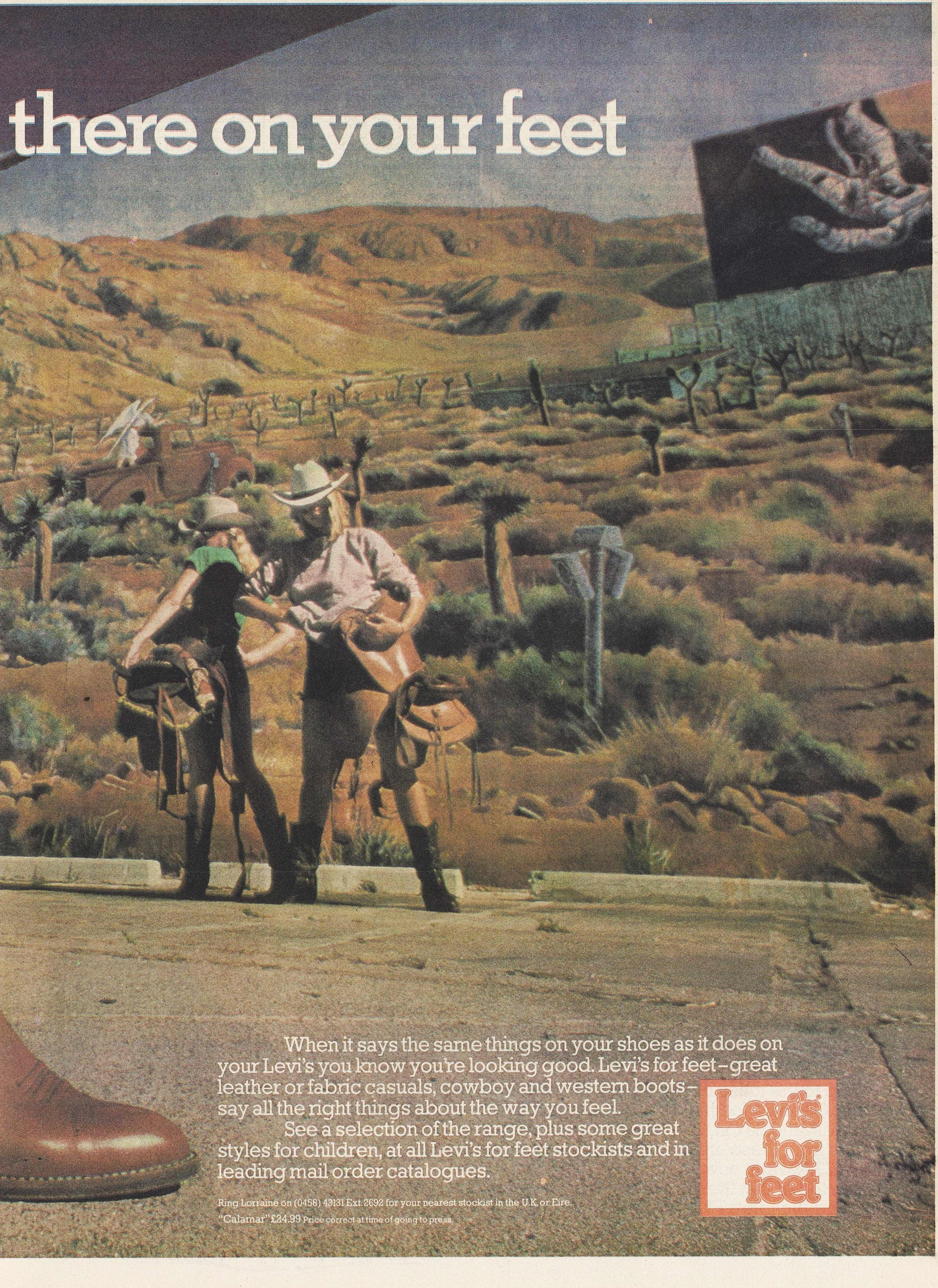

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“ Obviously I'd rather go to a Clash gig, but I like a few heavy metal bands because some of them play alright. I think the head-banging thing's a good laugh. ”

PETE

From page 30

very serious about them as well. Perhaps Selecter are a little *too* serious, and it worries you: you think, 'Christ, they're going to get weighed down with all the world's problems'. The Specials have got a really good balance.

I really like The Pretenders, for example, 'cause Chris Thomas was producing my solo album and I heard all the tapes and got to know 'em, but I don't think that they're a *new band* particularly, and the whole sound of the band is to do with something that leads on a bit more from establishment music, and I think it's far more likely that something like that will be easily accepted in America because, for a start, she can *sing!* It's based on vocal quality, and if you've got a good singer in the band, you've got a better chance of getting played in the States.

When I was there, they were playing a hell of a lot of Pretenders and a hell of a lot of Clash in LA, which I was amazed at, and they also seemed to know which were the best tracks on the albums to play. They were playing 'Clampdown' all the time.

It's a bit weird for us at the moment, playing in the states, because all the influences that the new bands have had on our stuff starts showing up in our music before those bands actually get there themselves. I ain't exactly saying that The Who are going to make a 2-Tone record, but it affects you. The Who have done a vaguely reggae tune for the next album.

How'd you first meet The Clash?
Through Kosmo Vinyl, who used to work for Keith Altham (Who publicist) and of course, I know the old boy — Ian Dury — pretty well from Kilburn And The High Roads, and it was through his involvement with their camp.

I got persuaded to go down to Brighton to see them live properly, and it was one of the best concerts I've ever seen. It was fucking *incredible.* They asked me to go on stage and play, which was a bit embarrassing because I'd only had 'London Calling' about a week, and I wasn't too sure of many of the chords, so I turned the guitar to 1 and just pretended. It was really exciting.

The Clash are still a young band and they're working incredibly hard on the road, and so you can get patchy gigs, and I'm really glad that when I saw them was as good as it was.

I liked their first album a lot, but one of the problems I have see, playing albums at home is that our house is quite small and Clash music needs to be played pretty loud, and I can't stand listening on headphones. And it disturbs the kids. I could never play 'God Save The Queen' or any of that stuff; the kids would actually start to cry, get disturbed, get out their painting-by-numbers books and switch on *Magpie* to define reality. So I'd just stick it on a cassette in the car and blast myself while driving around.

I used to get most of my records actually sent from the bands at around the same time as the radio stations and I always listen to the Peel show or have it recorded for me when I'm in the States, so I hear all sorts of stuff from bands with their own labels. Which was very encouraging, and so I put my own label together, which didn't really happen properly, but I've still got the Eel Pie label.

What can you tell a band who come in and ask to be on Eel Pie except 'Why not do it yourself?' We'll tell you where to go, give you £200 and that's it. Pay us back off the top'. We've done it three or four times now. To press 2,000 singles costs nothing, and dealers keep records of how fast things sell, so they could take the sheet into a major record company and say, 'Look, we've sold 2,000 records in a day'.

So I've gotten out of that, but i still get sent a hell of a lot of stuff direct.

Anyone can make a record now for £8 or £10 an hour which — by 1965 standards — would be of exceptionally high quality. But what fucks bands up now is PA, because the standard of PA that people are used to now, even from small bands, is so high. You can go on with a Telecaster copy, but you can't go on with a shitty PA, and unless the club or the other group have a good one, you've got to spend £150 to hire one.

In my company, we try to cut across that by forming a co-op, allowing bands to use the PA and the van free, and if they got a deal they'd put money back in. But the only one who did that were Craze — who used to be The Skunks — and they were the only band out of that original four or five who actually managed to take advantage of what we were doing and then feed money back.

But what's more important than gear even is management: day-to-day encouragement and assistance and making sure that the band get paid for what they do. When we started in '61 or whenever it was, we got £12 a night down the Old Ford Tavern. Groups are still getting £12 at the Old Ford Tavern, but in those days £12 was £12. Now its fourpence. The cost of PA's and guitars has increased tenfold, but groups are still getting paid about the same. The same old rip-offs . . . club-owners! But then that's probably a reflection of *their* problems. One should never be too hard on people who sell booze!

A point currently being made quite frequently is that 'rock' has become a series of empty gestures and rituals. Certain parts of The Who's show are rituals and you've certainly stated that you're aware of this . . .
Well, in the end . . . for ages, my reaction to that was just to stop.

For two and a half years we didn't do any shows because I just refused to play, but then I started to hang around with a few bands and it was probably Steve and Paul from the Pistols who told me, 'Why the fuck do you worry about it? Just get up and *play.* Alright, it's ritualised. Who gives a shit? Just *play!'* It was that who-gives-a-shit attitude that just got me: 'So it's ritualised. Who gives a shit? Yeah!'

That's what I feel at the moment. Bits of The Who's show are still rooted in tradition, and we go through the motions to a certain extent because people do wanna hear old stuff. My wife went to the Dylan concert and came back ecstatic because he played a lot of old stuff and revitalised it. I'd *hate* to go to a current show and just hear that one bloody album and gospel songs and not hear him do any of the other stuff.

In a way it's a really sensational, daring thing to do, but I don't think it's the kind of thing you'll ever find The Who doing; just doing a new album and some other stuff, ignore what went before and try to be completely different. What you've got to watch is the hypocrisy of pretending that you're not proud of what you've done, and the hypocrisy of pretending that you don't enjoy and are able to lean on the value of those gestures.

At the end of a two-hour show the lasers were fucking helpful, because then you could stand still and let them do the stuff. Or if I was having a problem playing a decent guitar solo, I could whirl my arm a couple of times and it would have about the same effect as a well-played guitar solo. And that *da-da-rrraaanggg!* gesture that I do: every now and then I do it and I think, 'Christ, I'm fucking glad *that* belongs to me'. It gets me out of so much trouble (laughs)!

I understand what they're saying, but what's annoying is when you realise that most of the gestures are used up and it's fucking difficult to come up with anything new, because rock is so simple and so limited and within the framework of rock so many things have been tried and explored. On the edges, though, it's frontiers have been defined, and if you go over the edge you turn into something else, into jazz or classical music.

I think Jon Anderson and Yes and people like that are actually producing classical music; and it's very clear that Keith Jarrett playing his piano solo things would work nicely within a rock form, but he doesn't stop there, he goes off into all sorts of head trips. And people like Peter Gabriel occasionally step outside because they're not really interested in rock as a form. They don't recognise the limitations of the thing and they don't really value them. But a lot of new bands do, and whether or not they *call* it rock, the limitations are there; the strictures, the realisation that you only need so much to be able to play.

What was your reaction to Public Image? Their statement is that their music isn't rock, that rock is rubbish by definition. Anti-rock!
They may be right. The thing with Johnny Rotten is that I don't know whether to believe everything he says because he always says it with a wry grin on his face and you never know whether he's taking the piss or not. Maybe he's not. I suppose their record isn't a rock record, but it's a rock package. That tin is the greatest rock package I've ever seen.

Maybe it's the overfree use of the word 'rock' without anybody understanding what's meant by it. A lot of Americans use the word 'rock' like they don't know what they're saying. They might use the word 'rock' and then mention Bob Seger, Billy Joel, The Sex Pistols and The Rolling Stones all in the same sentence. I think they're all a different kind of rock. I have an image of what it means to me, but it isn't actually a form of music.

To me, talking about 'anti-rock' and calling it music is a contradiction in terms. To me, rock is something almost like a pill — funnily enough — which you take and it makes you fly. If Public Image make you fly then — in my definition of the word — it becomes rock. There are bits of classical music which make you fly, but not in the same way. I mean, I don't know many people who put on Tchaikowsky and go ape-shit.

I think the riot at the Rainbow gig shows, in a sense, how ritualised rock concerts have become, when the most impetuous geezer in the band decides that he's not going to play an encore because he doesn't feel like it and still clings to the misconception that it's *his choice.* Is it his choice? Is it *fuck.* He goes out there, mate, and he *does* it.

I've had some incredible rows with audiences. I think the most famous one was in America, where we played the Metropolitan Opera House, and we did two shows, each two and a half hours long. That's the longest I've ever played, because they were pretty close together and it was five hours of solid rock, not Grateful Dead stuff but heavy, exhausting stuff. We never did encores anyway, and I was told that we didn't have to do an encore if we didn't want to, but I should at least go on and thank the audience for their 15 minutes of spontaneous applause. Of course, their 15 minutes of spontaneous applause was about as spontaneous as an orgasm. It was extremely worked-on. By the time they got out there they were already in their own private hell, bloody raw hands. I went to speak and someone threw a can of Coke at me.

People in London are very jaded, just like people in New York and LA because they see such a lot of good music, but it's still less ritualised than the American tour market, or the heavy metal venues like Wembley Pool, where people who've been into rock for ten years expect a *particular* kind of show, a *particular* kind of value-for-money and they're disappointed when they don't get lasers for the price of their ticket.

Obviously I'd rather go to a Clash gig, but I like a few heavy metal bands because some of them play all right. I think the head-banging thing's a good laugh.

It was what always used to frustrate me — which is why I got reasonably good at words — because there were so many things that I couldn't do musically. A lot of the heavy metal records that I've heard recently just have an incredibly high standard of musicianship, very skilful playing.

YOUR Lifehouse *project is going to be filmed by Nicolas Roeg . . .*
Well, I sent him a script . . .
Via Nick Lowe?
Yeah, via Nick Lowe (laughs).

Roeg is loosely interested, but I don't know if it's the kind of thing that he would want to do, but I really love the films he's directed, he's English, and his new film *Bad Timing* just *smashed* me.

The most important development was that a treatment was sent to Ray Bradbury, because I fancied getting someone like him to finish it off. I'd done a couple of scripts for it, but I can't see the wood for the fucking trees any more. Anyway, *he's* interested, and if he did the script, then maybe someone like Nic Roeg would probably be a great director for it, but I don't think he'd agree to do it without having control over the script.

Lifehouse was originally a fiction, almost a science fiction, concept with a concert at the heart of it. The action — which was a story about an approaching army heading toward this concert and busting in at the climax. But the two things would be shot separately and inter-related.

At one point I was imagining a 10-week concert, not just with The Who but with lots of other musicians as well. The idea was that it was set in the future and that this was a sort of illegal concert which they were trying to track down and stamp out. Like an expunged church: the lost art of rock and roll.

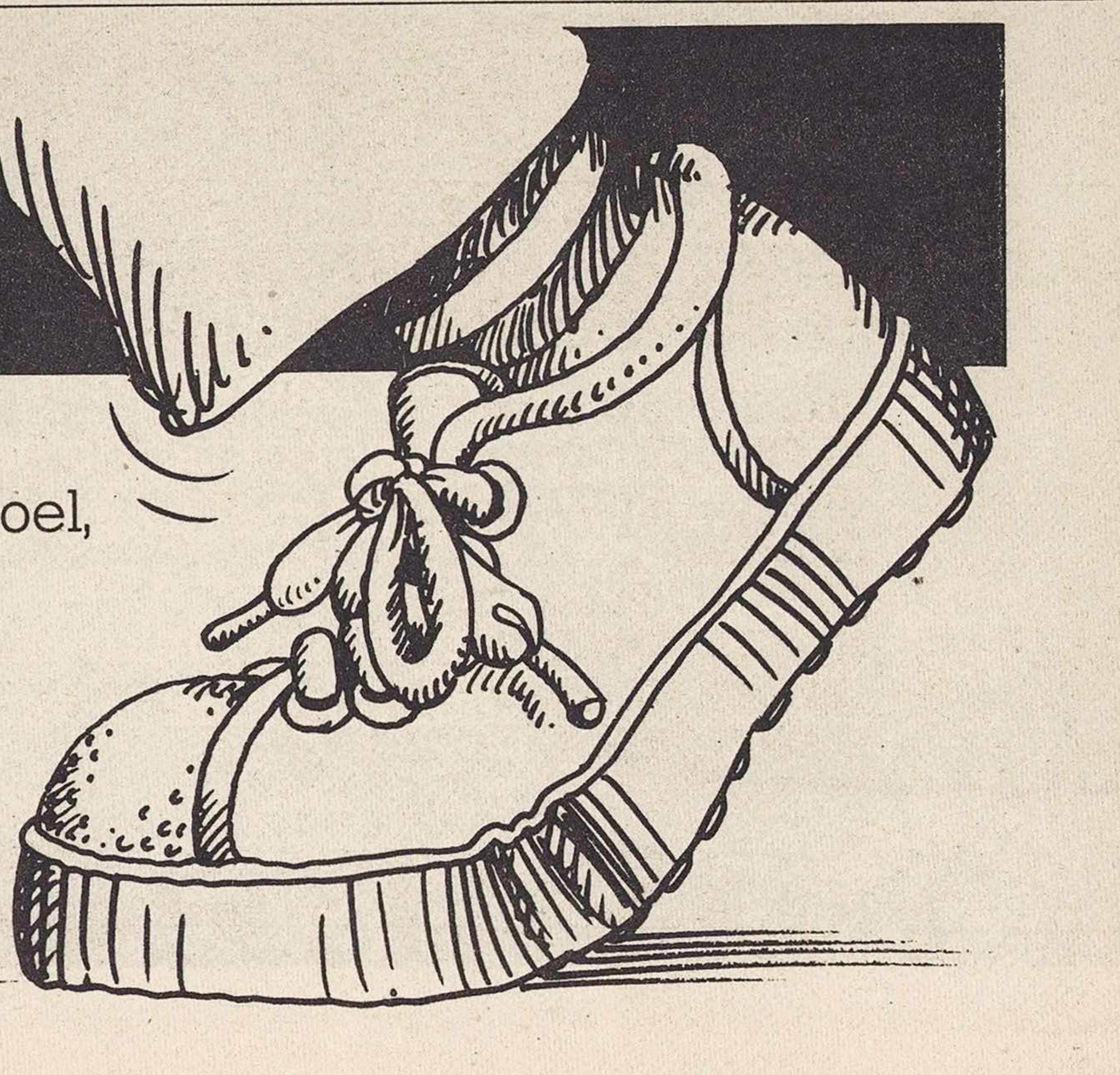
When they finally break in, the concert has reached such a height that the audience are about to disappear (laughter).

It was kind of a nutty idea at the time, but I've since brought it a little bit down to earth, rationalised it a bit.

But still what excites me about it is that it does contain a concert and a story, and it does contain a lot of my feelings about what rock is and what music is, and why music has a spiritual value and why the *effect* of rock music has a spiritual value.

Well, that theme runs through a lot of your work with The Who: the extremes of spirituality and violence.
The two coexist anyway; can't wriggle out of it. One of the things that I've always loved most about rock is that it's not ashamed of any of the things that it sets itself up to be.

I know it's fashionable, probably less fashionable now, but at one period it was fashionable to knock the fact that most of the established rock elite had become interested in Indian mysticism of some sort at some point. Whether or not they needed it is debatable, but it was fashionable to sneer at it, and all that coexisted with the violent side of



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the music as well.

Whether or not The Who ever achieved a balance within it, or have ever achieved a balance or ever will, I don't know. I feel I've had some great things, and felt a hell of a lot of warmth from my involvement in the Meher Baba thing.

IT was that which stopped you taking drugs, wasn't it?

I think so, but I was also suffering from the effects of over-imbibing, because I was an absolute fanatic about pot and pills. I wasn't that keen on acid, it scared me. If you're someone who has a vivid imagination anyway, then acid can really be a hell of a problem. The stuff around at the time was hard to grade:sometimes you got your head blown off, other times nothing happened at all, so I was about to stop anyway.

The thing that really happened to get me into Meher Baba in '67 was that I suppose I was slightly fucked up. I was determined to get myself sorted out and it was the first thing that I came across . . . after a brief encounter with flying saucers. I was surrounded by all sorts of things: interplanetary this and occult that, macrobiotic food eaters, meditation and all that. LSD just unleashed all this craziness in people, but I was listening to all the things that they were saying and not using acid.

When I say that it was the first thing I came across, I didn't really mean that: I meant that it was the first thing that I became committed to properly, and from which I got the results.

It's a hard thing to explain, but if you live your life according to the guidelines set down by Meher Baba, you don't need anyone else to tell you how to do things. It's about living a better life and a more loving life in a traditional humanitarian way which we are all born with the potential to achieve anyway. But having a focus, somone you really respect but don't necessarily think is a super-being, someone you respect above anyone else demonstrating a real love for you when you think that you're a lump of shit . . . that's all it needs. It just needs someone to give you back your self-respect, and then it's *your* job from there.

A few of the guys from Misty flipped through the Baba books when they were recording at Oceanic — which is the studio at the Baba centre — and they didn't find anything deeply at odds from what they believe. A few of the Baba people came to talk to them because they were interested in Rasta. But I know a lot of people who are involved with different gurus and the different sects that are about in California, and the only time that I've ever been able to find out what they're about is when there's been some mutual respect.

And yet there's a part of me that's cynical and British and jaded and I think 'Fuck all this! There's this obvious loony that they think is God in human form' and maybe they're thinking the same thing, and maybe we're all loonies anyway. But what redeems the whole concept of searching is that it can draw people together. Everybody's got to respect people's *need.* This incredible, violent modern attitude that man needs nothing, that he's got to stand alone, that his strength is just in his mere existence is *obnoxious* to me. It's an indication of the nastiest medico-psycho-bullshit that I've ever come across.

I find it most hard to talk to psychologists, psychoanalysts and doctors about things like Meher Baba. In the end, one doesn't. You just try and respect the fact that obviously through their work they've found some kind of answer to their needs, but to actually deny anybody the need for something . . . once you admit there's a need, alright, you can call it what you like, you can use any fancy word or violent word or psycho-dependency or whatever you like, any kind of terminology, but they're all aggressive. They're all a sneer . . .'Ahhh, you *weakling;'*

See, I'm very heavily into Meher Baba, but I also drink like a fish. I'm still not the most honest person in the world. It's difficult, but I do at least know what's happening to me. I accept that there is a larger reason for me being alive than just being a rock star.

It's not just because I need something to hang onto that I believe in God.

If all there was as a pinnacle of human achievement was what I achieved, then there's not enough. It is just *not enough.* I could not live believing that what I'd achieved was all that was achievable. To many people it would be a dream come true, and to me it's my childhood dream come true, but it's still not enough. It's not high enough, and it's not pure enough.

I'm not there yet, and that's what life is about: having to aspire to. You have to aim higher, and if you're going to aspire to anything you might as well aspire to the universe as opposed to aspiring to the house next door, or to someone's tits.

Do you know what I mean?

TELL US a bit about 'Jools and Jim', the song on the album about Julie Burchill and Tony Parsons.

I wrote the song after someone from the *Guardian* wrote an article about them to promote their book, and he got very animated about how they didn't give a shit about Sid Vicious going down. And then Tony brought up Keith as well and said, 'Fuck Keith Moon, we're better off without him. Decadent cunt driving Rolls Royces into swimming pools, if that's what rock and roll's about, who needs it?' And to a certain extent I agreed with a bit of it, but I feel that it was a bit of opportunist cock.

I don't know if they care, but I'd like to see this fucking Rolls Royce in the swimming pool. I spoke to the guy who bought his house, the drummer from 10cc and he said there was one in there, but I get the feeling that someone wheeled it in just to validate the story.

The most interesting Keith Moon stories aren't about Rolls Royces being driven into swimming pools. The secret of Keith Moon's driving problems was that he couldn't steer. When he was behind a steering wheel and he wanted to go left he used to turn it the wrong way, so he only used to drive cars in his own garden.

I just wrote the song as a reaction. I rang Tony up the day after I'd written it and said that I'd written it and explained. I was going to send him a copy, and then I decided I wouldn't send him one until it came out after I'd decided that it was a good song to go on the album. I thought, 'Fuck it, he'll get it in the end.'

I only read their book the other day, and I quite liked it. I changed the title from 'Jools And Tone' to 'Jools And Jim' because it's not directly about them; it's about ever taking a stance and believing what you read. It's just another 'Don't Belive What You Read' song. I think it's one of the best songs on the album. The energy's great and I really like the singing on it.

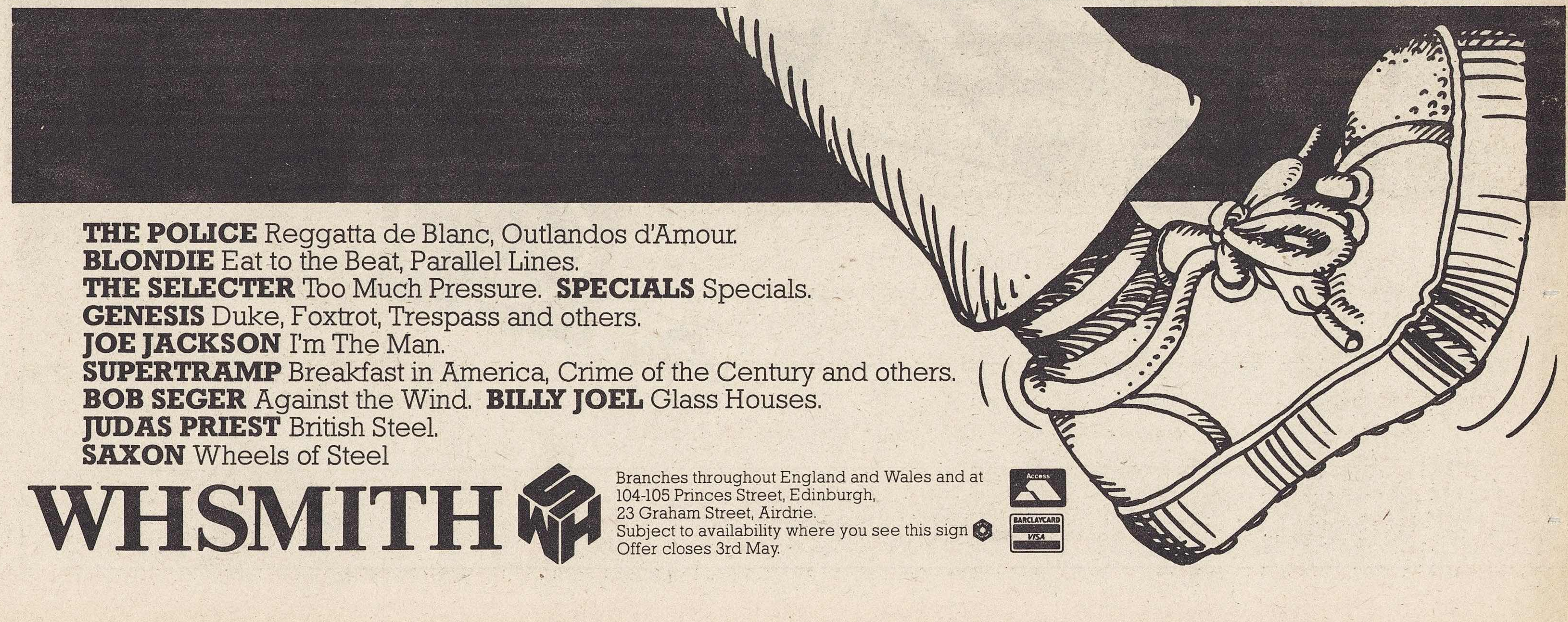
But I was amazed at how well-written their book was. I hadn't read much rock press for a long time, because when that incredible first rash of new bands appeared and *NME* got very fiery, I got confused and I couldn't keep up. I'd go away to the States for a month and when I came back everything would have changed. You needed to read it every week very carefully, and I just like flicking through them, so I stopped altogether. But I read something Julie wrote recently — the Radio 4 piece — and I could see her ending up writing for *The Listener,* but I thought their book was great. It was the sort of thing that I would be very proud of having written if I'd written it.

It was almost like a challenge. That's what it was to a lot of people like me. Their presence really shook me. Their book is about hypocrisy, pretty exclusively, but I think you can accuse *anybody* of hypocrisy and be right. I think everybody's a hypocrite in one way or another. There is no bigger sin than hypocrisy, but then there's no more common one.

Calling someone a hypocrite is the height of hypocrisy.

How about 'Empty Glass' itself, the title track?

➧ Continues page 59



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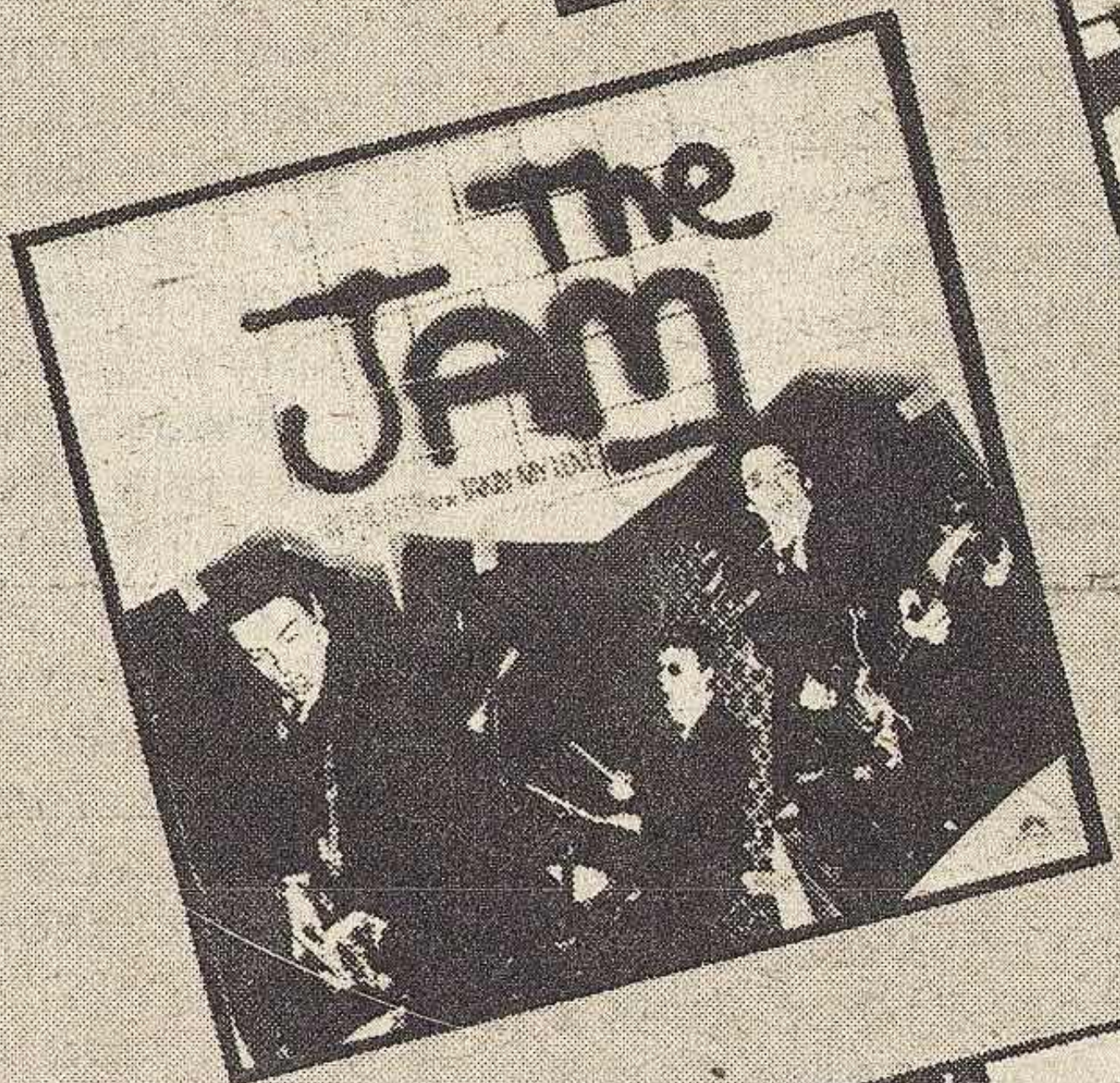

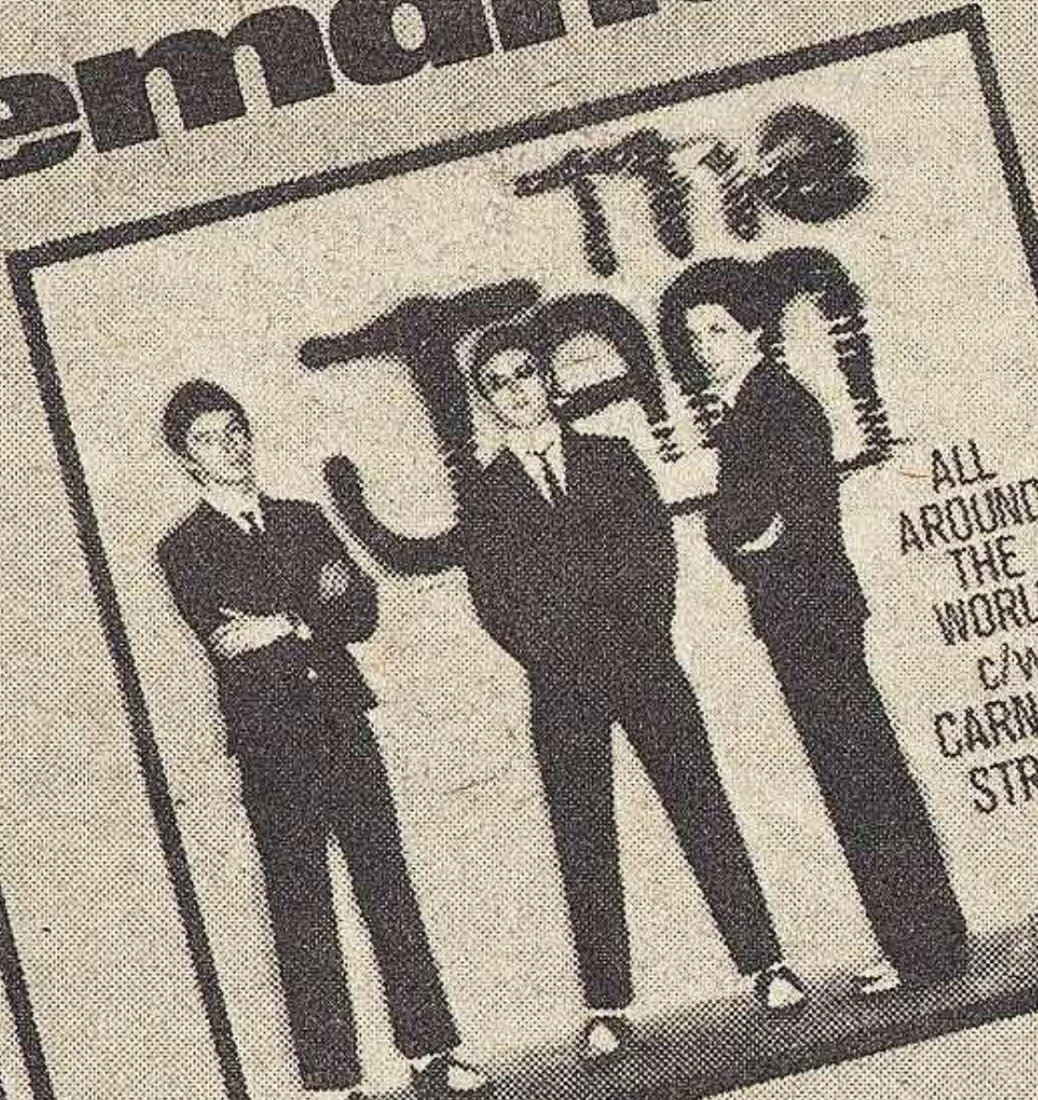
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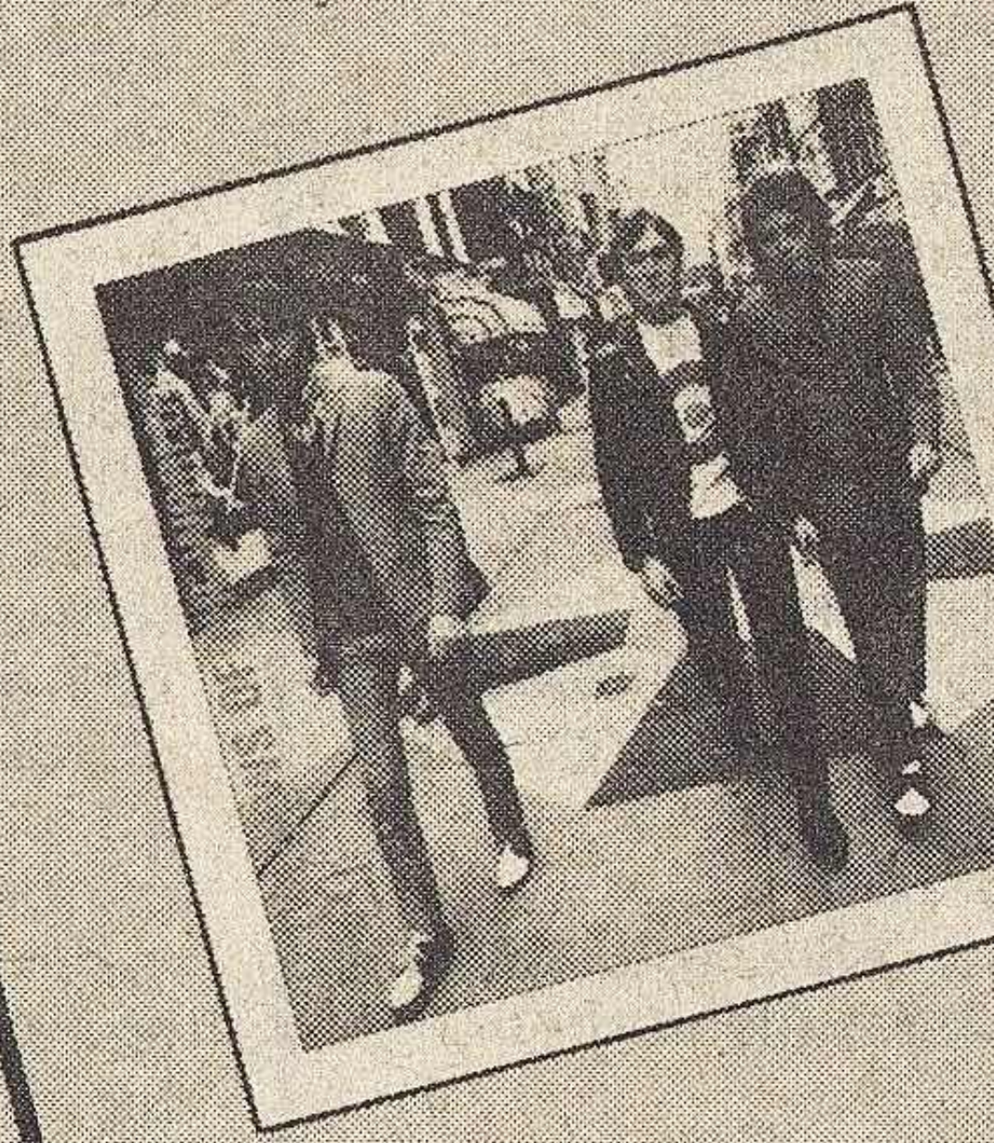
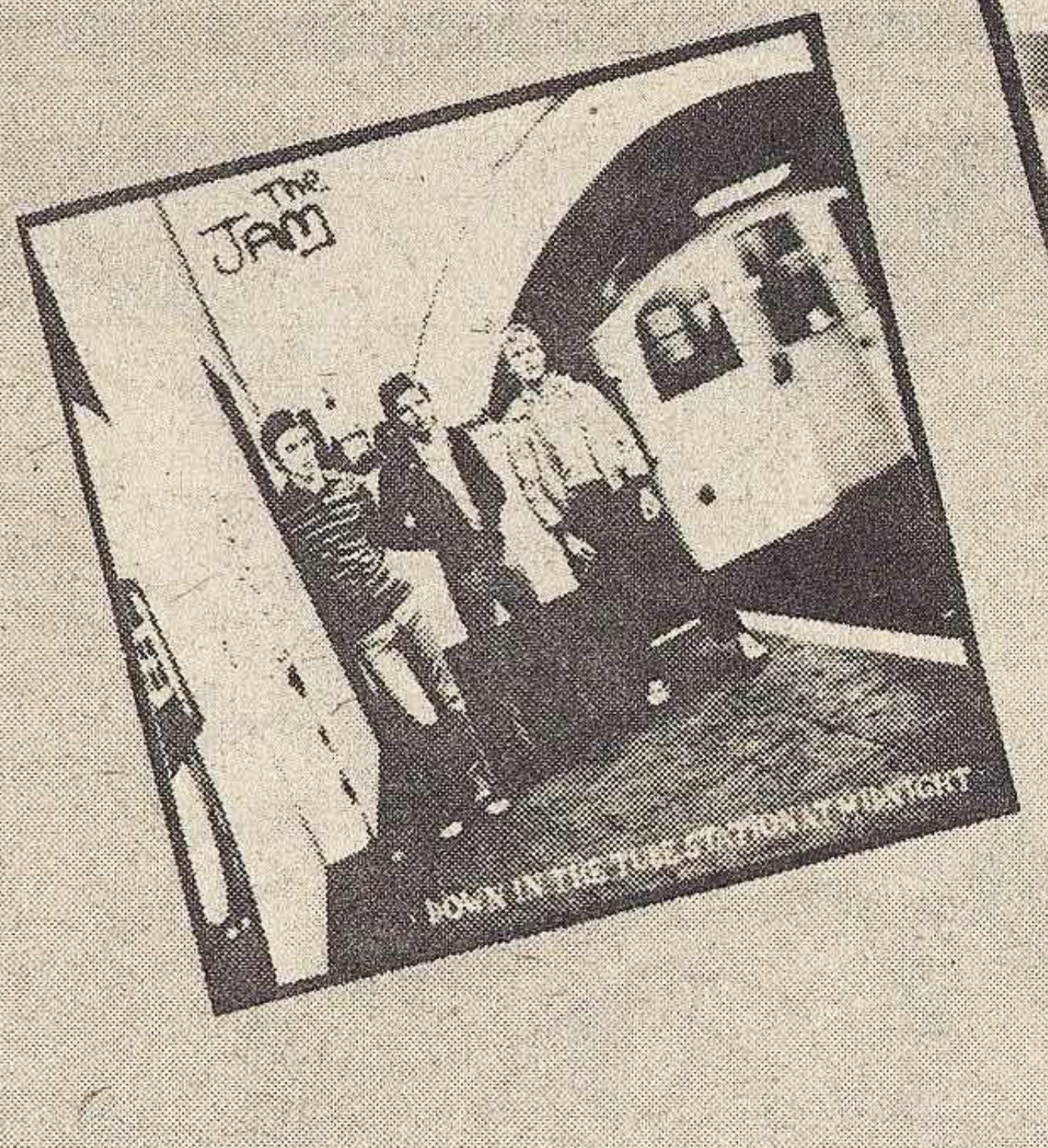
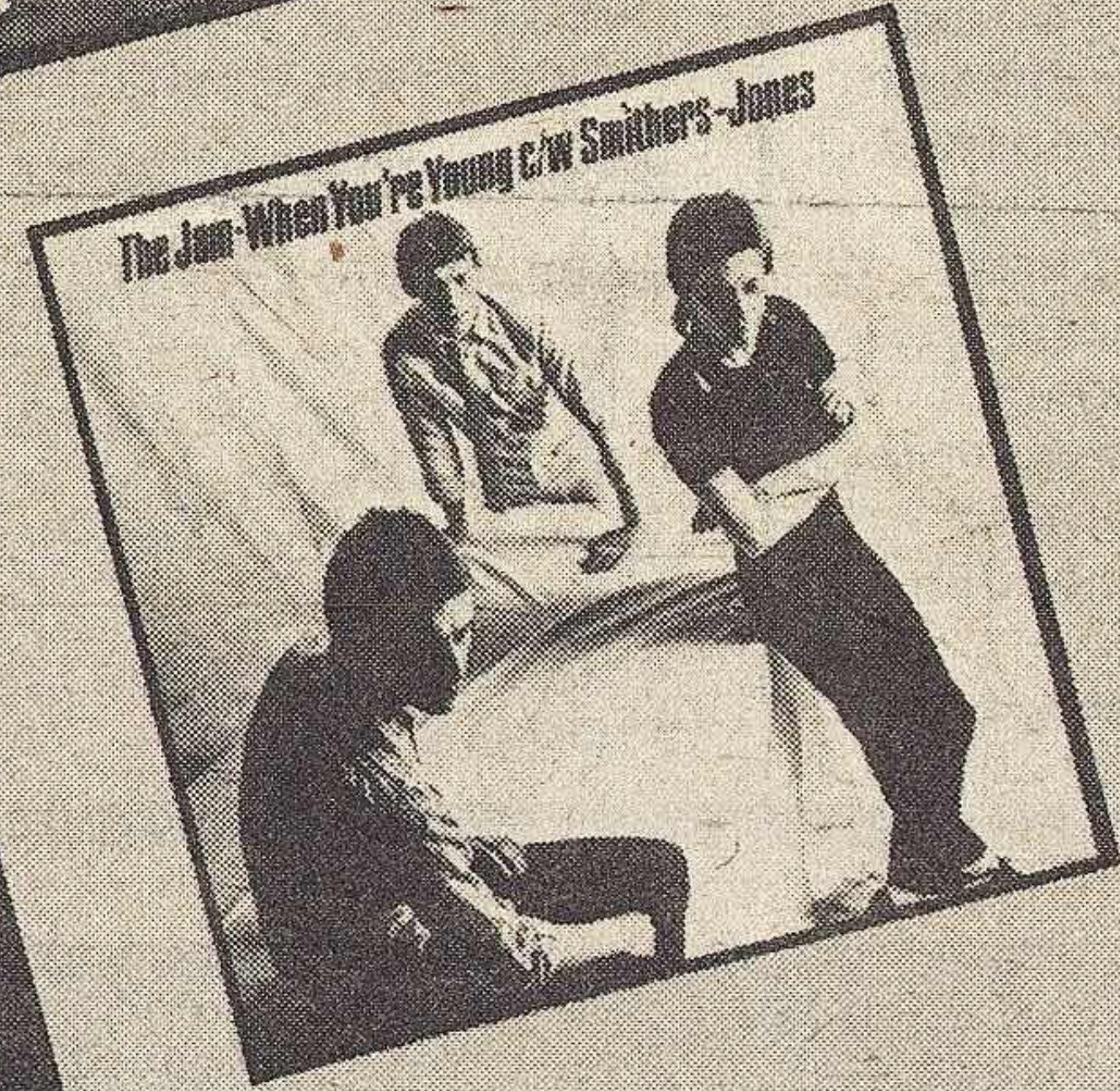
ALL AROUND THE WORLD c/w CARNABY STREET




The JAM
DOWN IN THE TUBE STATION AT MIDNIGHT

THE JAM
STRANGE TOWN


The Jam-When You're Young c/w Smithers-Jones

The ETON RIFLES
THE JAM

polydor

You should be undertoning

THE UNDERTONES
Hypnotised *(Sire)*

DIM the lights and cancel all other engagements. It's never too late to enjoy dumb entertainment, never too late to meet The Undertones and wallow in some of the most heartfelt pop music of the age.

The Undertones have always been an enigma. Ever since the 'Teenage Kicks' EP was unleashed in autumn '78 by Belfast's Good Vibrations label, the Derrymen have been something of a riddle to both their admirers and detractors. While the former are often reduced to searching out the superlatives in hysterical efforts to put a finger on such elusive greatness, the group's growing band of critics are left amused and bemused by it all.

So just what is so special about the sound of a warbly whining young vocalist and four other lads who contrive to throw together a few unremarkable chords in a fashion which rarely veers from traditional rock and roll structures?

This is the group's second LP, arriving in the wake of last year's brash Sire debut album and half-a-dozen first class singles that have established Feargal Sharkey's nervous squint as a fixture on the *TOTP* screen and propelled his cheering croak regularly into the lower reaches of the chart.

Over a bumper 15 tracks, including both sides of the current 'My Perfect Cousin' single, 'Hypnotised' represents a progression. Not a giant leap into the unkown, but certainly a few steps forward from 'The Undertones': the group have grown up as songwriters.

Their initially uncontrived 'image' as five clean-cut home-lovin' lads, wholesome as a Rowntree's Lion Bar and twice as nutty, has come to look a little forced of late. But the music has undoubtedly retained the timeless quality of near-perfect pop, straining towards maturity while losing little of its original rough and ready thrust.

The O'Neill brothers, John and Dee, besides being the twin guitarists responsible for The Undertones' rampant rock and roll base, are also the two principal composers responsible for the leap in songwriting standard, helped out here and there by bassist Mickey Bradley and drummer Billy Doherty.

Dee is the quirky, occasionally whacky brother. His emergence from nowhere as a songsmith of note has been crucial to the band's growth. He contributes a fistful of chirpy rockers, most of them in the mould of the Ramonic rush of the debut LP.

On side one, there's the chunky title track, the soaring 'Whizz Kids' and the self-deprecating opener, 'More Songs About Chocolate And Girls', a sly jab at the band themselves, their critics and Talking Heads — the title of the song, of course, sending up the Heads' 'More Songs About Buildings And Food'.

Dee's songs also display a cruel, sardonic streak as on the sarky 'Perfect Cousin' put-down and the closing track 'What's With Terry?', about a kid with the misfortune to be born not only ugly as sin, but also suffering from terrible eyesight: *"Then came the day Terry would dread/Christmas Day, a present on his bed/A Johnny Seven or a cuddly toy?/No, horn-rimmed glasses fit for a boy!"*

Brother John's songs show more compassion, dealing with the timeless Undertones themes with customary sensitivity — love and romance, girls, inadequacy, more girls and teen hangups, it's all there. It is on these songs that Feargal Sharkey's magnificent vocal interpretations really come into their own. Hear the heartbroken soulfulness of 'The Way Girls Talk', 'Tearproof', 'Nine Times Out Of Ten' and 'Girls That Don't Talk'.

From the sentiments, it is pretty clear that John is a bloke who's suffered some in the past and has now got to the stage of pouring it all out. How a songwriter who deals so perceptively with day to day depression can be labelled escapist simply beats me. As far as documenting the ups and downs of a human relationship goes, I doubt if there is a better songwriter than John O'Neill around right now.

His best song, and the most complex, adventurous thing The Undertones have yet attempted is the transcendental, chiming ballad 'Wednesday Week'. It is pensive, reflective pop at its best and the finest thing on the album by some distance: *"Wednesday week she loved me/Wednesday week never happened at all."*

Which leaves just the joint John-Dee rocker 'Boys Will Be Boys', the Slade-ish stomper 'See That Girl', the band composition 'Hard Luck', which has The Glitter Band stamped indelibly across every groove, and the one non-original, a version of The Drifters' classic 'Under The Boardwalk', in which a remarkably powerful vocal performance from Sharkey is almost spoiled by the punky thrash the chorus degenerates into.

But the fact that the group are now confident enough in their own abilities to even attempt such a song, that they are now brave enough to mix traditional rockers with the ballads that Sharkey's vocal capability cries out for, is indicative of their growing strength.

It could be argued that The Undertones are sticking rigidly to their tried and trusted formula on most of the tracks here. But that would be missing the point. It took three albums for The Ramones' formula to wear thin, while The Jam have shown that a well-defined style can be adapted to ensure long-term success. By the same token, I'm sure I could do with another gem along the lines of 'Hypnotised' this time next year.

Whether The 'Tones actually ever produce another LP like this is open to conjecture. The ominous soundings from the Derry camp for the past year or so have been that they may not be around in their present format too much longer. So maybe it's best to be grateful that we have got this much.

To paraphrase well-known Ramonologists Paul Morley and CSM, this album *undertones* more than any other you're likely to hear this year.

In the perfect pop stakes, he who feels it knows it. The Undertones definitely *know*.

Adrian Thrills

Dulcet 'Tones (L-R): Feargal Sharkey, Mickey Bradley, Damien 'Dee' O'Neill, John O'Neill, Billy Doherty. Pic: Anton Corbijn.

Out to lunch, Phil...

PHILIP LYNOTT
Solo In Soho *(Phonogram)*

THIN LIZZY'S rapid decline in the last few years has been partly disguised by Phil Lynott's prodigious charisma, but 'Solo In Soho' is final proof that charm is not enough. Nice guy he may be, but the record is a turkey.

The sad fact is that Lynott's songwriting gifts have deserted him. Gone are those rousing choruses and slyly seductive lyrics that kicked Lizzy into the Top 30. In their place, 'Solo In Soho' offers a perfunctory stab at versatility, from the steel drum calypso of 'Jamaican Rum' to the synth(etic) modernism of 'Yellow Pearl'.

None of it works. The steel drums are pretty but the tune is weak. 'Yellow Pearl' sounds tame and dated and the lyrics make no sense except as evidence of political illiteracy. An awful blight creeps through the album as track after track falls apart. 'Ode To A Black Man' turns into a list of names, the title track is dreadful white reggae, 'Talk In 79' a trite mish-mash of talkover. So it goes.

Lynott can't even write romance any more. 'Dear Miss Lonelyhearts' and 'Girls' are silly, rambling songs, while 'Tattoo' sinks beneath a soft-centred string arrangement.

Strings also stifle 'A Child's Lullaby', where Lynott's penchant for the gooey really hits the pits. Even God gets dragged in as the lyrics wade through a sentimental swamp of "teardrops", "sweet dreams" and posey emoting that resurrects almost every screamingly obvious 'sincere' sign in musical history. Yuk!

The album's one relative success is 'King's Call', a tribute to Elvis that recaptures a little of Lynott's quiet warmth and sounds like a Dire Straits track thanks to the presence of Mark Knopfler on lead guitar. If it falls just a little too far on the mellow side, it's the only track that bears repeated playing.

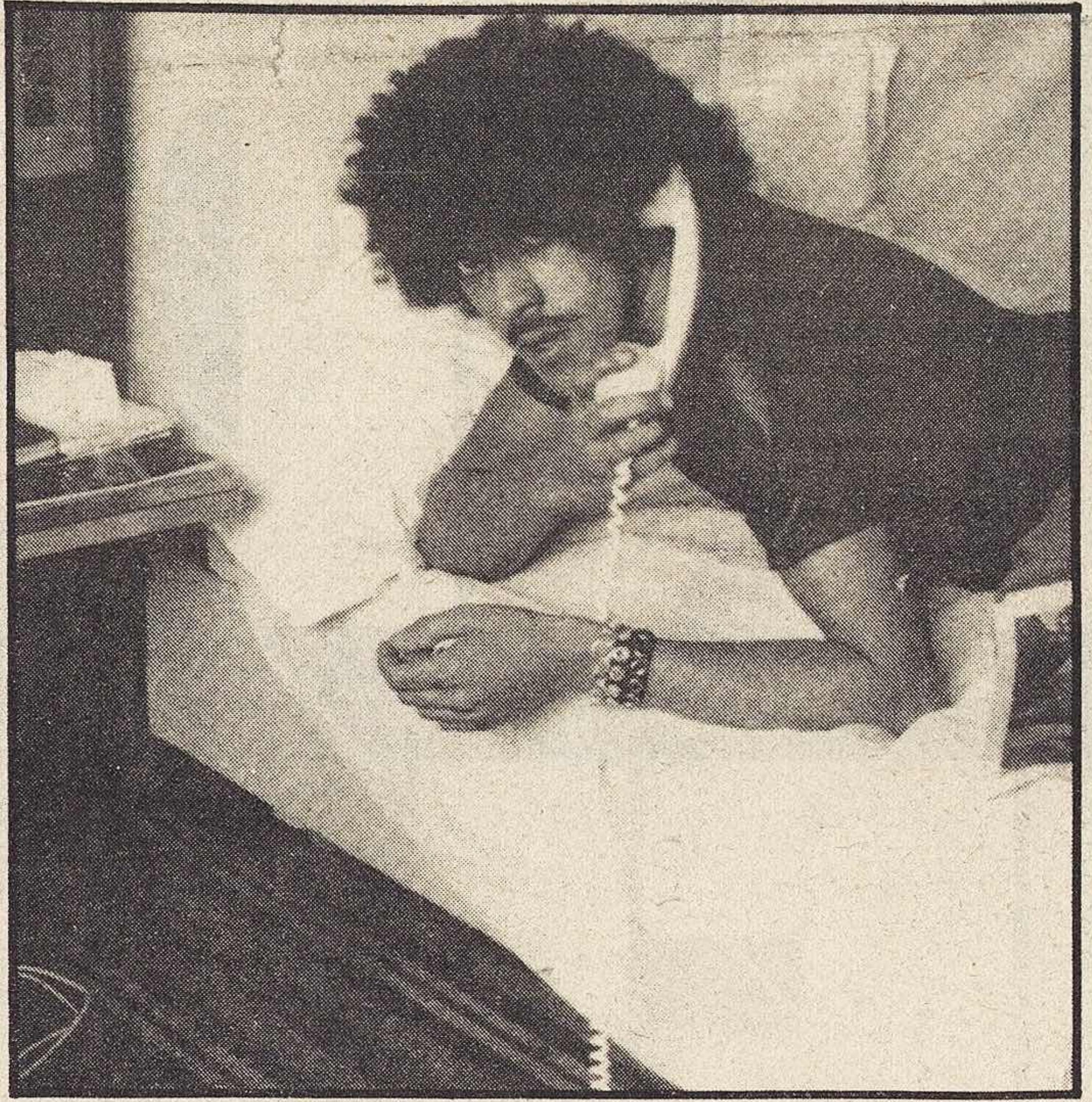
Knopfler's is the most useful contribution. Midge Ure pops up on moog, ARP and string machine on 'Yellow Pearl' but achieves less on three instruments than most people would manage on a rubber band. Lizzy's Brian Downey shares drum chores with Mark Nauseef, while Scot Gorham and Snowy White are the featured guitarists. Lynott himself adds mundane synth to his staple bass/vocals.

'Solo's' failure suggests that Lynott's flair is restricted to the archetypal hard-rock romanticism that Lizzy did so well. A step away from this, and he's enmeshed in a stylistic hodge-podge of shapeless songs with stupid words and an overwhelming lack of purpose. A sorry, soggy bag of 'all-round' entertainment.

'Talk In 79' remarks that *"the old wave was gone"* but the album as a whole proves the opposite. Proves, in fact, that Lynott's regard for the new wave is just lip service where his own music is concerned. This could be any solo album by any member of an old fart band from any time in the last decade.

Is Phil Lynott a Paul McCartney for the '80s?

Graham Lock



"Room service? Cancel that order for NME willya . . ." Pic: Saddri

HERE ON EARTH, HEAVEN AND HELL.

'Heaven and Hell' is the brand new album from Black Sabbath. It's the first Sabs album in nearly two years and it features the cranium shattering vocals of Ronnie James Dio. Don't miss it.

Sabbath storms your city soon with some 'Heaven and Hell'.

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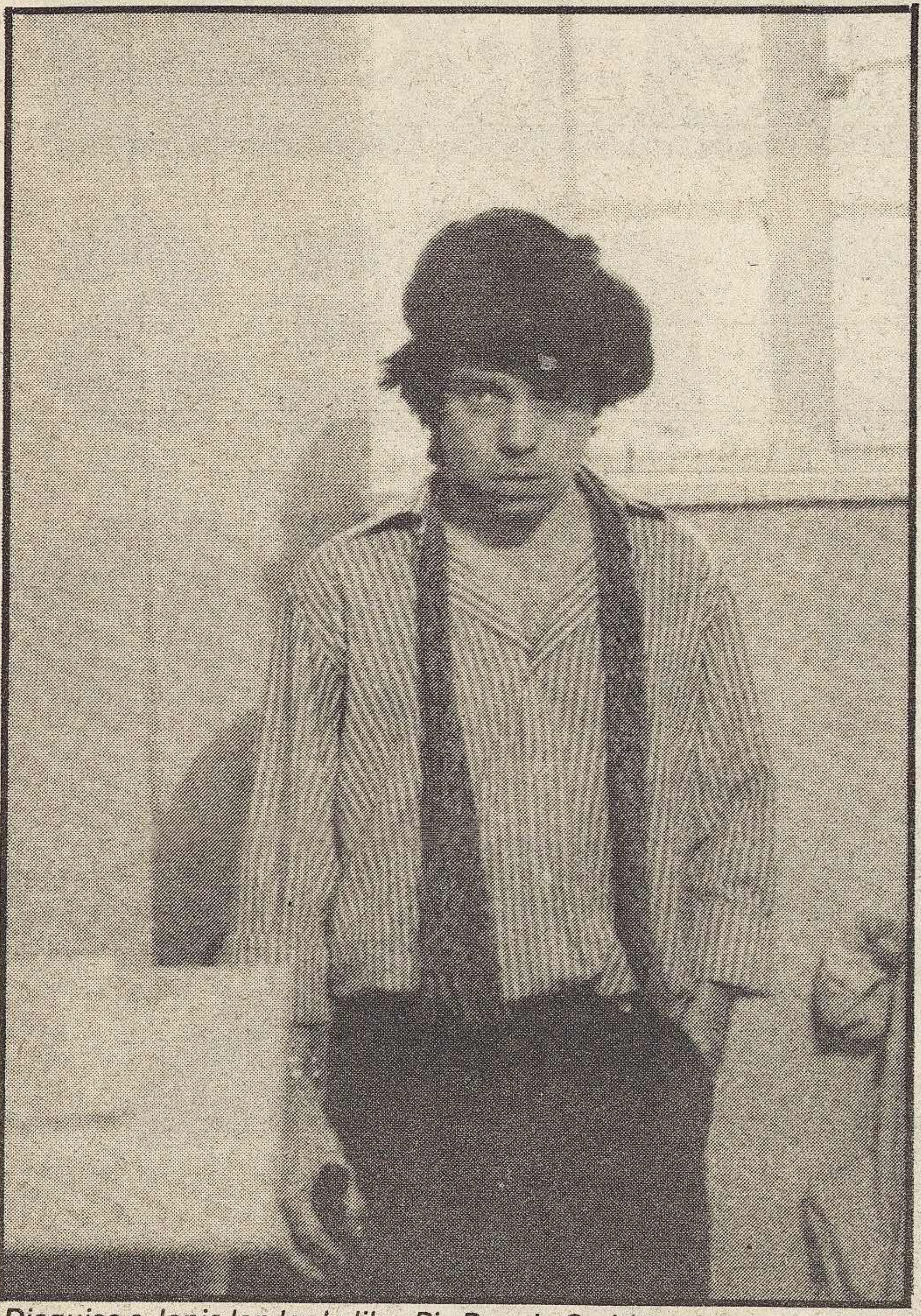
MAY		
2nd	Bristol	Colston Hall
3rd	Poole	Arts Centre
4th	Brighton	Centre
7th/8th/9th	Hammersmith	Odeon
14th/15th	Glasgow	Apollo
16th	Edinburgh	Odeon
18th/19th	Newcastle	City Hall
20th	Deeside	Leisure Centre
22nd/23rd	Manchester	Apollo
24th/25th	Birmingham	Odeon
26th	Leicester	De Montfort Hall

BOZ-Z-Z-Z



Disguise a Janis Ian lookalike. Pic Pennie Smith

BOZ SCAGGS
Middle Man *(CBS)*

FOR the last two and a half years Boz Scaggs has only been kept alive by rock crossword compilers desperate for two other letters on which to hang the obligatory floating Z. For a period at the beginning of 1977 he rode the charts with a string of hits from his swish 'Silk Degrees' album, a triumph only fair seeing as how his fine 'Slow Dancer' set had previously gone ignored.

Well, back he bubbles with 'Middle Man' and already you can hear the *Billboard* presses rolling with glossy four page 'BOZ IS PLATINUM' ads. However, despite his image of a cultured man with a knowledge of fine wines, Boz Scaggs has matured like a brown ale with the stopper left off. The music is air-brushed so smooth that you'll need a pile of old pennies to hold the needle in the grooves.

It's all pure Martini ad stuff, custom made for the record collections of tousle-haired Californian TV actresses, for British record company execs to play while okaying the plans to the latest artist reception party . . .

There are nine tracks that despite regular and logical chord changes can't quite hold down a tune, with instruments arranged sensibly and in single file so that in the end you can't pick anyone out. Back-up players Toto are partly to blame there, but Scaggs' voice is so creamy sickly these days, especially wafting lyrics like: *"What would you think of gentlemen wearing mink / Gentle and soft?"*

The absolute low points come in the title track — a mixture of the previous ailments and a garish crash of heavy metal chords so predictable that dry-ice began to billow from the speakers — and the cover of the album, which forges ahead in the horno-porno st(e)akes. Get this: there's no face or even tits this time, just a fierce close up of a leotard crotch in fishnet tights. (It's a woman by the way).

In a few years Boz will simply be remembered as the man who made a great single called 'Low Down'. For now he's living that title. Very low down.

Danny Baker

Disguise an alliterate poet. Pic Pennie Smith

TESCO-TALKIN'

THE MEMBERS
1980 — The Choice Is Yours *(Virgin)*

A YEAR ago The Members were playing pop that was accessible without being banal. They treated loneliness, inadequacy and alienation with sympathy and humour, while a rare ability to deal with sleaze without sounding sexist turned topics like frustration into songs that were simultaneously funny and sad.

Their choice of music displayed the same discrimination: they used reggae with feeling and gave it their own flavour; they gave rock new credence because they separated the structure from its attendant cliches.

Then The Members immersed themselves in America, and, in their own words, came dangerously close to being Last Year's Thing.

They shouldn't have worried. After all, the charts are now teeming with combinations of punk, rock, reggae and socially concerned lyrics. And putting aside fond memories and judging it purely on the present, '1980 — The Choice Is Yours' is as contemporary as the date in its title.

This time there's less sex, more violence; the same sharp observation, sense of the absurd and implied but not laboured political awareness. 'Police Car' is an old number that makes a mechanical object the sinister personification of oppression. 'Goodbye To The Job' is a fast two-fingers at the boss that charts the white-collar worker's week-end during which his bravado evaporates as rapidly as his wages. And no one cares enough to get close to the conscientious nonentity of a bank clerk who in 'Brian Was' opens the window and simply steps out.

Unlike that of the 2-Tone tribe and its off-shoots, The Members' music is not so much an amalgam of its influences; the styles predominate in different proportions to suit each song. 'Physical Love' is a self-explanatory, atmospheric rock song. Swooning Hawaiian guitars interrupt the reggae of 'Romance', a song that exposes the hypocrisy with which a section of the media swathes women and sex — it ends with a typically accurate Tesco talk-over that sends up the male ploy at a party: *"Me? I'm an airline pilot actually . . . Well, I could have been anyway."*

'Clean Men' is a smooth ska-based warning against the faceless elite, with cool horns courtesy of the ubiquitous Rico and Dick Cuthell. And Joe Jackson joins in 'Gang War', a song that laments the waste and futility of senseless violence.

The Members are still making music that's sensitive, intelligent, sincere and individual, '1980 — The Choice Is Yours' has made me realise how much I missed them.

Lynn Hanna

BLACK SABBATH
HEAVEN AND HELL
LP: 9102 752
MC: 7231 402
marketed by phonogram

MOTOR-MOUTHIN'

JOHN COOPER CLARKE
Snap Crackle & Bop *(Epic)*

THIS man is not pissing about.

It's put-up-or-shut-up time. John Cooper Clarke made his spindly, motormouthing entrance into the fun world of contemporary rhythm at a time which was wide open for the zany, the eccentric, the novel, the entertaining; at a time when it was easy to take people at their own face-valuation. John Cooper Clarke, wacky beat poet from hi-cred Manchester. Yeah! Why not?

Since then, we've had a recession in more ways than one: even the sturdiest welcomes can be worn out *rapido-rapido*. A couple of dodgy singles and an interim live album meant that JCC was in acute danger of getting filed in the dumper as a glorified Northern comedian with a few nifty puns and intellectual pretensions. Even your present critic — who was one of the people who played the debut waxing 'Disguise In Love' more than the statutory five times — was acutely conscious of the fact that 'Snap Crackle & Bop' was the project which would either consign JCC to the whatever-happened-to drawer or else establish him as a genuine presence.

Thanks in no small degree to the music and production of Martin 'Zero' Hannett 'Snap Crackle & Bop' grabs the brass ring, with seven out of ten performances taking home the coconuts.

Hannett has solved the problem of how to present a 'poet' by enclosing Clarke's hammering 4/4 monotone diatribes in lush, witty, provocative and wholly appropriate settings which present them for what they are — spoken rock lyrics of an extremely high order, rather than 'poetry'. This is not a poetry album. It's a rock album with talking where singing would normally occur.

Seven out of ten. The three non-happeners non-happen because one tries for cheap laughs and achieves them at the price of making the cheapness overly apparent ('Conditional Discharge'), one tries to be vitriolically cutting but barely scratches its target's surface ('The It Man') and one demonstrates fairly effectively that persons over the age of 17 should leave Baudelaire to Patti Smith, and that lines about "purple snow" are defintely out of order.

Those three tracks contain enough evidence to damn JCC for all time as charlatan, poetaster and walking buzzword for fun-starved media, but there are seven cases for defence which keep him out of the chair.

The opener 'Evidently Chickentown' pits an express-paced motorik synth pulse with savage Karl Burns drum-chop punctuations against a campaign of ack-ack vilification aimed at JCC's fab hometown and delivered so fast that it'll take at least six — *six!* — listens to get the whole thing down.

Then comes the aforeslagged 'Conditional Discharge', and then — cued in by Hannett's elasticated bass — up comes 'Sleepwalk', previously available buried on the B-side of the Epic disaster 'Splat' / 'Twat'. Here Clarke's flat, deadpan voice conveys the numbed pathos of the lyrics with even more impact than the broad farce of the 'Kung Fu Internationals' of yore: a new art form (not really, no).

'23rd' comes dangerously close to being hit single fodder as Clarke comes dangerously close to singing (two hard G's, please) an actual love song which warms up the gallery for 'Beasley Street', a slowly unfolding panorama of urban despair.

'Beasley Street' is a great sprawling thing, juxtaposing some of Clarke's most arresting imagery with some of his lamest glibbo wisecracking: *"In an X-certificate exercise, ex-servicemen excrete"* certainly does nothing to raise the tone of the proceedings. It's this tendancy to smart-assery that undoes Clarke. The best parts of 'Beasley Street' achieve their considerable impact through understatement.

Over on side two, Hannett concocts a 'rock' background that evokes Johnny And The Hurricanes' Greatest Hits as played by Martians while Clarke recites a casual nightmare about a night in the cells: 'Lights Out! Sacktime!'

Like the canny fellow he is, he saves a killer punch for last: 'Distant Relations' is a sadly dispassionate account of the innate hypocrisy of a disintegrating family, and Hannett matches him all the way with some exquisitely textures.

'Snap, Crackle & Bop' reintroduces John Cooper Clarke as a man no longer out for the socko giggle and the cheap laugh. It can truthfully be said that his work doesn't (work) on the printed page and that much of its effectiveness is due to his virtuoso delivery and to Hannett's music and mixing, but nevertheless it does what it's supposed to in a manner more convincing that one could logically have dared hope. The goods: snap, crackle and bop it up.

The first cut is the furthest from the middle.

Charles Shaar Murray

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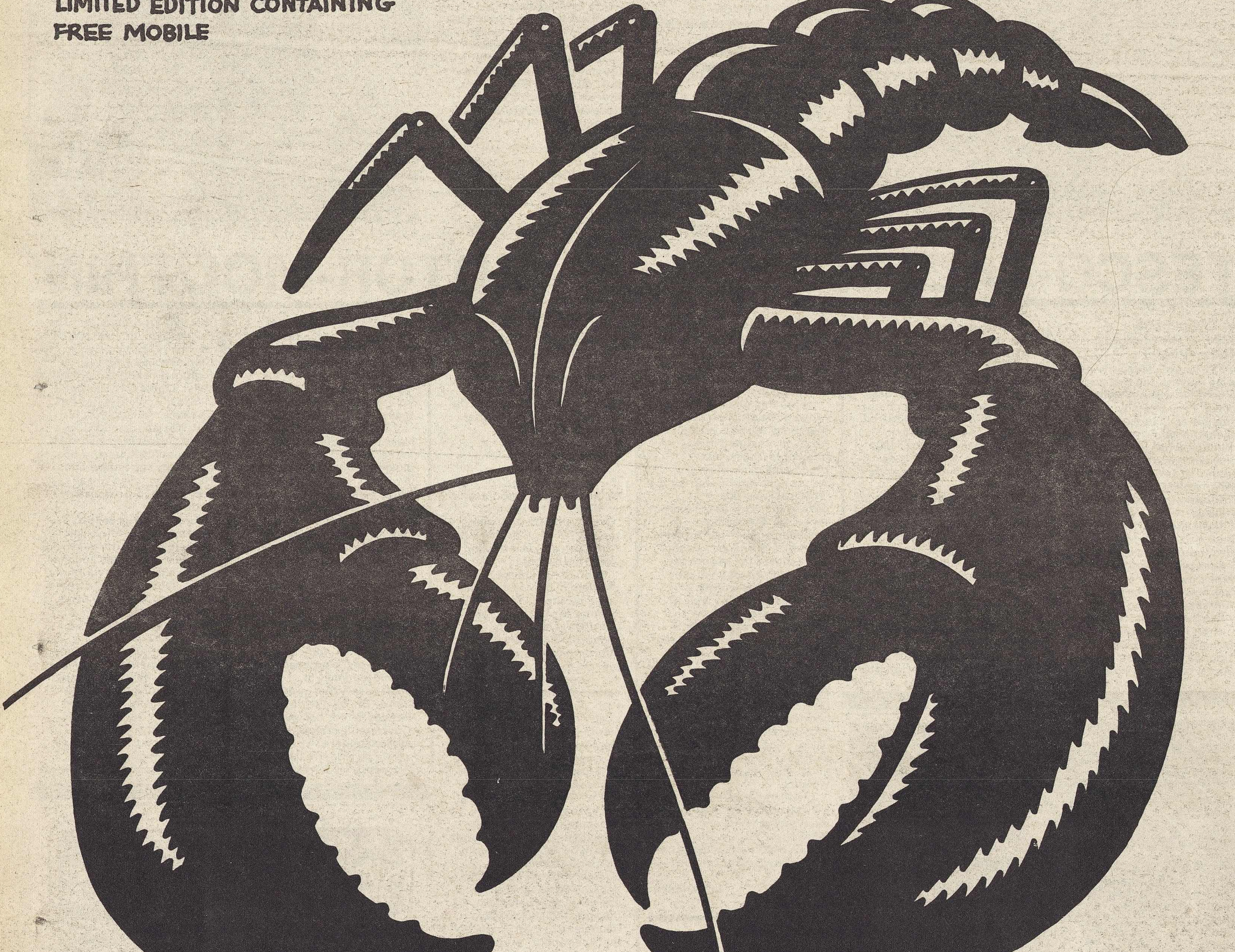

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wea

HUMMING LEAPING MINGING

Winston Rodney's burning obsessions

Better not lock down . . . Winston pic: Pennie Smith.

BURNING SPEAR
Hail H.I.M. ***(Spear/EMI)***

SOME ten years, eight albums, and countless singles since Winston Rodney introduced his music to the world, nothing much has changed in either his lifestyle or his art.

Beyond a few forays to the US and one memorable visit to London's Rainbow a few years back, the man called Burning Spear hasn't budged far from the beach at St Anne's bay on the north coast of Jamaica, where he is wont to pass the days in meditation. The success and money that have come his way since the epochal 'Marcus Garvey' album of 1975 have helped him establish a community centre there . . . ***"Social living is the best"*** **as the man told us last time round.**

Successive albums haven't so much evolved in a conventional linear sense as explored different facets of the black soul of Burning Spear — Rodney's obsessions with Ras Tafari, Marcus Garvey and his prophecies, the black racial destiny, and the everyday ways and joys of God working through man and nature. His new album is directly and unapologetically devotional and Hailie Selassie, the His Imperial Majesty of the title, is emblazoned on the cover seated on the white horse of ***Revelation.*** **Make of this what you will — fact, fantasy, or symbolic truth.**

Unlike the last album 'Marcus Children', where Rodney stretched his haunting fluid vocals and eerie brooding compositions into new and fearsome dimensions, 'Hail H.I.M.' offers few surprises to followers of Burning Spear music. In one sense there are even fewer disappointments; the man seems incapable of making a bad record and as the Spear clip in ***Rockers*** **proved, he has only to sing without any sort of accompaniment to be riveting. He's simply elemental.**

This time round Spear has used Marley's new Tuff Gong studio — a rising force on the island — and a session band that includes several Wailers, most notably bassist 'Family Man' Barrett, who also shares production credits with Rodney. It's certainly a bassman's mix, heavier than ever, impossibly heavy at times to the point where Spear's buoyant, roaming vocals seem uncomfortably weighed down.

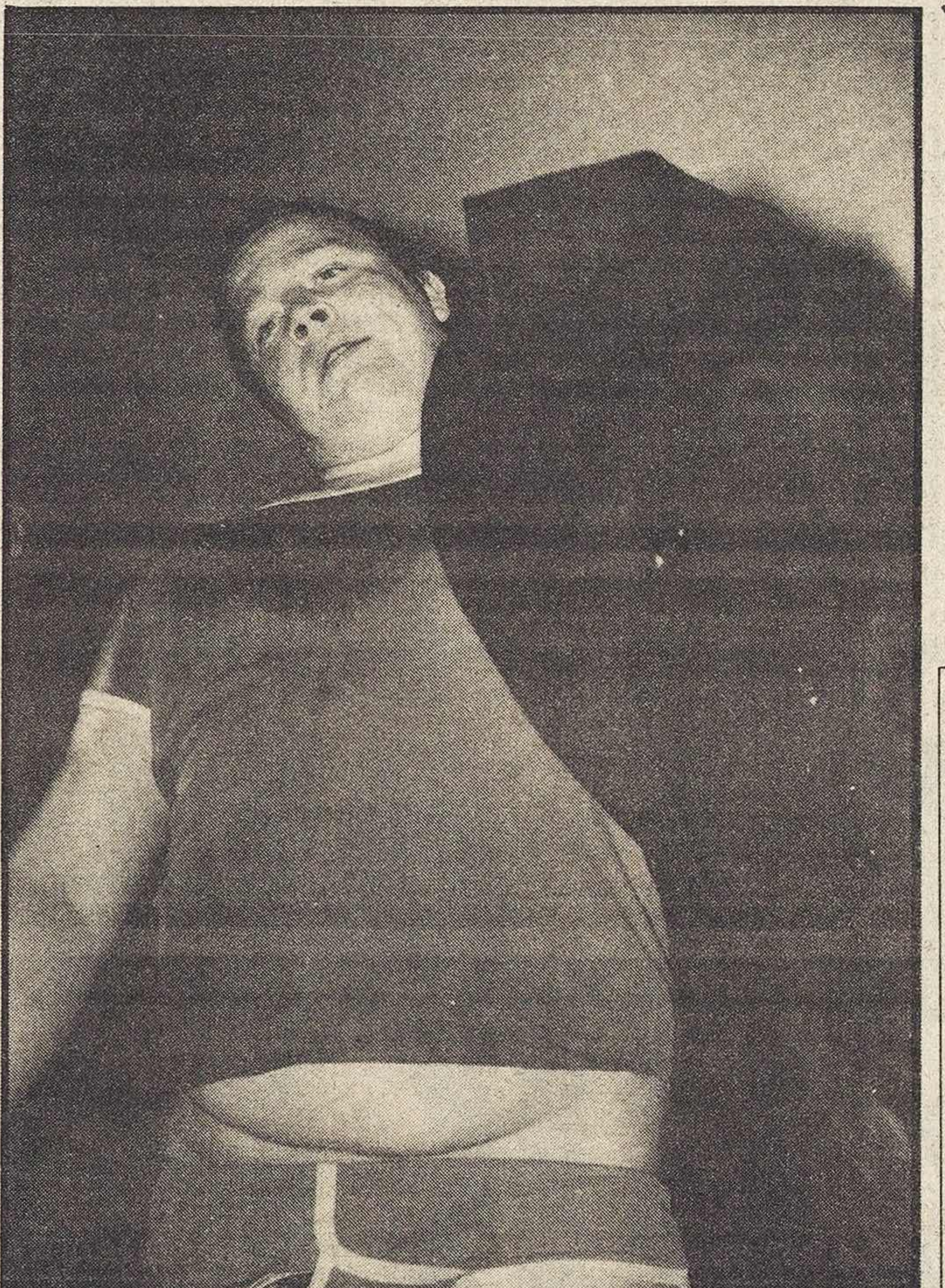
The ever subtle arrangements — tripping reed riffs and tricksy percussion effects — lighten the load and complement Rodney's vocal mannerisms, but the overall mood remains dark, resolute and militant.

The themes remain unchanged, though with an added snipe at Christopher Columbus and a greater emphasis on African roots on the trio of 'African Teacher', 'African Postman' and 'Cry Blood Africa' which provide the album with its outstanding moments. There's also a remake of 'Foggy Road' from the Studio One sessions which shows both how little Spear has changed over the years and how his flame of inspiration burns ever darker. The whole remains as majestically compelling as ever, but I at least miss the bright naturality and soaring joy of such as 'Man In The Hills' and it would be nice to see Rodney tackling his subject material from new vantage points. Why not a song about the late Jomo Kenyatta for example — he did after all supply Spear with his name — rather than ***another*** **song about Garvey?**

'Hail H.I.M.' remains, however, essential listening. The Spear burns still.

Neil Spencer

Heavy Manners



OK, you skinheads — out of those Tonik strides and into yer stained Y-fronts . . . Buster pic: Peter Anderson.

BAD MANNERS
Ska 'n'B ***(Magnet)***

LET'S make it crystal clear before we board this bus: Bad Manners are about having fun, dressing up snappy, dancing, getting pissed, making an unholy din and very little else besides.

Thus anyone finding the above pursuits politically unsound, morally indulgent, culturally void or downright *droll* might just as well walk home, as this album is Heaven for Hedonists.

Speed is the essence: they've made it with only seconds to spare. It can't be denied that for the newer ska-based bands ploughing through the exhaust fumes of the ever-accelerating 2-Tone tank, sympathy is starting to wear thin. Bad Manners — to their credit — don't attempt to wave the chequered flag but offload any political sentiment and simply assume the basic position — a ska backbeat — to make this logical diversion: Ska'n'B. And the end result's exactly what you'd expect: spruce R'n'B played light and rocksteady, filled out with a rich raucous horn section, ice-rink ivories and endless echoing 'One Step Beyond' type intros.

Sure, there's a lot of porkpie hats and shades in evidence, but otherwise 2-Tone references are indirect and unobtrusive. You *could* interpret 'Inner London Violence' (the album's only remotely serious song) as Manners' answer to 'Concrete Jungle', or the 'Magnificent 7' theme as a tip of the brim to The Selecter's 'James Bond', and you wouldn't be wildly off-target.

Bad Manners cram everything they've got onto this album. Focal point and band mentor Buster Bloodvessel manages to stamp his hallmark on every track despite the lyrics being scarce and rarely plumbing any greater depths than their calling card 'Ne-Ne Na-Na Na-Na Nu-Nu'. Manners tout Bloodvessel like a ska'd circus freak version of Root Boy Slim or the dread Meatloaf, getting maximum mileage out of his colossal girth and egghead visual with tributes like 'Lip Up Fatty' and 'Fatty Fatty', while the love song 'Special Brew' informs us that there's enough alcohol in his bloodstream to incur VAT.

Half the album is light, well-sprung Ska'n'B from the pen of the men in question, the rest a broad, tasteful selection of standards, covered with varying degrees of success with the same brisk descriptive assault. 'Woolly Bully' and the sole-scorching 'Caledonia' (Manners go big band swing) compensate for a pretty loose 'Monster Mash', whose vocal frontline is still groping around in the crypt.

Bad Manners set their sights down low and win outright. At a time when life expectancy is nearing rock bottom (especially for predominantly 'live' bands and in ska circles) a debut this good is no mean achievement.

Get it tomorrow: dance it to death.

Mark Ellen

The bad habit Johnny couldn't kick

JOHNNY WINTER
Raisin' Cain ***(Blue Sky)***

AFTER two straight blues albums inspired by his association with Muddy Waters, Johnny Winter returns to rock and roll with an album whose uninspired choice of material and sloppy mixing display all the characteristics of a rush job.

Routine renditions of old standards are not guaranteed to raise the spirits and Jr Parker's 'Mother-in-law Blues', Earl Conley King's 'Walkin' Slow' and Clarence Garlow's 'Ben Ton Roulet' all suffer the same fate, although vhe last one at least sounds as if a little care has been taken over the recording. The only decent track is Rob Stoner's 'New York, New York' during which Winter's atmospheric slide guitar evokes the sirens and lights of a Manhattan midnight with taste and skill, but for the rest his playing is unadventurous, the sort of stuff he can produce with both eyes closed and one hand tied behind his back.

The thin sound is also rather unkind to Winter's voice, which comes across as severely limited especially when trying to cope with 'Don't Hide Your Love', a Free-ish composition that limps along like an overstuffed hedgehog.

After the stirring 'Nothin' But The Blues' and 'White Hot And Blue', when Johnny Winter was showing the George Thorogoods of this world how to do the job, 'Raisin' Cain' is a severe disappointment. Perhaps he needs to produce a couple of Link Wray albums before attempting his next rock & roll artefact.

Still, I suppose it's some sort of achievement to take 'Like A Rolling Stone' and make it sound ordinary.

Neil Norman

SAXON
WHEELS OF STEEL

WHEELS OF STEEL
IS THE SINGLE

WHEELS OF STEEL
IS THE ALBUM

WHEELS OF STEEL TOUR 1980

APRIL
21 NEWCASTLE City Hall
22 GRIMSBY Central Halls
24 HANLEY Victoria Halls
25 ABERTILLERY Metropole Theatre
26 RETFORD Porterhouse
27 WOLVERHAMPTON City Hall
28 SHEFFIELD City Hall
29 MAIDSTONE Mid Kent College

MAY
2 ST ALBANS City Hall
4 LONDON LYCEUM
5 BRADFORD St Georges Hall
7 HIGH WYCOMBE Town Hall
8 COLWYN BAY Pier
9 MIDDLESBOROUGH Rock Garden (2 shows)
10 BIRMINGHAM Odeon
11 STROUD Leisure Centre

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Calling Andy Williams

ROY HARPER
The Unknown Soldier *(Harvest)*

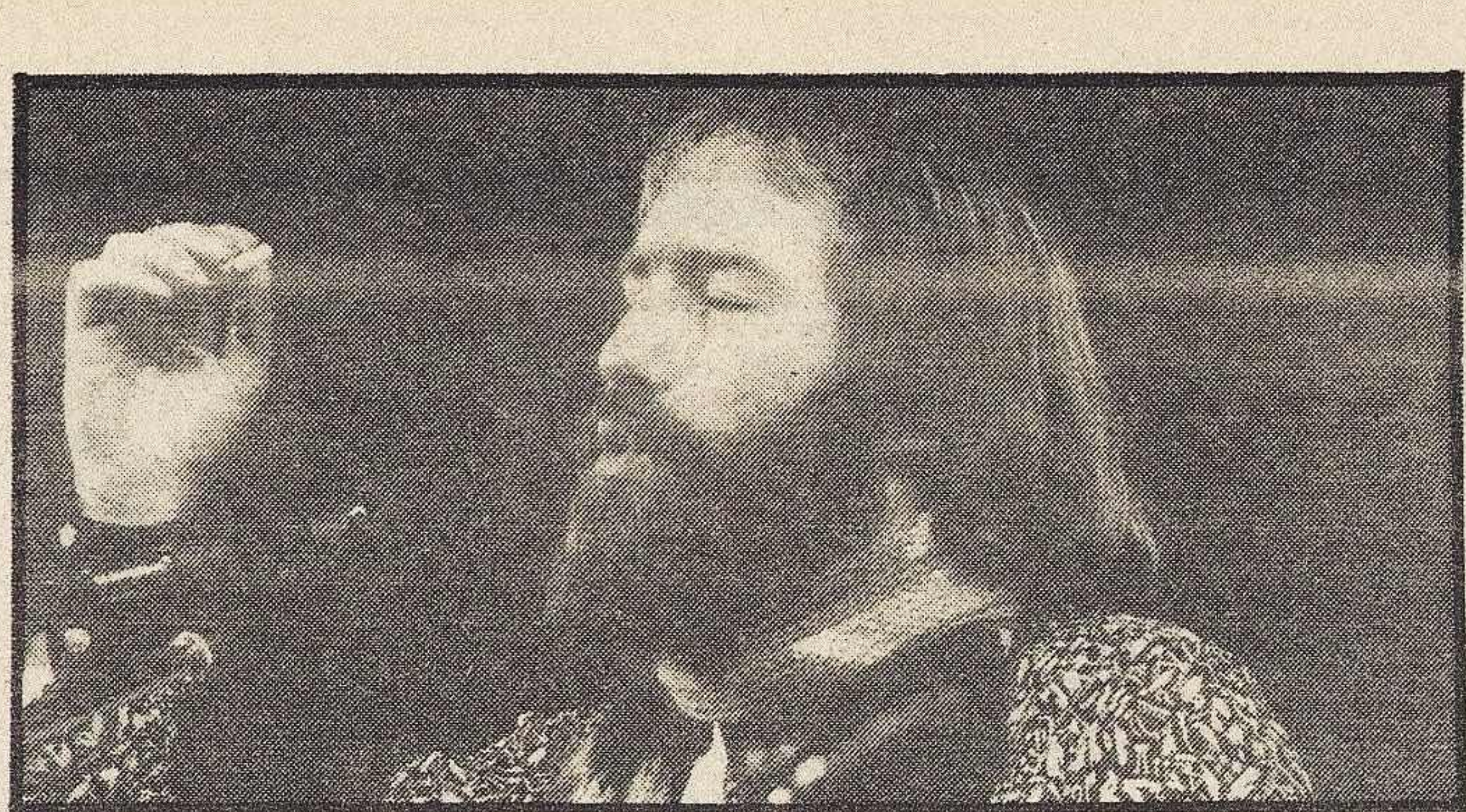
THERE'S something tired and unnecessary about this album, something deeply enervating. This is sad. Sadder still is the probability that fewer people than ever before will care one way or the other.

Roy Harper was always the errant iconoclast, by turns barbed and gentle, but always that much more real than the swarms of pseudo-pained late '60s singer-songwriters who dragged their corpses into the '70s to play their part in the early-decade doldrums. If he collapsed occasionally between the two stools of radical libertarianism and idealised romanticism, he at least did it with more human grace than the miserable hollow words of those miserable hollow men would allow them.

For his trouble, he was rewarded with a hell-and-high-water loyalty but comparatively small economic security, especially when compared with the excessive American success of a more lightweight contemporary like Al Stewart. The indiscreet AOR flourishes of 'The Unknown Soldier' may be an attempt to redress the balance.

The trouble with 'The Unknown Soldier' is that Harper's been relatively inactive during the most exhilarating recent period and it shows. He may sing *"Here's the future, here and now, for what it's worth"* on one track, but Roy's version of the 'here and now' seems quaintly anachronistic to these ears, reliant mainly — as on the 45 release 'Playing Games', which opens the album — on a thorough larding with anonymous FM 'rock' guitar: the Yankophile ambience.

Elsewhere, Harper delves into the slough of syrupy Romantic (capital 'R') reminiscences with 'Old Faces' — real hippy afterglow stuff best left as old faeces — and on 'You' essays a highly incongruous stab at space-age courtly love recommended only for zen Chaucer-nauts.



"Can't toke much more of this . . ." Roy Harper pic: Beer Blower.

'I'm In Love With You', which contains the astonishingly embarrassing couplet *"Now that I've found you/I'm not walking round you"*, is outrageous wimpery of the first magnitude, a slushy nadir with a deceptively memorable chorus. Harper admits it could be covered by Sinatra or Neil Diamond (I'd suggest Andy Williams), but reckons it might be "perhaps not bland enough for those folk". I wouldn't worry about that if I were you, Roy . . .

The album's best track — the least worst, if you like — is 'Ten Years Ago' (an approximate title, as this side of my white-label copy lacks any information), which piles short, sharp lines up on top of each other in the manner of Dylan's 'It's Alright Ma', to similar end. Fashion may fade and change sings Roy (*". . . as the new wave rebel hordes scribble 'balls' on notice-boards/And the old wave hierarchy try to take them seriously/Because they have to")* but certain things will *never* change: *"While the tax-man robs the poor/like he's always done before/Whatever system"*.

The mood is rebellious/declamatory, in best Harper manner, and the perspective is sound. It's the only track here with any real bite, but even that's dissipated by the cry of *"No Change!"* which ends the song: it's a cry which embodies not desperation at the state of social stasis, but rather the cynical triumph of explanation.

Like I said — tired and unnecessary.

Andy Gill

VARIOUS ARTISTS
East *(Dead Good)*

'EAST' is just this: a cheapish and commendable compilation that features emergent talents from around the middle right-hand side of the country. It's a collaborative effort, put together by the two Lincolnshire independents Company Records and Dead Good. At its best, and that's a lot of it, the album's a kind of testimony to the quality, the extent and the vitality of grass roots rock activity at the start of the '80s.

Of course it's not very sophisticated stuff, recorded on four-track facilities throughout. The eight groups involved make do with all their technical limitations, and do so sometimes awkwardly, sometimes to the benefit of their intensity. There's not much nonsense involved, but plenty of wit and spirit, and restless imagination. And anyway, brave failures are always worthier than safe successes.

Three of the 15 songs are from The Fatal Charm, and two of those — 'Stoned Loving' and 'Madame Blues' — sound very good indeed, in a Buzzcockish sort of way. Better yet are 'Contact' by The Sincere Americans, lively and excitable, and the strange 'Steve Biko' by Half Life, amateurish yet compelling, committed and guileless. Vick Sinex And The Nasal Sprays make one appearance, with their oddly solemn 'High Rise Failures (Dub)', nicely acidic but duller than it should be.

Of the rest, B-Movie have problems of internal momentum, whereas Pseudo Existors let their energy speak too much for itself, so lapsing into punky thrash. The Cigarettes take care with their material, but wrap it up in slightly facile aggressiveness. Whizz Kids, finally (led by a Loz Nonsense), do a fine 'Comalife', both jumpy and drugged.

Overall, a bulletin of encouragement. Full of eastern promise.

Paul Du Noyer

DETROIT SPINNERS
Dancin' and Lovin' *(Atlantic)*

RELENTLESSLY updated but still smiling, The Detroit Spinners go disco.

Aided by a vast and complicated army of "players" who succeed in making everything sound impeccably anonymous, they happily extol the virtues of "getting down", talking in 'Body Language' and general, brainless "boogie-ing". Even the track that starts by threatening to "slow dance" is soon cranked up to the standard speed.

The Spinners' smooth harmonies and various, soulful voices are well spread around, but by midway through the second side the songs are beginning to sound remarkably similar. Still, if recognition is the name of the game then almost every track sounds a contender for a successful single. We've had 'Working My Way Back To You'; what next, I wonder?

Lynn Hanna

IMPORTS
by Fred Dellar

Old Zombies never die

TIMES have been tough for **Colin Blunstone** of late, with his albums often forced to join the back of the queue for British release. Now after no-hit encounters with Gus Dudgeon, Bill Schnee and producers of the ritzy kind, Blunstone is out to prove that old Zombie relationships never die with his latest import-only album **'Late Nights In Soho'** ***(Rocket)***.

He's renewed the association with Rod Argent that provided 'Say You Don't Mind' and 'I Don't Believe In Miracles', his biggest hits to date, but what has been forgotten is that it was purely Blunstone's voice, allied to a couple of good songs, that provided all the initial magic. 'Say You Don't Mind' didn't even have a rhythm track, the Blunstone pipes competing merely with a string quartet, while 'I Don't Believe in Miracles' was mainly multi-dubbed vocals set against acoustic piano, drums and Chris Gunning's frugal strings.

Nowadays Blunstone comes replete with brass and string arrangements, plus a back-up squad formed by Simon Phillips (drums), Paul Keogh and Clem Clempson (guitars), Mike Moran and Rod Argent (keyboards), John Giblin (bass) and Maurice Pert (percussion), not to mention John Verity, Katie Kissoon and various background warblers. So, despite a solid production job by Argent, Blunstone's distinctive, breathy vocals tend to get submerged as all involved endeavour to make something out of generally so-so songs penned by Todd Rundgren ('Can't We Still Be Friends'), Bernie Taupin, Bias Boshell, Davey Johnstone ('Switchblade Years'), Argent ('Something Special' and 'I Can't Get Enough'), along with Allee Wilson, Phil Dennis and Blunstone himself. Everybody discos, rocks and ballad-bashes industriously enough, occasionally even allowing Blunstone to inject some portion of his own character into the proceedings, but if someone had only remembered just how little it takes to make a real Colin Blunstone album things could have been so much more rewarding.

'Hello! My Name Is Blotto — What's Yours?' ***(Blotto Records)*** is a 12", 33⅓ RPM EP. Which is probably the sort of thing you'd expect from a line-up that comprises Broadway, Bowtie, Blanche, Sergeant, Cheese and Lee Harvey Blotto. From Albany, N.Y., and conditioned by a mixed diet of Zappa and Manhattan Transfer, their humour only reaches smile-awhile stage, with 'I Wanna Be A Lifeguard', a wet dream of a shopping mall assistant. But 'We Are The Nowtones', in which Blotto adopt the guise of a top-40 covers band — *"Like a living jukebox, we play all the hits/Up here in nightclubs that really are the pits"* — is more guffaw-worthy and their revival of 'Stop In The Name Of Love', stridently sung and replete with ham-flavoured rap, also makes the grade, if only by virtue of a great synth-riff and Cheese Blotto's funky bass-work.

Given a break or two, the Albany funsters could make it. The name then is Blotto. Forget where you read it first.

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PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

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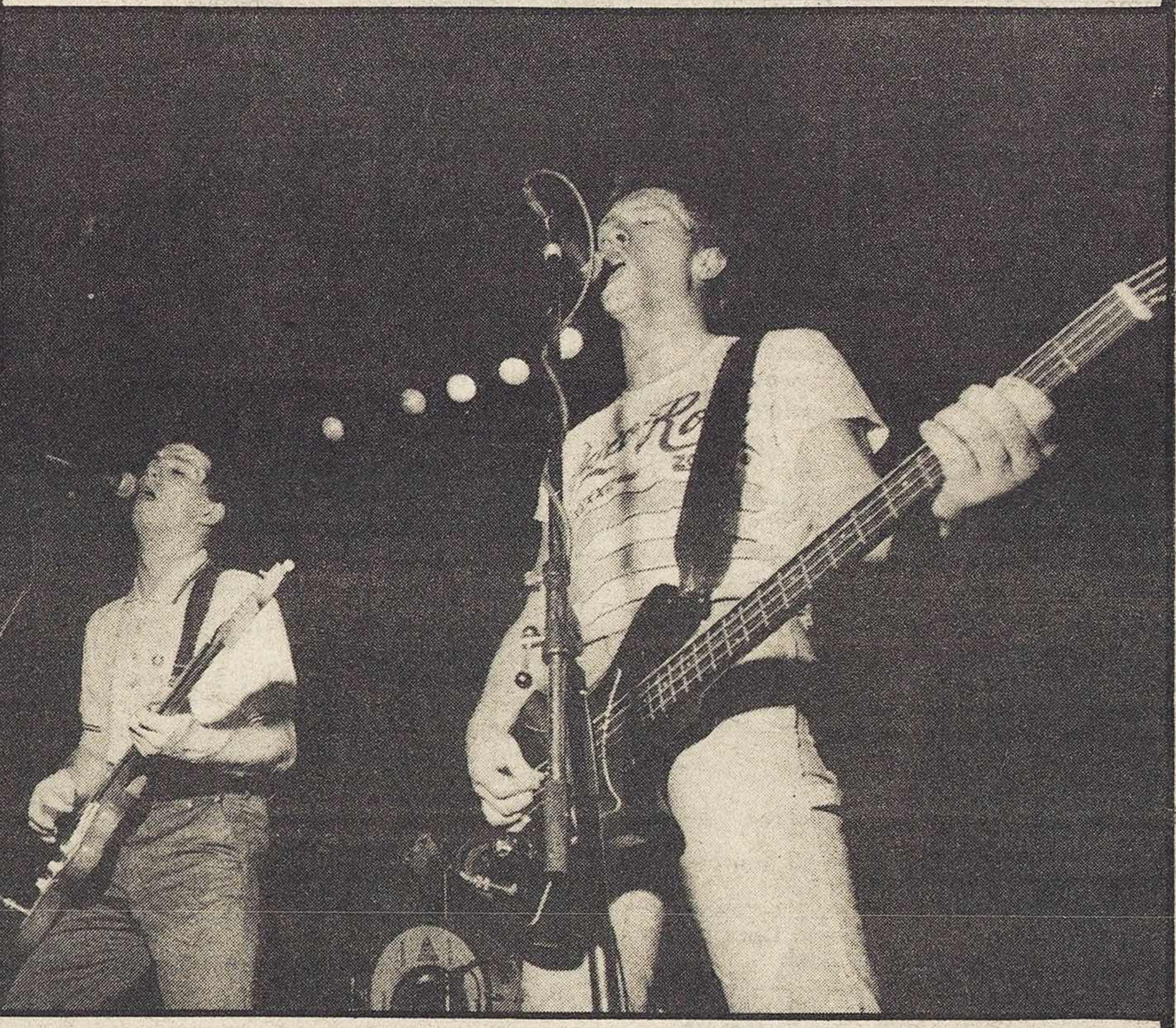
NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Compiled by Derek Johnson

Gig Guide, New Musical Express, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG



***THE UNDERTONES** (above) are setting out on the longest and most important tour of their career so far, tied in with the release of their new album 'Hypnotised'. First gig is at Brighton on Wednesday. **THE MEMBERS** (right) begin their extensive spring schedule with dates at London (Thursday), Scarborough (Friday), Middlesbrough (Saturday), Nuneaton (Monday), Plymouth (Tuesday) and Exeter (Wednesday).*

Thursday

Barnstaple Chequers: **Sledgehammer**
Bath Moles: **Sphere**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Chevy**
Birmingham Odeon: **Sammy Hagar / Riot**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Titan**
Blackburn Cloggers: **Roebuck Singers / Pete Rodgers**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Def Leppard / Thunderbird Sabden / Magnum**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **B. A. Robertson**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Cleo Laine / John Dankworth**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Emotion Pictures**
Bristol Tiffany's: **The Purple Hearts**
Burntwood Troubador: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Canterbury Alberry's Wine Bar: **City Blues Band**
Chichester Assembly Rooms: **Ptarmigan / The Dambusters**
Coventry Climax: **The Opinions**
Coventry Theatre: **The Osmonds**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Matt Monro**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Earl Okin**
Derby Blue Note: **Nine Below Zero**
Edinburgh Astoria: **The Dominators / The Shapiros**
Edinburgh Trinity Academy: **Capital Models**
Glasgow Countdown: **Frenchways**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **Newspeak**
Glenrothes Lomond Centre: **Wild Horses**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Judie Tzuke**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **TV Surf Boys / The Pencils**
Hull Wellington Club: **The Raincoats / Swell Maps**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **Strange Days**
Kirkcaldy Dutch Mill: **London Zoo**
Leeds Cosmo's Club: **Dodgy Tactics**
Leeds Fan Club: **Crass / Poison Girls**
Leeds Peel Hotel: **Spyder Blues Band**
Liverpool The Bluebell: **Hambi & The Dance**
Liverpool Whispers: **District 13**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Records**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Upp**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Spectres**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Tenpole Tudor**
London Deptford Arms: **The Checkoutfits**
London Finchley Torrington: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Cadillacs**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Splodgenessabounds / Terminal 5**
London Fulham The Cock: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Members**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Idiot Dancers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Dark**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Night Shift**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Zoot Money / The Spoons**
London Marquee Club: **Holly & The Italians**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Lammagyre**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Mutiny**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Night Doctor / London Underground**
London Putney Half Moon: **Ronnie Lane Band**
London Putney White Lion: **The Rent / Mental Notes**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Gerry Rafferty / Richard & Linda Thompson**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Speedball**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Tony Coe Quartet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Flying Saucers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The O.K. Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Teenbeats / 80 Pop**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Moontier / Anerley Park**
London W.1 (Dean St.) Billy's Club: **Reluctant Stereotypes**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Annis Peters**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Radical Sheiks**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Ray Wilkes / Ken Stubbs Quintet**
Manchester Osbourne Club: **Chelsea**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Eric Bell Band**
Manchester Portland Bars: **The Cheaters**
Newcastle City Hall: **Secret Affair**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **The Only Ones**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Tiffany's: **Johnny & The Hurricanes**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Oxford Board Hotel: **Focal Point**
Penzance Demelza's: **The Mechanics**
Plymouth Tops: **Metro Glider**
Port Talbot Troubadour: **New Musik**
Reading Target Club: **The Blazers**
Sheffield City Hall: **Genesis**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **The Drifters**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **The Dials**
Stirling University: **The Skatalites**
Swansea Dublin Arms: **Andy Pandemonium**
Telford Antice Memorial Club: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Withernsea Grand Pavilion: **Sham 69**

Friday

Aberdeen University: **Writz**
Bath Moles: **The Amateurs**
Bedford Horse & Groom: **Flavour**
Belfast Grosvenor Hall: **Tom Paxton**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Dangerous Girls / Degotees**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **No Faith**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Star Club: **The Opinions**
Blackburn Regent Hotel: **Side Effect (for three days)**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Wild Horses**
Bracknell The Underground: **The Cheaters**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Def Leppard / Shadow Fax / Magnum**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Bastille**
Brighton Alhambra: **Lipstick**
Brighton Dome: **Roy Orbison**
Burntwood Troubador: **Sub Zero**
Burton 76 Club: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **Junco Partners**
Chester The Albion: **Hambri & The Dance**
Chippenham Langley Burrel Hall: **The Scoop**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Super Stud**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Coventry Stanton Club: **Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels**
Cowdenbeath Commercial Hotel: **The Strutz**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Secret Affair**
Dundee Technical College: **The Only Ones**
Exeter Routes: **New Musik**
Eynsham Board Hotel: **Spring Offensive**
Glasgow College of Technology (lunchtime): **Frenchways**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **London Zoo**
Goole Station Hotel: **Vardis**
Harrogate Adelphi Hotel: **The Vye**
Hastings The Carlisle: **The Teenbeats**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Ian Campbell Band**
Honiton Nog Inn: **The D.S. / Sabotage**
Kidderminster Town Hall: **Gangsters**
Kirklevington Country Club: **Nine Below Zero**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Osmonds**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Charlie Ainley Band / The Method**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Feelies / The Monochrome Set**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Agents**
London Chiswick John Bull: **The Flatbackers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Kevin Coyne / Bernd Weber & The Last Resort**
London Crystal Palace Hotel: **The Spectres**
London Edgware Rd. Hog's Grunt: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Fulham Greyhound: **God's Toys / The Set**
London Fulham The Cock: **Jazz Sluts**
London Greenwich Kidbrooke House: **Traitors Gait / Chamelion**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Tennis Shoes / Dumpy's Dirt Band**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Lightning Raiders**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **Results**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Danny Adler & The Gusha Bros.**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Marquee Club: **Nine Below Zero / The Jump**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Brewers Droop / Shakey Vick / Brett Marvin**
London Paddington College: **Come Again / Alien Kulture**
London Putney Half Moon: **Downliners Sect**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Putney White Lion: **The O.T.'s / Sammy Mitchell**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Kathy Stobart Quartet**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **Spider / Gymslips**
London Tottenham White Hart: **Flying Saucers**
London Tottenham Court Rd. YMCA: **The Original Mirrors**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Newcomer**
London Victoria The Venue: **Bette Bright**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Split Rivitt / Screens / The Keys**
London W.1 Portman Hotel: **Riversiders**
London W.C.1. New Merlin's Cave: **The O.K. Band**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Genesis**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **B. A. Robertson**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **The Purple Hearts**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Girl**
Northampton The Paddock: **Diamond Head**
Oldham Lancashire Hotel: **Gremlin**
Plymouth The Trafalgar: **The Checkoutfits**
Pontardawe Dynevor Arms: **Nic Jones**
Retford Porterhouse: **Chelsea**
Scarborough Penthouse: **The Members**
Sheffield (Barlow) New inn: **Roaring Jelly**
Southend The Alexandra: **Lammagyre**
St. Albans College of Further Education: **Stern Boys / Faw Jane & The Burning Dogs / The Basics**
St. Austell Polgooth Inn: **Metro Glider**
Staveley Middlecroft Leisure Centre: **Mad Dog Earle**
Swansea Coach House: **Andy Pandemonium**
Torquay Princess Theatre: **Judie Tzuke**
Watford College: **Sledgehammer**
Wigan Trucks: **Crass / Poison Girls**
Wrexham Raffa Club: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**

Saturday

Aylesbury Friars: **The Slits/Creation Rebel**
Bath Moles: **The A.T.'s**
Bilston Rising Star Nite Club: **High Flames**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Rialto Horns**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Hard Shoulder**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Vision Collision**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Secret Affair**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Bracknell Bridge House: **Motley Crew**
Bridgerule Village Hall: **Metro Glider**
Brighton Dome: **Cleo Laine/John Dankworth**
Buckland Memorial Hall: **Fred Wedlock**
Burnley Nelson Railway Workers Institute: **Crass/Poison Girls**
Canterbury Technical College: **Sledgehammer**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **Yakety Yak**
Chatteries The Palace: **Shades**
Chislehurst The Caves: **Night Shift**
Colchester Windmill Hotel: **Johnny & The Hurricanes**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Gentleman Jim**
Coventry Warwick University: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
Croydon Crawdaddy: **Between Pictures**
Derby Ajanta Cinema: **Joy Division**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **Facial Hair**
Edinburgh Playhouse Nite Club: **London Zoo**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Def Leppard-/Magnum/Colossus**
Glasgow Queen Margaret College: **The Only Ones**
Glasgow Third Eye Centre: **Paul Goodman**
Grantham Coles Club: **Strange Days**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Vardis**
Halifax Good Mood Club: **The Purple Hearts**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Patrik Fitzgerald Band**
Hornchurch The Bull: **Spider**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Raised On Robbery**
Kings Langley Wandra Club: **Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **The Vye**
Leeds Trades Club: **Agony Column**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Dodgy Tactics**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Boyce Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Hitmen/Electrotunes**
London Chalk Farm Royal Exchange: **The Dipsticks**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Dance Band**
London Deptford St Mark's Centre: **Mutiny**
London Edmonton Picketts Lock: **The Skatalites/Split Rivitt/The Mods/ Gangsters/Seventeen/The Step**
London Fulham Greyhound: **On The Air/Anerley Park**
London Fulham The Cock: **Johnny G Band**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Sammy Hagar/Riot**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **First Aid**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Margo Random & The Space Virgins**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Juice On The Loose**
London Marquee Club: **The Records**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Sons Of Cain**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson Trio/Kay Garner**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Radical Sheiks**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Roy Orbison**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Newcomer**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Cramps**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Dolly Mixture/The Vandells**
London W.1. Portman Hotel: **Hefty Jazz**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Genesis**
Manchester Mayflower: **Merger**
Manchester Osborne Club: **Nine Below Zero**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Wild Horses**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Matchbox**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Members**
Newcastle Spectro Arts Workshop: **Kaboodle/Shaking Hands**
Newport Pagnell Youth Club: **Bauhaus/ Trance/Fictitious**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Eric Bell Band**
Nottingham Casanova: **Neman The Deman**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Side Effect**
Ossett Fernhouse Club: **Rockabilly Rebs**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Junco Partners**
Penzance Demelza's: **New Musik**
Retford Porterhouse: **Girl**
Selby Albion Vaults: **Roaring Jelly**
Slough Merrymakers: **Chelsea**
Southend Focus: **Steve Hooker Band**
St. Austell Polgooth Inn: **The D.S.**
Stroud Marshall Rooms: **Diamond Head**
Swindon Oasis Leisure Centre: **Sham 69**
Torquay The Pelican: **Apartment**
Watford Red Lion: **Vince Pie & The Crumbs**
West Bromwich Hansworth Social Club: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Wigan St. Mary's: **The Salford Jets**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **B. A. Robertson**

Sunday

Bath Pavilion: **New Musik**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham Top Rank: **Sham 69**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Vardis**
Blackpool Jenks Bar: **Tarot**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Spino**
Bradford Princeville (lunchtime) and Huddersfield White Lion (evening): **The Speedy Bears**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Judie Tzuke**
Bristol Locarno: **Secret Affair**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cheltenham Town Hall: **Girl**
Chiddingley Six Bells: **Goodnight**
Chippenham Alexander's: **Black Cat**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Scorched Earth**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Cleo Laine/John Dankworth**
Croydon The Star: **Tennis Shoes/The Holidays**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **B.A. Robertson**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **Facial Hair**
Edinburgh Harvey's: **Everest The Hard Way**
Edinburgh Queen's Hall: **Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee**
Edinburgh Valentino's: **London Zoo**
Exeter New Victoria: **Metro Glider**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **The Only Ones**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Shades**
Huddersfield Coach House: **The Purple Hearts**
Hull Telstar Club: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Results**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **Rockabilly Rebs**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Eric Bell Band**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Blackheath White Swan: **The Pencils**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Chicken Shack & Stan Webb**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Blues Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Alan Price**
London Finchley Torrington: **Nine Below Zero**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Directions/The Sound**
London Fulham The Cock: **Sketch**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Sammy Hagar/Riot**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Wipeout**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Hitmen**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

GIG GUIDE: CONTINUED

JUDIE TZUKE is headlining her second major concert tour, since she sprang to chart prominence last year. This week finds her in action at Guildford (Thursday), Torquay (Friday), Bristol (Sunday), Oxford (Monday), Manchester (Tuesday) and Glasgow (Wednesday).

Monday

London Lewisham Concert Hall: **The Drifters**
London Marquee Club: **The Records**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Sox**
London Putney Half Moon: **Annie Ross**
London Putney White Lion: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Confrey Phillips Trio**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
London Victoria The Venue: **Osibisa/Aswad**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Monty Sunshine Band**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Brian Leake's Sweet'n'Sour**
Macclesfield Bears Head: **The Cheaters**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **Open Heart/Undercovermen/The Hoax**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Crass/Poison Girls**
Newcastle City Hall: **Def Leppard/Magnum/The Tygers Of Pan Tang**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Roaring Jelly**
Reading Cherry's Bar: **Firebird**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Wild Horses**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Sphere**
Stratford-on-Avon Park Manor: **Diamond Head**
Weymouth Gloucester Hotel (lunchtime): **Lip Moves**
Bamber Bridge Pear Tree: **The Vye**
Bath Rock Spot: **Johnny G**
Birmingham, Barrel Organ: **Gangsters**
Birmingham, Mercat Cross: **Gentlemen Jim**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham, Romeo & Juliet's: **Speed Limit**
Birmingham Town Hall: **Alan Price**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Oral Sax**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Genesis**
Brighton Alhambra: **Decent Assault**
Buckley Tivoli Ballroom: **Diamond Head**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Roy Orbison**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **The Only Ones**
Falkirk Magpie: **London Zoo**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **B. A. Robertson**
London Camden Brecknock: **The State**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Point/Never Never Band/Soft Touch**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Flatbackers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Step**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Julian Dawson & Spics/The Charts**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **The Pencils**
London N4 The Stapleton: **The OK Band**
London NW1 Royal Exchange: **Juice On The Loose**
London Putney Half Moon: **Earl Okin**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Jack Jones**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Tom Paxton**
London Shepherds Bush Wheatsheaf: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Victoria The Venue: **David Crosby**
London W1 Maunkberry's: **Black Market**
London W14 The Kensington: **Panther**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Sham 69**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Madness**
Middlesbrough Priory Club: **Johnny & The Hurricanes**
Newcastle City Hall: **Saxon**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Wild Horses**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Bad Publicity**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Nuneaton 77 Club: **The Members**
Oxford New Theatre: **Judie Tzuke**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Sammy Hagar / Riot**
Reading Cherry's Bar: **80 Pop**
Rochdale Wheatsheaf Hotel: **Loud 'n' Lazy**
Salford Duke of Wellington: **The Salford Jets**
Stirling Albert Hall: **Grass/Poison Girls**
Stoke Jollees: **The Stylistics (for a week)**
Watford Bailey's: **The New Seekers (for a week)**
Witham Public Hall: **Bad Manners.**

Tuesday

Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **Diamond Head**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Reality**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **CO2**
Blackburn Bay Horse Inn: **Matchbox**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Talisman**
Brighton Basement Club: **The Techniques/The Exclusives**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Sammy Hagar/Riot**
Cardiff Top Rank: **The Blues Band**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Ralph McTell**
Dundee Teasers Disco: **London Zoo**
Edinburgh Astoria: **Crass/Poison Girls**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Sham 69**
Great Yarmouth Tiffany's: **Madness**
Grimsby Central Hall: **Saxon**
Guildford Surrey University: **Richard Digance**
Leeds Warehouse: **Spyder Blues Band**
Leicester University: **New Musik**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Bodysnatchers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Joe Public**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Mobster/2211**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Dagarti/Ojah/Jimmy Scott**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Broadway Brats**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Night Life/Dumpy's Blues Band**
London Fulham The Cock: **Isaac Guillory Band**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Brainiac Five**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Lee Kosmin**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **The Pencils**
London Marquee Club: **Martha & The Muffins**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazz Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Margo Random & The Space Virgins**
London Victoria The Venue: **David Crosby**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Morgan Deare & Laurelie King** (For three days)
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Juice On The Loose**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Judie Tzuke**
Norwich Cromwells: **Nine Below Zero**
Nuneaton 77 Club: **The Urge/Aorta Major**
Oxford New Theatre: **Cleo Laine/John Dankworth**
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: **The Members**
Reading Bulmershe College: **Earl Okin**
Sheffield City Hall: **B A Robertson**
Sheffield Tiffany's: **The Purple Hearts**
Southampton Silhouette Club: **The Foundations**
Worsley Pembroke Civic Hall: **The Salford Jets**
Stockton Fiesta Club: **Johnny & The Hurricanes**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **God's Toys**

Wednesday

Bath Moles: **General Nuisance**
Bedworth Civic Hall: **Alan Price**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Reality**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Writz**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M.S. Nightwork / Photographs**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **T Boys**
Bradford University Union: **Bad Manners**
Brighton Alhambra: **Airport**
Brighton Top Rank: **The Undertones**
Bristol Granary: **The Blues Band**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coleraine Ulster University: **The Revillos**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Machine**
Croydon The Star: **The V.I.P's**
Darlington New Imperial: **Carol Green & The Scene**
Edinburgh Clouds: **Capital Models**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Genesis**
Exeter Routes: **The Members**
Exter University: **Johnny G**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Judie Tzuke**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **Frenchways**
Glasgow Plaza: **Crass / Poison Girls**
Grangemouth International Hotel: **London Zoo**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Twice Shy**
Harlepool Corporation Club: **Johnny & The Hurricanes**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Holly & The Italians**
Hull College of Further Education: **The Mechanics**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Side Effect**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Asylum**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Skatalites**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Pencils**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Resistance**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Cadillacs / Night Shift**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The State/The Action**
London Fulham The Cock: **Carter Jones Band**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **Fast Eddie**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Keys**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Marquee Club: **John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Shepherd's Bush Trafalgar: **Furniture**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Casey Quartet**
London Southall The Seagull: **The Works**
London Tottenham Mayfair Ballroom: **The Drifters**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Static**
London Victoria The Venue: **David Crosby**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Juice On The Loose**
London W.1 (Dean St) Billy's Club: **Martian Dance**
Manchester Ashton Birch Hotel: **Loud 'n' Lazy**
Manchester The Beach Club: **Eric Random / Members of A Certain Ratio & Cabaret Voltaire**
Melbourne Harding Arms: **Roaring Jelly**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **Baszcax / Savage Passion**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **Junco Partners**
Norwich Whites: **The Running Dogs**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Focal Point**
Peterborough Wirrana Stadium: **Madness**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Purple Hearts**
Salisbury New Sarum Club: **Earl Okin**
Sheffield Brincliffe Oaks Hotel: **Art Themen / Inner Ear**
Sheffield Broadfield Hotel: **Vardis**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **The Trend**
Thetford Sports Centre: **The Nightriders**
Upminster New Windmill Hall: **Results**
Wrexham Welsh Fusiliers: **The Prefects**

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TO ADVERTISE IN THE
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HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Outlaw and Damage Management present
ZZ TOP
THURSDAY 24th APRIL
7·30pm
TICKETS £4·00, £3·50, £3·00
FROM BOXOFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS,
PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TICKET MACHINE,

THE GREYHOUND
Fulham Palace Road.
Thursday 17th April £1.00
SPLODGENESSABOUNDS (Being Pathetic)
+ Terminal 5
Friday 18th April £1.00
GOD'S TOYS + The Set
Saturday 19th April £1.00
Matinee
THE MO-DETTES 1st birthday party
with special surprise guests
Saturday 19th April evening £1.00
JIMMY LINDSAY
+ RELUCTANT STEREO TYPES
Sunday 20th April 75p
THE DIRECTIONS + The Sound
Monday 21st April 50p
JULIAN DAWSON & THE SPICS
+ The Charts
Tuesday 22nd April £1.00
METRO + Scyscrapers
Wednesday 23rd April 50p
THE STATE/THE ACTION

CRAWDADDY CLUB
THE STAR PUB,
LONDON ROAD,
WEST CROYDON, SURREY.
Wed 16th April £1
THE HEYDAY PLAYERS
+ The Lonely Boys
Sun 20th April £1
TENNIS SHOES
+ The Holidays
Mon 21st April 75p
THE DEAD AIRMEN
+ Vox Phantoms
Wed 23rd April 75p
THE V.I.P.s
+ The Twisters
Coming Soon. . .
4th May SPLODGENESSABOUNDS
11th May NIK TURNER

Y STUDIOS
YMCA Building,
112 Great Russell Street,
London WC1.
Tel: 01-636 7289.
Tickets: Virgin, LTB, Premier, Stereo Electronics, 326 Kentish Town Road NW5.
Postal applications from Y Studios.
Thursday 24th April £2.00
THE ROY SUNDHOLM BAND
+ Margo Random & The Space Virgins
Saturday 26th April £2.00
THE ORIGINAL MIRRORS
+ Support
Saturday 3rd May £3.00
MUD
+ The Keys

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane,
West Hampstead, N.W.6
Wednesday, April 16th £1.25
MARGO RANDOM & THE SPACE VIRGINS
+ Martian Dance
Thursday, April 17th £1.25
THE TEEN BEATS
+ 80 POP
Friday, April 18th £1.50
SPLIT RIVITT, THE SCREENS
+ THE KEYS
Saturday, April 19th £1.50
DOLLY MIXTURES
+ The Vandels
Moonlight Club will be closed for redecoration between April 20th and May 8th.
Re-open May 9th.
See press for details

IT'S ROMANCE
THE MEMBERS AND **THE DIALS**
THE CLARENDON HOTEL
HAMMERSMITH
THURSDAY APRIL 17th
This advertisement appears upside down at the advertisers request

NEW CORNISH RIVIERALIDO CARLYON BAY
BeElZeBub
IN THE 2,000 CAPACITY BIG HALL
DATE & TIME OF APPEARANCE / ADVANCE TICKET PRICE
SATURDAY
APRIL 26th £2.50
STEVE GIBBONS BAND
+ THE MECHANICS
MADNESS CONCERT ORIGINALLY SCHEDULED FOR APRIL 19th NOW POSTPONED UNTIL 14th JUNE
ADVANCE TICKETS-
SAFFRON RECORDS-ST. AUSTELL & TRURO • VIRGIN RECORDS-PLYMOUTH
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RONNIE LAWS
+ GUESTS
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TICKETS £4.50, £4.00, £3.50, £3.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL. 748 4081
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PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL. 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT
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VIRGIN RECORDS, TEL. 0273 28167 OR FINE RECORDS, TEL. 0273 25440 OR 0273 723345
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WHITWORTH ST. WEST, MANCHESTER
MONDAY 5th MAY at 2.00P.M.
TICKETS SPIN-INN RECORDS, TEL. 061-834 5383
JAZZ-FUNK ALL DAYER CONTACT, TEL. 0922 31363 FOR DETAILS
QUEENSWAY HALL
VERNON PLACE, DUNSTABLE
THURSDAY 8th MAY at 7.30
TICKETS FROM QUEENSWAY HALL BOX OFFICE TEL. 0582 603326. AND USUAL AGENTS

LIVE PAGE

01-261 6153

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 **01-437 6603**

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs 17th April (Adm £1.50)
HOLLY & THE ITALIANS
PLUS GUESTS + IAN FLEMING

Fri 18th April (Adm £1.25)
NINE BELOW ZERO
PLUS GUESTS + IAN FLEMING

Sat 19th + Sun 20th April (Adm £2.00)
THE RECORDS
PLUS GUESTS + IAN FLEMING

Mon 21st April (Adm £1.00)
LITTLE BO BITCH
+ DIRECTIONS + JERRY FLOYD

Tues 22nd April
MARTHA & THE MUFFINS
PLUS SUPPORT + JERRY FLOYD
Advance tickets to members £1.75
Non members on the door £2.00

Wed 23rd April
OTWAY & BARRATT
PLUS FRIENDS & JERRY FLOYD
Advance tickets to members £1.75
Non members on the door £2.00

Thur 24th April (Adm £1.25)
HOLLY & THE ITALIANS
PLUS GUESTS + IAN FLEMING

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

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AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

The NASHVILLE

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES
OVER 20'S ONLY
CROMWELL RD./NORTH END RD. W14
WEST KENSINGTON TUBE (603 6071)

Thursday 17th April £1.50
R 'n' B Night
ZOOT MONEY
+ The Spoons

Friday 18th April £1.00
MARGO RANDOM & THE SPACE VIRGINS
+ Support

Saturday 19th April £1.00
SCARS + THE AU-PAIRS

Sunday 20th April FREE
THE HITMEN
+ The Small Brothers

Monday 21st April £1.00
THE KEYS (featuring Jeff Britton)
+ Support

Tuesday 22nd April £1.00
STIFF ALL STARS
(To be recorded live!!!)
+ Support

CAROLINE Roadshow

Friday 18th April **TALK OF THE EAST** **LOWESTOFT** + Cobra	Thursday 24th April **ILFORD PALAIS** **HIGH ROAD, ILFORD** + Angelwitch
Friday 25th April **QUEENSWAY HALL** **DUNSTABLE** + Angelwitch	Friday 2nd May **CHANCELLOR HALL** **CHELMSFORD**
Saturday 3rd May **STOUR CENTRE** **ASHFORD, KENT** + Angelwitch	Friday 9th May **THE INSTITUTE** **BRAINTREE**

DJ's Robb Eden, Tom Anderson and Brian Martin bringing you Britain's most famous rock roadshow.
To book the Caroline Roadshow telephone 0621 783229
Adm £2.00. Doors open 8pm

NINE BELOW ZERO

BELOW ZERO

BRASS MONKEY TOUR
APRIL 18th
LONDON Marquee

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

THE FEELIES
MONOCHROME SET
ERIC RANDOM
crawling chaos

ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. NW1 (NEAREST TUBE CAMDEN TOWN)
FRIDAY 18th APRIL at 7·30

TICKETS £3·00, (inc.VAT) IN ADVANCE ELECTRIC BALLROOM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 485 9006, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245 OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £3·00 ON NIGHT

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Wednesday 16th April £1.20
TOUR DE FORCE
+ Biba

Thursday 17th April £1.70
HEADLINE
+ The Opposition

Friday 18th April £2.20
RENT BOYS
+ News

Saturday 19th April £2.20
KEN BEACON & THE DETONATERS
+ Branded

Monday 21st April £1.20
SPECTRES
FEATURING Glen Matlock
Danny Kustow
+ Support

Tuesday 22nd April £1.20
CARPETTES
+ Stickers
+ Agent

Wednesday 23rd April £1.20
MARGO RANDOM & THE SPACE VIRGINS
+ Support

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8pm - 2am MONDAY TO SATURDAY
OVER 18s ONLY

HOPE & ANCHOR

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 16th April £1
TENPOLE TUDOR

Thursday 17th April 75p
THE DARK

Friday 18th April £1
DANNY ALDER & THE GUSHA BROS

Saturday 19th April £1
JUICE ON THE LOOSE

Sunday 20th April
CLOSED FOR PRIVATE FUNCTION

Monday 21st April
CLOSED FOR PRIVATE FUNCTION

Tuesday 22nd April 75p
LEE KOSMIN

Wednesday 23rd April 75p
THE KEYS *featuring* **GEOFF BRITTON**

"EAST LONDON JAZZ SOCIETY"

Presents

MORRISEY/ MULLEN BAND

Saturday 19th April 7.30pm
at
THE BRADY CENTRE
Hanbury Street E1

Tickets £1.50. Bar.

BUT MIRELLA WAS DESTINED TO SEE MORE ALL THAT NIGHT!
WHAT'S THAT?

FINALSOLUTION PRESENT FACTORYNIGHTSHIFT

A CERTAIN RATIO
SECTION 25
DURUTTI COLUMN
KEVIN HEWICK AND FRIENDS

FILMS & REFRESHMENTS

12.00PM, FRI, 25TH APRIL
AT THE SCALA CINEMA
25 TOTTENHAM ST, W1

ADVANCE TICKETS £4.00 FROM THE SCALA, ROUGH TRADE, SMALL WONDER, HONKY TONK, LUIGI & THE BOYS (HANWAY ST) AND ACE RECORDS (ISLINGTON) OR BY POST FROM FINAL SOLUTION 258 PENTONVILLE RD, LONDON, N.1 (PLEASE ENCLOSE S.A.E.)

DINGWALLS
RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE

THURS 17
THE RECORDS
FRI 18
THE STEP
SAT 19
HIT MEN
SUN 20/R&B NIGHT (7-11.30pm)
CHICKEN SHACK
TUES 22/DO THE ROCKSTEADY
THE BODY-SNATCHERS
WED 23/GUNS OF NAVARONE NIGHT!
THE SCATALITES
THURS 24/REGGAE NIGHT
CREATION REBEL
WITH BIM SHERMAN

CALLING ALL BANDS

INTERESTED IN VIDEOING YOUR SET OR PERHAPS JUST A COUPLE OF SONGS?
DEMO AND BROADCAST QUALITY TAPES, CALL NOW FOR CHEAP RATES AND INFORMATION-ROGER/ILDI ON 986 7786

DRINK AT HALF OUR PRICES BEFORE 10PM
EVERY EVENING (EXCEPT SUNDAYS)

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DEREK BLOCK PRESENTS

THE CURE
THE PASSIONS
SECTION 25

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

Sunday, May 11th, at 7.30pm

Rainbow Theatre, 232 Seven Sisters Road, London N4

Tickets: £2.75, £2.25, £1.75

Available from Rainbow 01-263 3148/9 and usual agents

TICKETS . . .
TICKETS . . .
TICKETS . . .

AVAILABLE FOR ALL LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

WEMBLEY ARENA

MAY
26/27 10CC

JUNE
2/3/4 Santana
6/7 Beach Boys
20/22/25 Fleetwood Mac

APRIL
18 Feelies — Monochrome Set
19 Roy Orbison
19/20 Sammy Hagar
21 Secret Affair
21 Tom Paxton
24 Z Z Top
24 Roy Sundholm
26 Gloria Gaynor
30 Dr Hook

MAY
1/3 Dr Hook
2 B.A. Robertson
3 Mud
3 Ronnie Laws
4 The Stylistics
4 Saxon
5 Helen Reddy
9/10 Only Ones
7/8/9/10 Black Sabbath
10 Fischer Z
11 Wild Horses
11 Roy Harper
11 Cure
13 Frankie Valli
16/17 David Gates
17 Chic Corea & Gary Burton
20 Undertones
19/20 Sky
27 Human League
28 Mike Oldfield
28/29/31 Thin Lizzy
30 The Tear Drop Explodes

JUNE
1 Thin Lizzy
5 Average White Band
7/8 Rush
15/16 Clash
18/19 Joan Armatrading
21/22 Styx
23 Whitesnake

JULY
4 Steve Hackett

For more information send SAE to
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
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Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:~

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

TEN POLE TUDOR
THU. "A crazed concoction of Monty Rython, the Dickies and McLaren's final sacrilegious Pistols vision" [illegible]

KEVIN COYNE & THE OCCASIONALS
FRI APR. 18. Kevin usually appears here with minimal accompaniment it's said he's bringing a band this time. Whatever we can't recommend the guy enough.

THE DANCE BAND
SAT. "Too good to miss" said SOUNDS. Their set of 60's soul makes you realise how crummy disco is

SUN 20th. **VIP'S**
MON 21st. **THE STEP**
TUE. [illegible] **RESISTANKE**
WED. They're good. We gave them a residency!!
THE DISTRACTIONS
THU 24. "The poop of new 'New Pop' said N.M.E.

The Doors open 8·45 till late, except Sunday when it's 7·30 till 12. Real Ale & Cocktails right thru. Our restaurant is open 8·30 A.M. till last orders at 11·45 P.M. Monday thru Saturday. We are on the corner of King St. & James St. old Covent Garden (100 mt. from tube Station).
PHONE: 240·3961

MOONLIGHT CLUB

100 West End Lane,
West Hampstead, NW.6

Friday, April 18th

THE SCREENS

Doors open 8.30pm — 1am

Resident DJs John Hallam & Joe Lung

Live page

FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL
AYLESBURY
Saturday April 19th 7.30 p.m.

THE SLITS

+ CREATION REBEL
+ THE NIGHTINGALES
(Ex-PREFECTS)
AC SOUND & VISION

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MAGAZINE

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MANICURED NOISE
THE LAST DANCE

7.30, THUR, MAY 1, LYCEUM, STRAND, WC2
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OASIS
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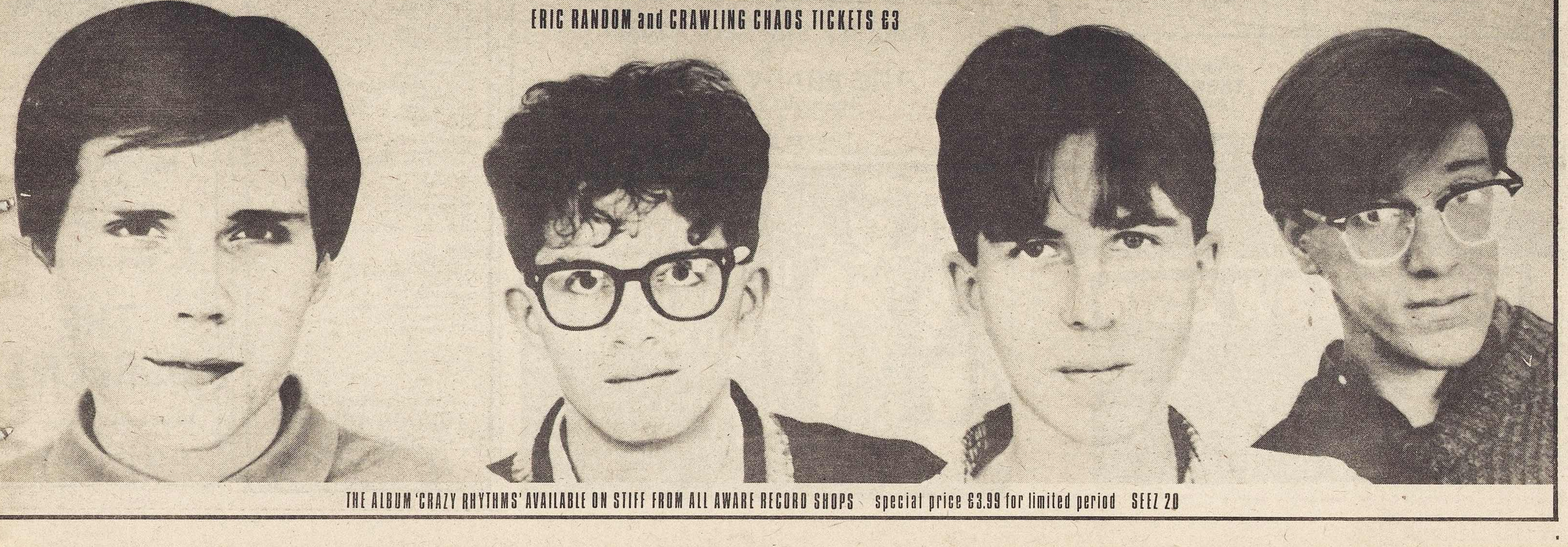

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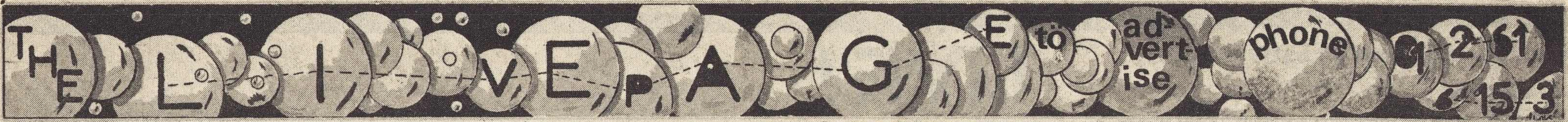

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DIRTY STRANGERS
+ Back Street Operator
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THE ACT + The Mice
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THE NEED
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ZOOTS + Furniture
Friday 18th April 50p
TENNIS SHOES +
Dumpy's Blues Band
Saturday 19th April 50p
MADRIGAL + Panther
Saturday 20th April FREE
THE ROOKIES +
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Monday 21st April 80p
DINGLE SPIKE
Tuesday 22nd April FREE
BRAINIAC 5

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WILD HORSES

+ Special Guests

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LIVE AT THE MARQUEE — WED. APRIL 16th

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160 VICTORIA ST, SW1
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Tickets from The Venue Box Office and the Ticket Machine in the Virgin Megastore, 14 Oxford Street, W.1. Postal Applications (P.O's only) from The Venue.

Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing 7pm-3am.

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A benefit on behalf of Multiple Sclerosis featuring
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THE GERMANS

Friday, April 18th
OPHIDIAN

Saturday, April 19th
SONS OF KANE

Sunday, April 20th
DESTROYER

Tuesday, April 22nd
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Members £1
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Dress smart casual
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MO-DETTES

1st BIRTHDAY PARTY

with very special guest and a birthday present for you
Doors open 7.30 Adm £1.50
SPECIAL MATINEE GIG ON SAT 19th APRIL at THE FULHAM GREYHOUND
For under 20s
Door open 12 midday Adm £1

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133 Stockwell Road, S.W.9

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M.G.A. BAND
Thursday, April 17th
KLEEN HELLS
Friday, April 18th
THE TIME FLIES
Saturday, April 19th
P.S. RELEASE
+ The Lucy's
Sunday, April 20th
IDIOT DANCERS
Monday, April 21st
THE CAVALRY
Tuesday, April 22nd
MARGO RANDOM & THE SPACE VIRGINS
(Oval Records)

DOGWATCH

18th April
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Basildon
20th April
Ruskin Arms,
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22nd April
Nero's Palace,
Rose & Crown,
Wandsworth High St.
23rd April
Golden Lion,
Fulham Broadway

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Thursday 17th April 60p
Welcome return of the original
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BLAST FURNACES REVENGE
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JACKIE LYNTON BAND
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Sunday 20th April £2.00
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Celebrating their first birthday party, with many star friends and guests. Come early!

Monday 21st April 60p
LITTLE STEVIES TERMINAL SNACK

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+ The Artists

Wednesday 23rd April 60p
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Friday 18th April £2.00
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SPECIAL MOD NIGHT presenting
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PURPLE HEARTS

FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT

THE FALL

PATRIK FITZGERALD BAND

PLUS GUESTS

7.30 PM, THURS, 17TH APRIL

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BILLY'S

69 Dean St, London W1
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Thursday 17th April
RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES
Thursday 24th April
THE FIRM
+
THE MIGHTY STRYPES

Fully licensed bar
9 pm — 3 am
Adm £2.00

PTARMIGAN

IN THE FLESH AT

THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS,
CHICHESTER
Thursday, April 17th

THE GRANGE CENTRE,
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Friday, April 25th

THE ROYAL OAK,
WHITEHILL
Saturday, April 26th

ALTERNATIVES on Broadway

CLARENDON HOTEL
On the roundabout, Hammersmith

This Thurs April 17th
8-12p.m. Late Bar, Alternative Rhythm
THE MEMBERS
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Tickets £1.50 in advance from Virgin, Rough Trade & usual agents £2 at door

Next Thurs April 24th
Biko From Soweto
MERGER
+ Rent Boys
Tickets £1.75 in advance, from usual agents £2 at door

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9 BELOW ZERO

APRIL

17th	DERBY	Blue Note Club
18th	LONDON MARQUEE	
19th	MANCHESTER	Osloom Club
20th	THE TORRINGTON	North Finchley
22nd	NORWICH	Cromwells
24th	SHREWSBURY	Music Hall
25th	SCARBOROUGH	Penthouse
26th	DUDLEY	J.B.'s Club
27th	LONDON	Marquee
30th	LONDON	Venue

DEREK BLOCK PRESENTS

THE HUMAN LEAGUE

+ Special Guests

Tues. 27th May at 7.30 pm.
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS.
242, Shepherds Bush Road,
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All tickest £3.00
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Also on night.

Marlboro Country Festival

Wembley Arena

MONDAY at Wembley. Contemporary country night, give or take a few lower-order stetson-tilters.

Like, ferinstance, mouldy oldie Frank Ifield, white teeth and dude suit to match; Sonny Wright and Peggy Sue, the latter yet another of Crystal Gayle's elder sisters; Bjoro Haaland, a kind of Norwegian J.R., and the likeable Shoji Tabuchi, a Jap fiddle-player who posed the interesting question — can yellow men play the bluegrass?

Also figuring in the four hour run-up to the big names was the Haggard-influenced Kenny Serratt, given a miserly 10 minutes ("Hell, it's just like pullin' teeth"); rockabilly heroes Matchbox, great but also given the confederate dollar treatment; and ex-Brum rocker Raymond Froggatt, now seemingly the regular fill-in man on every Mervyn Conn bill. Add the monickers of Pete Sayer, a hard-working compere; Teddy Nelson, another product of fiord-made westerns; and Colleen Peterson, a Canuck whose jazz feel suggests that she turned left at the wrong totem pole, and you're up to the hot hamburger stage — which, this year, began with Don Everly.

Chubby now and curly haired, Don still sings as though it isn't too much of a chore. With the aid of the ubiquitous Albert Lee (piano player with Matchbox at their previous Frankfurt gig), he did the livin' jukebox routine, sang 'Walk Right Back', 'Bye Bye Love' and 'All I Have To Do Is Dream'; mused about his British gigs of '57; paid due homage to the late Lefty Frizzell, a country great, and utilised Jimmy Rodgers' classic 'T For Texas' as a stage vacater. He remained good friends with his audience.

The Bellamy Brothers, pretenders to the crown vacated by the Evs, proved more potent glory-grabbers. Though initially slick and blando, rendering songs that often sounded like cut-out copies of various blasts from the past, they later pushed and prodded their way through the swampy 'Spiders And Snakes'; hit-chipped with 'Let Your Love Flow' and 'If I Said You Had A Beautiful Body', and, garnering support from a band that kicked more than a little (was that really Janet Street-Porter on keyboards, fellas?) headed for home with a blues-shoved 'Miss Misunderstood'.

The Sun came up at 8.45pm. Joe Sun, that is. Leather-capped and looking as street-corner as a dog-defecated lamp-post, the ex-song plugger, hailed by Johnny Cash as "The greatest new talent I've heard in 20 years", came on like a Waits who's taken the cure — gutsy, dirty, with a voice that seemed to force itself from behind gritted teeth. Nudged on his way by a forceful back-up squad in Shotgun — J. D. Stamp and Ray Flack (guitars), Mark Edwards (drums) 'Rabbit' Warren (bass) and Neil Flanz (pedal steel) — Sun covered all the bases in individual style, often using a jar of beer as a prop as he gyrated, vocally and physically, through 'Shotgun Rider', 'I'll Find It Where I Can' and the softer 'Old Flames', while Stamp, a Leon Russell look-alike, sprayed hot-shot licks into any conceivable crevices.

But although Sun proved he was undoubtedly the best new country act to emerge since Ely cut loose from Lubbock, the audience failed to really comprehend. No matter, Ely got the same treatment two years ago. They were wrong then too.

Retribution came in the form of Commander Cody, Frayne announcing in lecherous tones, "We are here tonight to boogie-woogie and rock'n'roll" before hurtling into 'Beat Me Daddy Eight To A Bar' (replete with the original 1940 whistle solo!) and turning to total anarchy with 'Two Double Cheeseburgers', the band's heavy-weight attack causing the rock fraternity to bounce off their benches while season-ticket holders simply stared in disbelief.

With original Lost Planet Airmen guitarist Bill Kirchen spearheading the attack, the Cody band rocked brilliantly but unmercifully, culminating with — of all things — 'Ubangi Stomp', before fleeing the scene, leaving the audience in disarray.

The arrival of Emmylou Harris must have seemed like heavenly intervention to those with dobro-shaped heads. Cowboy-booted, with rose-decorated Gibson and hair hanging all the way down to Nashville, she looked the sweetheart of the rodeo. She strummed gently and sang sweetly too, effectively wiping the sweating foreheads with a version of Dolly's 'To Daddy' before allowing Hank DeVito, Albert Lee (yes, again!), John Ware, Ricky Skaggs and the other Hot-bandsmen to provide fill-ins.

Doing everything according to the book, she donned a stetson (a guaranteed cheer getter!) to enact Rodney Crowell's 'Even Cowgirls Get The Blues', wiped away the years with 'Save The Last Dance For Me' and an intuitively rendered 'Here, There And Everywhere' before eventually moving out via a hand-clap and bop bit on Chuck Berry's 'Never Can Tell'.

But somehow I felt out of sync. The lady did everything right, uniting rockers and mockers, leaving little to criticise. Still my personal emotion-meter registered at low-level despite the delight of those all around. So, with everyone up on their feet and yelling for more, I left seven hours of music behind me and thought about the 60 miles home, pausing momentarily as Emmylou obliged with 'Jambalaya' before bowing out once more.

As I headed for the door, the cheers were still raising the roof. Whether Emmylou returned again, I really don't know. But from the amount of ensuing applause, it seems possible that she's still there, doing encores. Remind me to check sometime.

Fred Dellar

Paul Collins' Beat

Marquee

WHATEVER this genial and rather dozy looking West Coast foursome have to contribute to the performing arts, it doesn't really lend itself to critical hyperbole one way or the other.

Prior to embarking on this five-date quickie tour of London, they changed their name from The Beat to avoid confusion with *The* Beat — a sensible concession if they're out to make inroads to the British pop-public. But right now they seem precociously caught in the mass-entertainment syndrome.

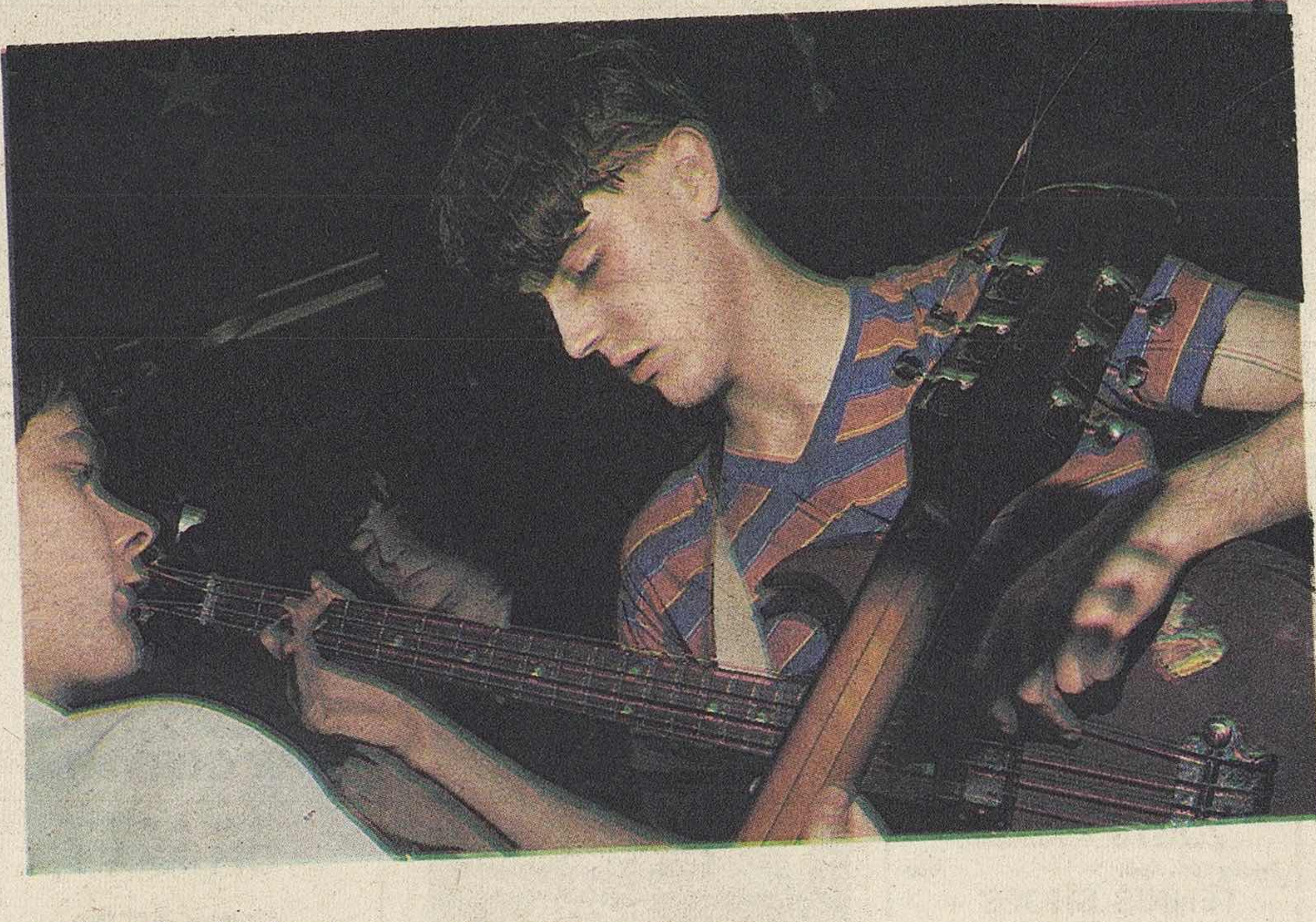
They play jaunty, prosaic teen-anthems, roughened at the edges with a contrived punkish hubris, and smoothed with a nonchalant line in happy-hour vocal harmonies. On their present form, they show potential in the trans-Atlantic radio pop stakes but musically, I can take them or leave them; preferably the latter.

From a technical viewpoint, the band's overriding limitation is the lack of cohesion between the individual members. Guitarist Larry Whitman tries to rock out with limited success, while bassman Steve Huff and Drummer Mike Ruiz could both do worse than to heed a wake-up call.

Lead vocalist Paul Collins does a passable Action Man impression which culminates in a surprise Kung Fu parry on the sound mix console, which in turn activates a device that goes 'bleep' in continuous and urgent fashion. Doubtless they'll improve with more experience of live gigs, but I don't think they're the stuff legends are made of.

Rick Joseph

LIVE!



THE 1980 FACTORY ACT

Joy Division
The Royal Family
Crawling Chaos
Section 25

Moonlight

THE FIRST of three Factory by Moonlight nights was so abysmally tedious it was almost laughable. But not quite.

If things have got this bad we're all in trouble.

Factory Records had prepared some programme notes couched in appropriately modern abreviations. On the typed sheet could be found the information that "Joy Division have been banned as a result of their appalling behaviour on the night of Sunday 23rd March."

Nevertheless, it was Joy Division who opened the proceedings.

They were OK; and compared to what was to follow they were inspired. Their four-piece configuration makes the most of solid rhythms and hollow, echoing vocals to establish momentum. This is then re-routed via percussive syncopations, dark vocal crescendos and distorted, twangy guitar breaks.

Joy Division stood out because they're about texture and atmosphere. Gothic yells of *"I put my trust in you!"* lined up alongside the thudding bass riff of 'Transmission'. An encore of the Velvets' 'Sister Ray' made explicit Joy Division's earlier hints at a very American spaciousness.

The Royal Family, on the other hand, know nothing about music but probably read a lot of books. Their performance was apparently improvised. They were better than Crawling Chaos who came after them because their set was shorter.

The Royal Family's singer wore a long black overcoat and shaggy hair. He has adopted the mantle of Prince Brian. Brian's forte is declaiming 'provocative' sentences, usually with his back to a grateful audience. He told us "the one-way transmission of information and energy doesn't do anyone any good."

As if this wasn't enough, he vouchsafed that *"All politics is fascism"* and went well beyond his level of incompetence in claiming that *"Every man and woman is a star"*.

And so to Tyneside's own Crawling Chaos. They played so badly for so long that a phone call to McWhirter and his book of Records would surely have been received favourably. Ineffectual doodlings on guitar and keyboard became ends in themselves. A guest singer stood at the microphone and coughed for several minutes.

The worst part of all this was watching the audience, who endured in silence for over an hour before venting a little verbal spleen. Nobody danced or even twitched a leg. The bloke at the mixing desk read the *Evening Standard* and someone next to me asked the time before falling asleep. Crawling Chaos finished abruptly after driving half the crowd out through the doors.

Anyone who needs this garbage is probably already dead. Crawling Chaos, come out with your hands up.

Finally, Section 25, a drab three-piece. The small, austere bass player orated doomed and distant vocals over angular riffs and thrashing guitar chords. My ears politely refused to accept any more and I wasn't alone in heading for the tube.

With the exception of Joy Division, this was a loathesome display of self admiration. Audiences pay money to be involved. It's an act of faith. On this occasion, the customers weren't satisfied because nobody even bothered to ask their opinion.

Adam Sweeting

Blurt
A Certain Ratio
Joy Division
Kevin Hewick

Moonlight

DON'T be put off by Factory. It's a lot more accessible than it sometimes sounds.

People so easily dismiss left-field 'obscure' rock groups as 'fanatic' in its most literal sense — doubling their effort when they've lost sight of their intent (personified, for me, by The Pop Group). This second night of Factory by Moonlight proves the very opposite, a fierce commitment tethered to a strong sense of purpose and conveyed through a daring and ingenious use of experiment. True, three-quarters of this bill is music so commercially mutant that it's unlikely to ever reach more than a handful of interested people, but it's worth being one of them just to find yourself marooned without the security of the usual points of contact, the usual consoling comparisons.

Kevin Hewick plays first. He comes from Leicester, his dad's a milkman and I think he works in a dole office, if this makes any difference. He's trying (as Blurt later do) to clear as much space as possible for freedom to improvise, but achieves it with even less instruments. He sings without any obvious preconceived order around a single spartan guitar, sometimes bolstered by a synth tape, as much enamoured of convoluted lyrics as of their raggedly embroidered soundtrack — *"You don't know how much it hurts to feel no pain any more"* ('Morphia').

The results are great, though not always too coherent, but I can't see such skeletal sounds transferring that easily onto record.

Joy Division play third. I don't get along with them too well. Enormously powerful and skilfully projective they may be but — compared with the rest of this bill — their horizons seem uncomfortably contained and they just sound dull and unchallenging. The tensions between instruments are too measured, the vocals a howl of morbid introspection, the whole set a tense, gloomy, subterranean racket. Enough.

A Certain Ratio play last. They're a sort of brainiac funk band, a dance outfit for people with spaghetti for legs. First impressions of their severe barrack-room hairlines, two of them stripped to the waist wearing knee-length baggy khaki shorts and fake tans suggest they've wandered in off an old sepia print of The Afrika Korps.

Underneath all that, they're the most orthodox group of the night.

A clear-cut, convulsive rhythm section — steel hawser bass; detailed, crisp drums — makes a pure funk undercarriage for dry incidental noises from guitar and synth, braced, at times, against a couple of blaring trumpets. Apart from more tedious Joy Division vocals, they're excellent; terse, sharp and really invigorating.

I can't imagine A Certain Ratio or Blurt actually *changing* anything. I can imagine other groups digesting their extremes and rephrasing them in a way that will. They'll probably get little credit for any of this. Shame.

Blurt play second and steal the show. They claim "age not beauty" and hail from Stroud (for their sins). The only vague

Top pic A Certain Ratio
Bottom, X-O-Dus

comparison is with James Chance And The Contortions, but when someone shows singer/saxist Ted Milgon a copy of 'Buy The Contortions' afterwards, he says he's never heard a note of it.

To revive a long-buried and much-abused term, these guys are pure anarchy.

Jake Milgon plays a smaller drumkit than B-52's Keith Strickland, or rather, half of it. He beats out the steady (tribal) rhythm on a snare and a closed hi-hat, adding a tom-tom and a crash cymbal for the last bar of each number. Pete Creese plays either rock guitar riffs like Duane Eddy on a tape loop, or a two-chord repeat; there's no bass. And Ted, who's a dead ringer for Tom Waits, goes berserk over the top, mostly with the aid of an alto sax.

The amount they manage to cram into one set is unbelievable. Owing as much to free-form Charlie Parker as to the scat-vocal era and '50s American Bop, he overlays these dead-simple rhythms with a frantic cross-current of raucous jazz and Gothic chant, adding intros like he was raised on blues or even gospel(!), using the splintered sax figures as an extension of his lyric fantasy.

It's all-purpose chaos; it's brilliant!

He dedicates one number to "all the people who couldn't be here tonight because, basically, they're dead".

Where can you go when you're that far gone?

Mark Ellen

Joy Division
Vini Reilly
John Dowie
X-O-Dus

Moonlight

LIKE A live variation on the redundant sampler-album concept, the multi-group gig often elicits the same response: superficially teasing when it should whet the appetite; frustrating one's hopes with its desperate and aggressive variety.

That said, a well integrated choice of groups can provide a worthwhile outing, and although I suspect many of the people packing the Moonlight had arrived in the tenuous hope of seeing Joy Division (who the same evening were supporting The Stranglers), they received the preceding acts with more than polite appreciation.

Guiding light of Factory Records, TV Personality and well-known chubby self-publicist Tony Wilson acted as compere for the evening, hustling groups, roadies and equipment with an effective if alarming efficiency. He allowed no more than ten minutes between groups who performed for 25; so although demanded, none of the four bands got to play an encore.

X-O-Dus had just begun their set when I arrived to find various groups of people already bopping and shuffling about as they will to almost any reggae of whatever quality. To these unaccustomed ears they sounded no better nor any worse than most other British reggae bands, though there was a distinctly hard edge to the loping riff that gives them extra bite. Their main appeal rested in their lyrics which avoided religious dogma and dealt mainly with the problem of being an 'English Black Boy'.

Next into the firing line was Birmingham oddball John Dowie, poet and raconteur who claims his current influences are Marianne Faithfull and Stanley Holloway.

With the looks of a recalcitrant civil servant, this one-time confederate of C. P. Lee performed extracts from his latest creation, 'Life After Death Before Breakfast' to the occasional backing of an acoustic guitar. Once dubbed outrageous due to his 'tasteless' material, he came across with the diluted vitriol of Betjeman and the McGough, though the audience — who seemed to absorb everything with indiscriminate facility — singularly failed to provide the astringent feedback he needed to maintain comic tension. Consequently, he became dangerously indulgent, which, at a time that boasts the likes of John Cooper Clarke and Alexei Sayle, is inadvisable to say the least.

After the demise of the original Durutti Column, leader Vini Reilly sank into a physically debilitating depression. The news that his album of experimental guitar pieces had sold out was an obvious panacea, and he subsequently decided to perform similar numbers on his own to a taped backing.

Like an anorexic fifth-former, the tiny figure sat high on the amps bent over his instrument like a classical guitarist frequently apologising for the experimental nature of his set. As it turned out he needn't have worried as the crowd which had bopped and laughed during the previous acts stood in rapt silence throughout.

Since his early training he has explored the possibilities of atonal music and harmonics to the extent that he can write and perform three or four minute pieces for the electric guitar that possess a fractured beauty unlike anything I've ever heard. Imagine John Martyn without the maudlin sentimentality or Ray Russell free of the avant-garde millstone and you might come close to envisaging the spectrum of crystalline sound on display. Though he avoids stereophonic gimmickry he made modest use of an echo chamber to highlight the music, and the enthusiastic response seemed to surprise him more than anyone else.

Within eight minutes of the end of his set the magnificent Joy Division took the stage and played with a power and passion that made it difficult to believe they were literally within an hour or so of playing at the Rainbow.

The strain was most noticeable in vocalist Ian Curtis who was helped offstage after their fifth number, although until then his performance of 'Transmission', 'Insights' and three others had been as darkly effective as ever. They generated an intensity that few groups could match and there can surely now be no doubt that Joy Division are the only group who *deserve* to be framed within the same context as The Velvet Underground and The Doors.

Their fundamental grasp of the dynamics of rock, an unforced simplicity, combined with a natural mystery mean they are not only a band with a future, but also a considerable present. Unlike The Fall, who make me want to go out and kick a cat, Joy Division convince me I could spit in the face of God.

Neil Norman

KODAK SAFETY FILM 5036
39A
39

Ian Curtis goes through the frames

Colour pix by Peter Anderson

Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark

Liverpool

WELL, I think it's a rare gruve the way fashion and emotional chic can be allowed to reach such a nadir that social status is measured by your ability to look like an inanimate object.

If looking and acting like a mannequin or a robot is your only means of showing how tiresome you find the world, it shows just how much of an emotional cripple you rejoice in being.

Playing footsie with The Day Of The Daleks is a vehicle for the fashionable rejuvenation of middle-class Power Pop failures, whose 'alternative' of twee mental short-circuitedness and redefinition of social and sexual stereotypes (Blank Mind, House Beautiful equals Order, Surrogate Power) rightfully died a death. All the piggybanks were therefore smashed and synths (beautiful synths) appeared under every Christmas tree.

For all their supposed humour, humanity and unpretentious electronic ditties, Orchestral Manoeuvres fit the identikit photo perfectly. Andy McCluskie wails like a digital Gene Pitney, and Paul Humphreys — accompanied by a potted plant-value back-up keyboardist — plays perky five-note sequences for three minutes at a time, while a token syndrummer flails on the podium.

'Red Frame/White Light' is a song that attracts attention because it represents a crucial safety-ensured mix of sound levels: rhythm nicely understated, a false-teeth ankle-nibbling 'bass' line, and the synthesizer imitating and replacing any guitar pyrotechnics. If the synthesizer is capable of replacing any sound, why do all the current Kraftwerk clones sound exactly the same? Haven't quite figured how to make it sound like anything NEW yet, eh?

Bands using synthesizers are allowed pioneer-licence and undeserved publicity for their pain and strivings in the garret. A constant stream of pretenders to Kraftwerk's throne is as reactionary as bands imitating the Stones, the Who or The Sex Pistols.

A preplanned course has been set for the bands like Orchestral Manoeuvres, a course that tells them how to use the synthesizer in a way that will appear to be revolutionary but simultaneously placate a vast, bored public with its updatings of old standards. Standards like 'Waiting For The Man', for example.

Their numb rendering of a numb song, complete with real bass guitar for authenticity, highlighted how radically similar their sound is to that of any band.

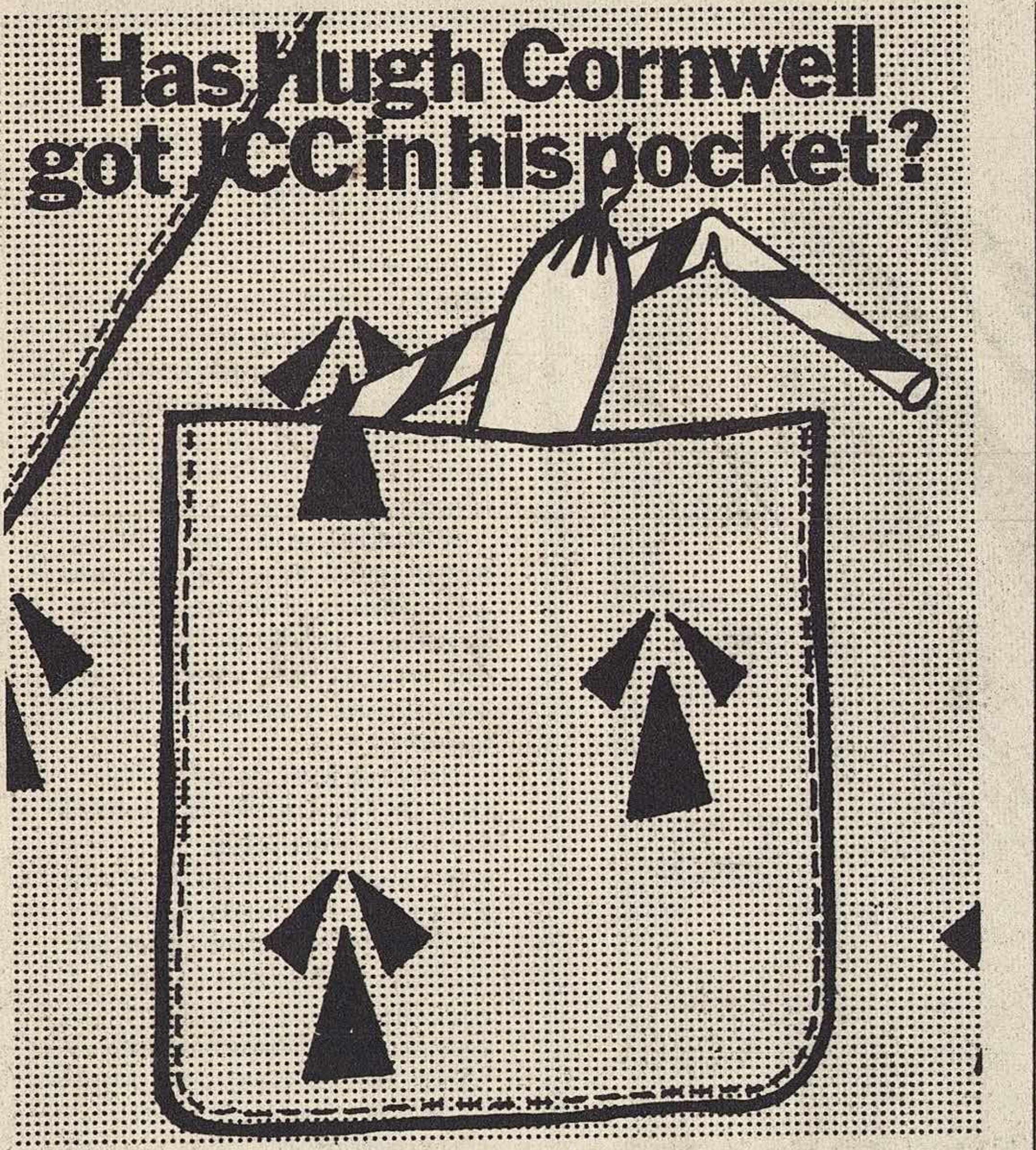
The only occasions when the supposedly intelligent quartet onstage didn't sound as though they'd let the machines decide what to do were the immaculate 'Bunkersoldiers' and 'Dancing'.

'Bunkersoldiers' is the best copy of Kraftwerk in existence — it boasts melodic exuberance but is rendered disposable by its unoriginality. 'Dancing' is a Frankenstein waltz where everything sounds totally out of control, and the noise is threateningly unholy.

Ultimately, bands like Orchestral Manoeuvres are life-supportive musical plasma for socially mobile Genesis fans. And *that* kind of drivel is for people who like to feel that they're sensitive and sensible, but that the silly old violent world wouldn't listen to them so why bother?

Ork Maaan are definitely in the dark.

Kevin Fitzgerald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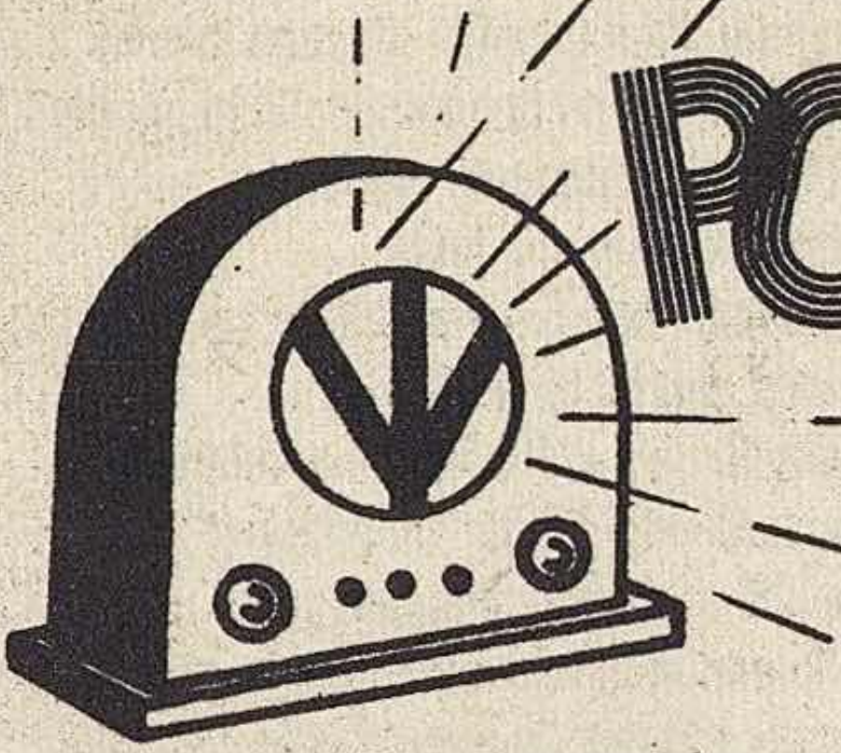
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B.A. (failed)

B. A. Robertson

Venue

B. A. ROBERTSON, having 'knocked it off', has succeeded in knocking it right back on again.

His first night of the curiously named 'Initial Tour' — the blokes been hanging in the wings longer than an albatross' armpit — was a flat bundle of tepid rock songs and befuddled comedy. Somebody, along time ago, told Brian he had a gift for drily delivered observation and did he ever lap it up! Mind you sitting at the back all we could here of his 'schticks' was the babble of a thousand business tongues and the low drone of B.A. himself dying a lonely and ignoble death.

Just prior to his coming on, I found myself lowly humming the dreamy Kurt Weillish lilt from 'Knocked It Off' and began to think that this little do might turn out to be a mini-triumph for the lanky Celt.

The hopes began crumbling as soon as the lights dimmed and we had to sit through a tape of 'classical' arrangements of his best known work as the backing band assembled. A build up yet! For God's sake man, you're only B. A. Robertson a tuppeny ha'penny pop singer; get on with it. Anyrate, more trumpeting and on he strode, trying to look cool, but not disguising that those hands were in the pockets to wipe off the sweat.

The first tune was 'Gonzo For My Girlfriend', a poor album cut delivered badly. And the long night wore on with various stunts that were incomprehensible to anyone other than the piss-artists on the boards. At different times there was B.A.R. doing an endless fiftieth-rate Tom Waits bit (for truth); a scene wherein a man in a dog suit came on for a while, oceans of long gaps 'tween numbers, a singalong 'send up' that bemused everyone, and then he had the audacity to think he could throw away his three hits as a big finish. Disastrous stuff. Not only that, but come last-orders, his voice was reduced to a monotone babble devoid of pitch and phrasing.

There was no encore. Like so much of 'live' rock music, were it a show it'd close before the interval. Bang, bang. Initial tour R.I.P.

Danny Baker

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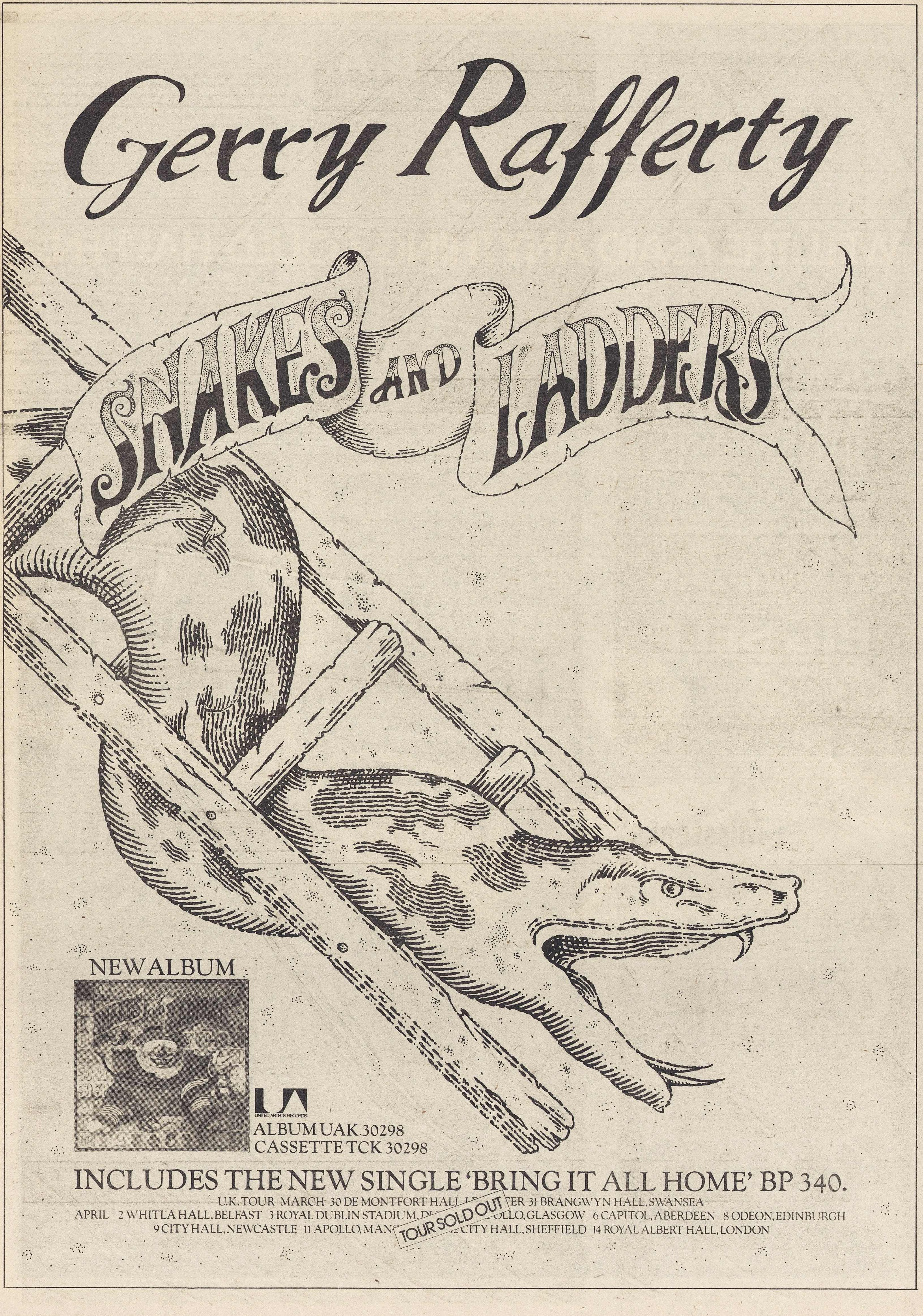

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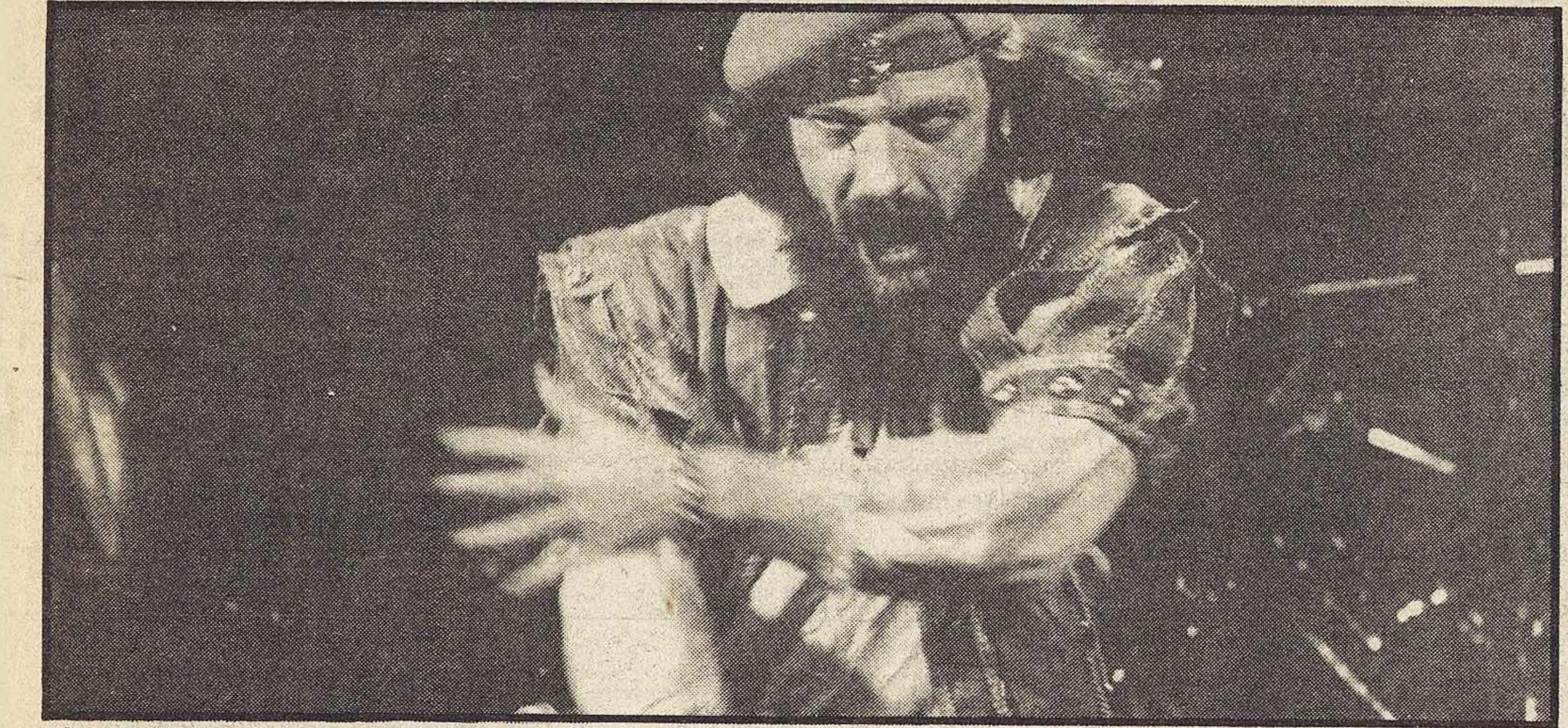

Sgt. Anderson in an anachronistic fury. Pic: Paul Cox

Jethro Tull

Hammersmith Odeon

YOUR British Art Rock Musician, as the respected critic Roger De Swann's so shrewdly noted, is a decidedly queer fish. He tends to specialise in turning a cosmic self-indulgence into what an idiot might loosely term fantasy and an over developed baroque sensibility into endless fields of corn — bordered by real estate of course.

For better or worse (who can tell?) Jethro Tull have chosen to call it a day (again) so that leading light Ian Anderson can assume a solo career. To that end Jethro Tull consented to play five sold out nights at Hammersmith Odeon where they have been ecstatically received in the old definition — their audience basks in seas of nostalgia, sporadic enthusiasm confined to a sitting position, and patchouli oil, a particularly noxious substance under any circumstances.

From the stage, Ian Anderson acts out his tedious snatches of dire monologue and inaudible verse to the tune of a bombastic heavy metal folk. In Jethro Tull's case, as with all their British peers from the bygone era, this proscenium is just a cage inside which six men more than old enough to know better posture and rant at nondescript length, generally keeping the mass at a sensible arms length.

They probably don't think they're patronising the fans, but anyone with a modicum of intelligence must assume otherwise. Anderson mouths and poses songs about God, mice and the ancient English heritage; his subject matter is as irrelevant to the time as the context in which it's placed.

Anderson is flanked by graduates from the finest finishing schools, John Evan and David Palmer on synthetic instruments. These two gentlemen are well into the spirit of it all, it's great fun for them to pull silly faces and sport ludicrous props. Their lack of involvement and emotion betrays the band's entire ouvre, brilliantly exposes it for the facile embarrassment it is.

I lay doggo and squirmed, felt like I was being bitten by an artichoke.

Anderson whips out his flute and flouts it: cracks jokes about short trousers and the lack of buyers for Tull's most recent masterpiece, 'Stormwatch'. The waters are receding for this kind of group but the smell of complacency hangs heavy a while.

What moments of respite there are arrive when Tull stoop to acoustic whimsy, then Dave Pegg osmoses his training, apprenticed in the schools of Golden Virginia, singing through the nose, doffing the deerstalker; terribly English, terribly folkie . . . just terrible.

Guitarist Martin Lancelot Barre opts for the simple pageant, the familiar and well loved speed of finger and facial grimace. Behind him Anderson archly kicks out legs encased in thick woollen tights. Is he taking it at all seriously? Surely not, but he does seem to have a very high opinion of himself.

Musing on this vexed problem and the cost of sending such people abroad as ambassadors for this once fair country, I chanced on a local hostelry with two hours of legal time left to run. I'd only been in Hammersmith's graceful Odeon for an hour. Funny that. It seemed like a million years.

Max Bell

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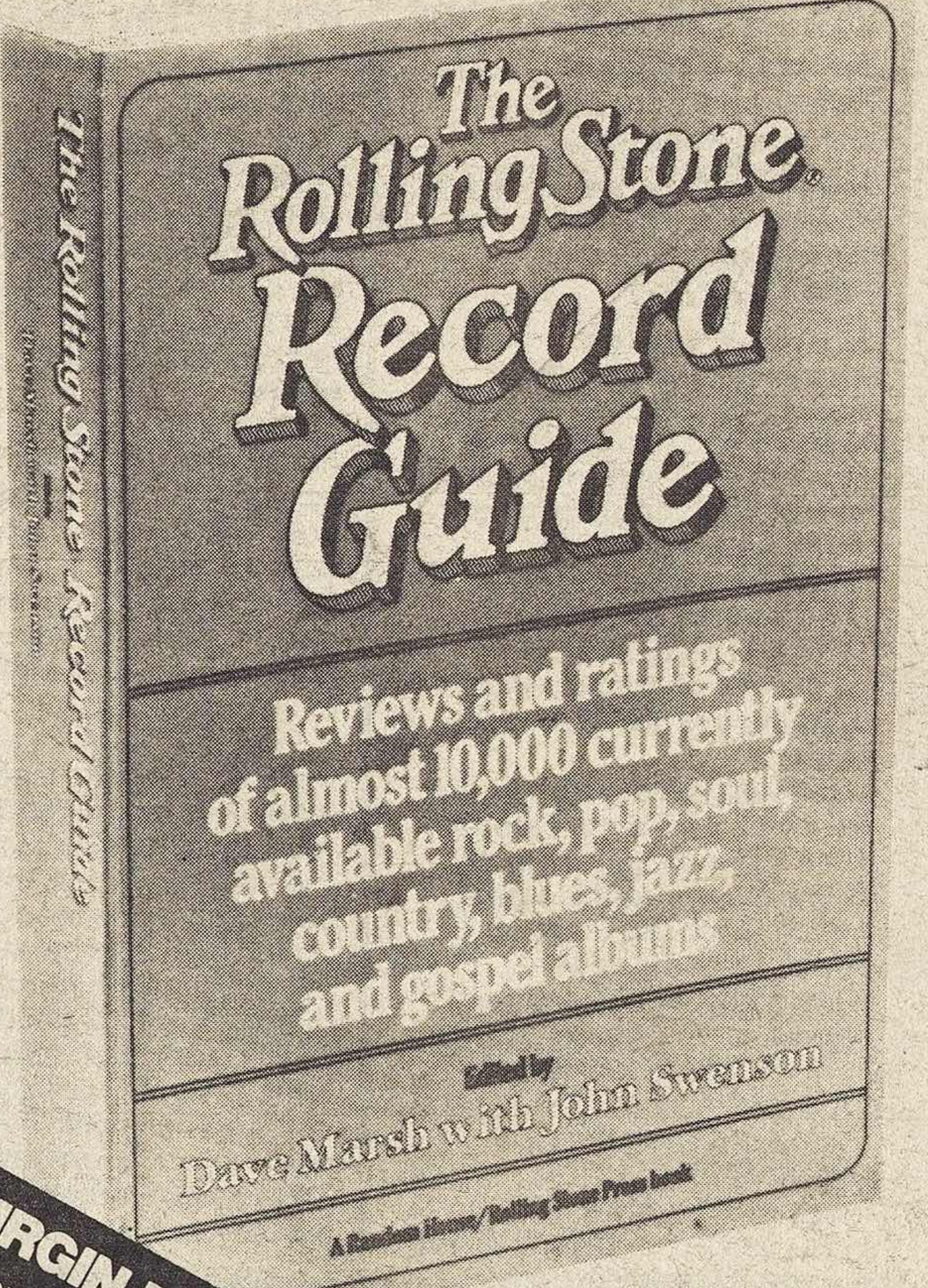
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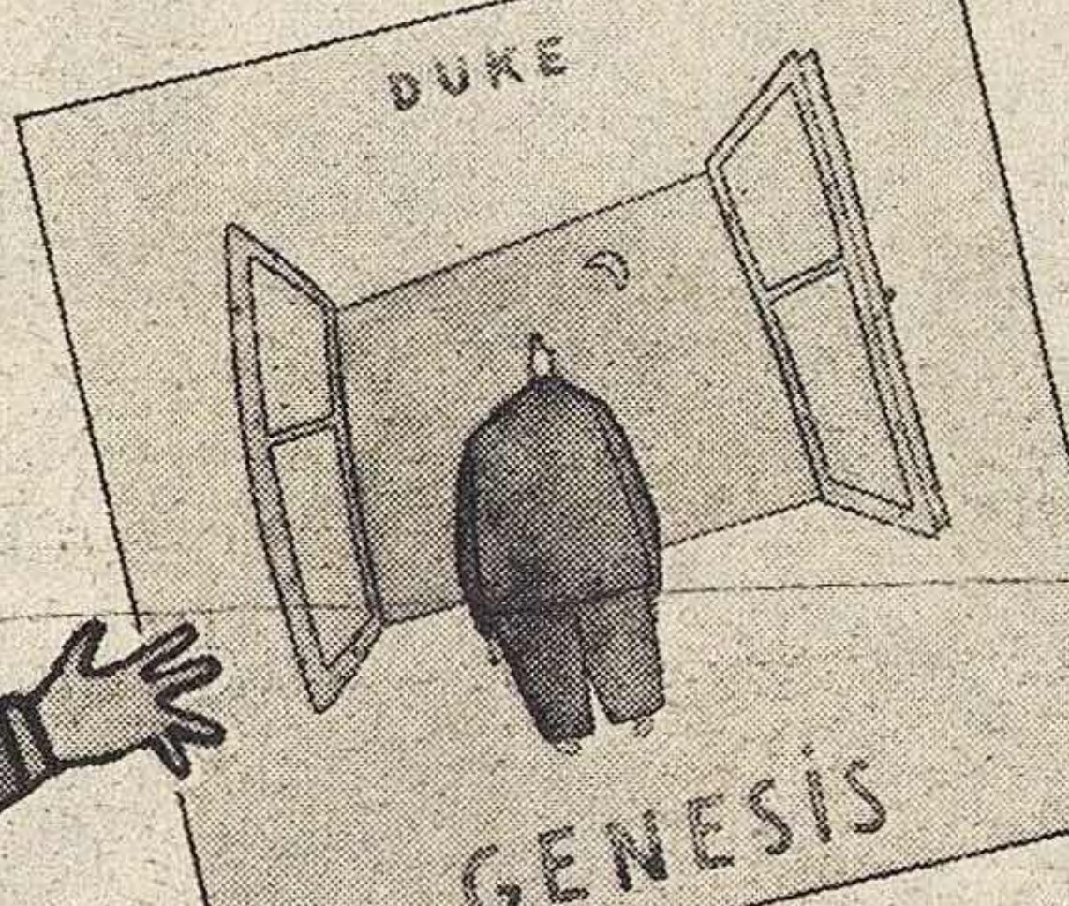

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When Time Ran Out

Directed by James Goldstone
Starring Paul Newman, Jacqueline Bisset, William Holden and Ernest Borgnine
(Warner Bros)

SURELY even disasterama big knob Irwin *Swarm Of The Towering Poseidon Cave-Ins* Allen now realises that the time has well and truly run out for his dispiriting blends of inane soap opera and cinematic cataclysms.

So a volcanic island farts forth and places a host of colourless characters in an ongoing death situation, so what?

James Goldstone directed Paul Newman once before in 1969's *Winning* and maybe they both thought it'd be a good idea to get together again. Or perhaps Mr Newman's bank manager knows something we don't.

The working title for this tripe was *The Day The World Ended,* and what really should end is this inept sort of expensive frivolity.

Monty Smith

North Sea Hijack

Directed by Andrew V. McLagen
Starring Roger Moore and Anthony Perkins *(CIC)*

MOST people go to see James Bond movies for the gadgets, the punch-ups, the car chases, and the pneumatic women. Few go to see smoothie Roger Moore.

When Moore is in a non-Bond movie, there's usually little reason to turn out. That's particularly true with this one.

The title gives the entire plot away — it's about the hijacking of an oil platform in the North Sea.

Predictably, Moore plays the hero. He's the leader of a team of frogmen required to recapture the platform, and the only surprise is his approach to the role.

Normally something of an oil slick himself, Moore is got up this time in a whiskery beard, and goes round bellowing pompously at people like a poor man's James Robertson Justice.

He hates women, loves cats, and drinks his whisky from the bottle. He also fetches out a bit of needlework from time to time, when out of the water, as though daring people to say he's bent.

Clearly this is intended to be a character part, and is no doubt supposed to be very endearing. Sadly, though Moore just comes across as a buffoon. At one point, as his paunchy figure waddles around in a red diving suit, he looks like Father Christmas in combinations. Maybe he's deliberately playing for laughs, but there's a suspicion that sometimes the humour is not intentional.

In contrast Anthony Perkins, as the hijack leader, underplays the menace so severely that he wouldn't frighten a stuffed owl.

There's a further disappointment in the pace of the direction. Andrew V. McLagen has a bit of a name for action movies, but this one is all talk and little aggro. Personally, I've seen more exciting episodes of *The Saint.*

It's a pity, really, that they didn't get Perkins to open a seaside boarding house and persuade Moore to take a shower. Preferably an early one.

Bob Edmands

R. Moore and friend: "Just who are you calling bent, Edmands?"

On The Box

Saturday April 19
BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID: The Beeb gets its money's worth from George Roy Hill's 1969 western cup-cake, a slight, light-hearted affair lent far more dignity than it's worth by Paul Newman and Robert Redford. Katherine Ross is The Girl, but watch out for Strother Martin and Ted Cassidy. **(BBC 2)**

THE DAY OF THE JACKAL: Will hired gun Edward Fox succeed in assassinating Charlie de Gaulle? Did you read the papers at the time? A pretty pointless, and overlong, exercise in phoney suspense from veteran Fred Zinnemann, circa 1973. **(ITV all regions)**

THE LOST WEEKEND: One of those classics everyone's dad tells you about, but in this case it's true. Billy Wilder's 1945 Oscar-winner is harrowing stuff as haggard Ray Milland lunges this way and that for a drink. Should put you off booze for a day or so. **(BBC 2)**

Sunday April 20
LOVE STORY: Means you'll never have to worry about audience ratings. Ali McGraw dies, Ryan O'Neal suffers. **(BBC 1)**

JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN: Shocking in the most valid sense, Dalton Trumbo's 1970 anti-war tract was predictably anathematic at the box-office. Young Joe Bonham (winningly played by Timothy Bottoms) proudly goes to fight in the Great War and is literally blown to bits; as an experiment doctors keep him alive, convinced he is merely a living organism, an undead vegetable. An astounding film, never ugly or repugnant, just tragically true and immensely affecting. **(BBC 2)**

Monday April 21
THE OFFENCE: Meaty material (by John Hopkins) in which disturbed cop Sean Connery deals with a child molester in *Law And Order* manner. Director Sidney Lumet lets a strong cast — Trevor Howard, Ian Bannen, Vivien Merchant — have its head. Made in 1972. **(BBC 1)**

Wednesday April 23
PLEASURE COVE: A 1979 TV movie starring Tom Jones as a 'charming rogue' in a tropical holiday resort. Let's all throw up. **(BBC 1)**

Monty Smith

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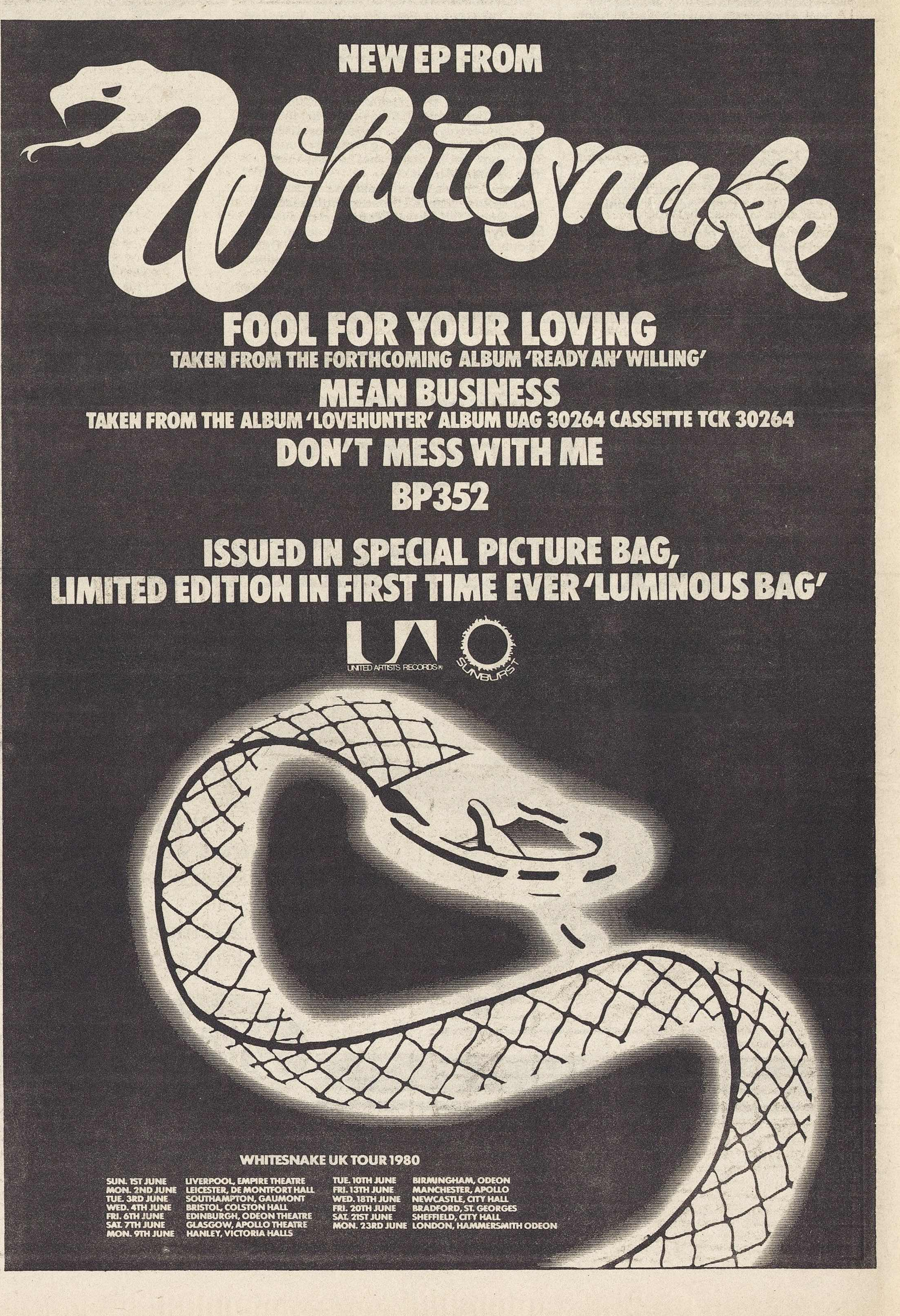

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FRI. 20TH JUNE BRADFORD, ST. GEORGES
SAT. 21ST JUNE SHEFFIELD, CITY HALL
MON. 23RD JUNE LONDON, HAMMERSMITH ODEON

THE STRIFE OF . . .

From page 7

clumsy, amiable hulk, inexpertly trying to play the perfect host. Obviously ill at ease, his discomfort is contagious. He apologises for the starkness of the house and clumsily goes through the usual social ritual of shaking hands.

"Uh . . yeah now who's doin' the interview? Oh, you! Oh! (Laughs self-consciously) OK then . . . uh (he stops to look at me). Say, how old are you? 28 . . . Wow, I'm 37. Maybe I should interview you. You look more like a rock star than me." He lets forth a disconcerting bellow, then checks himself.

I try to establish a casual rapport with Wilson whose sense of discomfort is becoming ever more imposing. I remark that Carl mentioned that this new house was fitted out with hot tubs, a health spa and a sauna.

"Sauna?" The word appears totally to disorientate him. He looks mystified for a moment, then suddenly lurches up.

"Hey! I'll show ya something really great about this place. Wanna see it?" He immediately motions towards the large bay windows "This is really neat." He simply opens the windows.

"See? Air! Fresh air! Umm Healthy! Let's keep 'em open. Umm. Neat! Huh! . . . Healthy!

Brian slumps back onto the couch. I suddenly notice the presence of a third party. "Oh, this is Diane." Brian awkwardly introduces his blonde companion who looks 16 and constantly has this inane grin on her face. She looks exactly like the perfect stereotype for an acid casualty waitress at an LA health food restaurant in a Woody Allen movie, 'cept Allen would probably name her Starchild or Moonbeam.

This vision of inane serenity — all teeth and cut-off jeans — beams forth throughout the interview. I find myself wondering just what she and Wilson must talk about when they're alone, and shudder at the thought.

"OK FIRE away". Another good-natured chuckle.

I mention certain songs that Wilson wrote that were a presage for the more intimate style of ballad that would reach total fruition on 'Pet Sounds'. Wilson looks shocked for a second, before declaring, "Hey, emotional, those songs are very emotional maybe too . . . No, I forget . . . Yeah, when you make music that emotional it can really get to you, y'know."

Brian and his Moon beam

Before I can ask another question or Wilson can settle on a train of thought, he goes off on some weird tangent.

"Say, what's the weather like over in England? Boy, I'm lookin' forward to comin' over. I haven't been to London since . . . oh, wow . . . 1964! Yeah, wow! Long time."

I don't even bother to remind him that he and The Beach Boys played London three years ago at a CBS convention.

With a small transistor radio placed next to the couch — the only sign of music in this vast desolate room — blaring out some anonymous AM hit as we speak, I ask Wilson if he listens to the radio a lot? Does he check out new sounds?

"No, I've only been listening to the radio for a week. Ever since the new album's been out. Haven't heard it played much. Don't know why. Seems like we're going through a real bad spell."

Wilson refers to 'we' constantly, presumably meaning The Beach Boys. Considering that he spent much of the '70s in exile from the group and at one point tried to totally destroy all bonds between himself and them, I enquire whether he views his musical career in terms beyond the group. He looks pained, then pensive.

"No, not at all. It's all I've got, y'know. The group."

So what gives him the most pleasure in life?

Again, the question is received with another wince and another pensive stare.

"Well, I'll tell ya one thing. I'm not into women anymore. (Pause). Music probably. Yeah, definitely. I like to sit down at the piano, y'know. Playing those chords. I love the way they look.

"Plus playing live. That's the biggest thrill. It's real spiritual."

When I ask him to define the term 'spiritual', he looks at me as if I'm crazy. By now, the pauses are getting longer and Joe Stevens' camera shutter clicking is causing Wilson to flinche as if tortuous electric shocks were being sent through his system. The man is obviously in pain, struggling to articulate for himself whilst his whole nervous system appears to be rebelling against his will.

It is becoming more and more painful, more exasperating to try and communicate with him. Certain reference points suddenly make him shudder. I name a song from the new album that I particularly like and he screams.

"I hate that song! I hate that song!"

Why did you put it on the record?

"I didn't. Bruce . . ."

This is becoming horrific. We talk about ego-something Wilson once had in excess and now seems to be without.

"Yeah, I used to be real . . . *competitive.* Not anymore, though.

"Hey, did you hear that Elton John song 'Ego'? I thought that was real funny. No, but like I say, ego can be dangerous. It can destroy you — that drive. It almost killed me. Almost drove me insane."

Wilson is now chain-smoking, flicking the ash into his half-eaten salad. Occasionally he digs a fork into the mess of chopped vegetables and cigarette ash.

"I don't see my mother much. She doesn't like The Beach Boys. Not since father died . . . My father and I, we never got on. He used to come down really hard on me. We used to fight all the time . . . No, I don't see anything for me beyond The Beach Boys. It's like they're all I've got, Y'know. No, I don't want to make a solo record. I don't see myself making music as strong as some of the old stuff ever again.

"Why? I don't know why. You dry up! I guess. It's like . . ."

Suddenly, he shudders and obviously in pain, lurches up from the couch and stammers an apology.

"I'm sorry. I feel real tired. It's late and I've got to see my psychiatrist real early tomorrow. Maybe we can talk some more then."

SO, I'VE got my Brian Wilson interview, exactly 30 minutes in all. Feeling numb, slightly nauseous and desperate for some fresh air, I walk straight to the car. Johnny Black is standing staring at the house. He is speechless. Joe takes one final snap of the empty living room. It has been a gruelling encounter and I feel like a parasite for intruding on Brian Wilson's private hell.

Brian 's back — almost.

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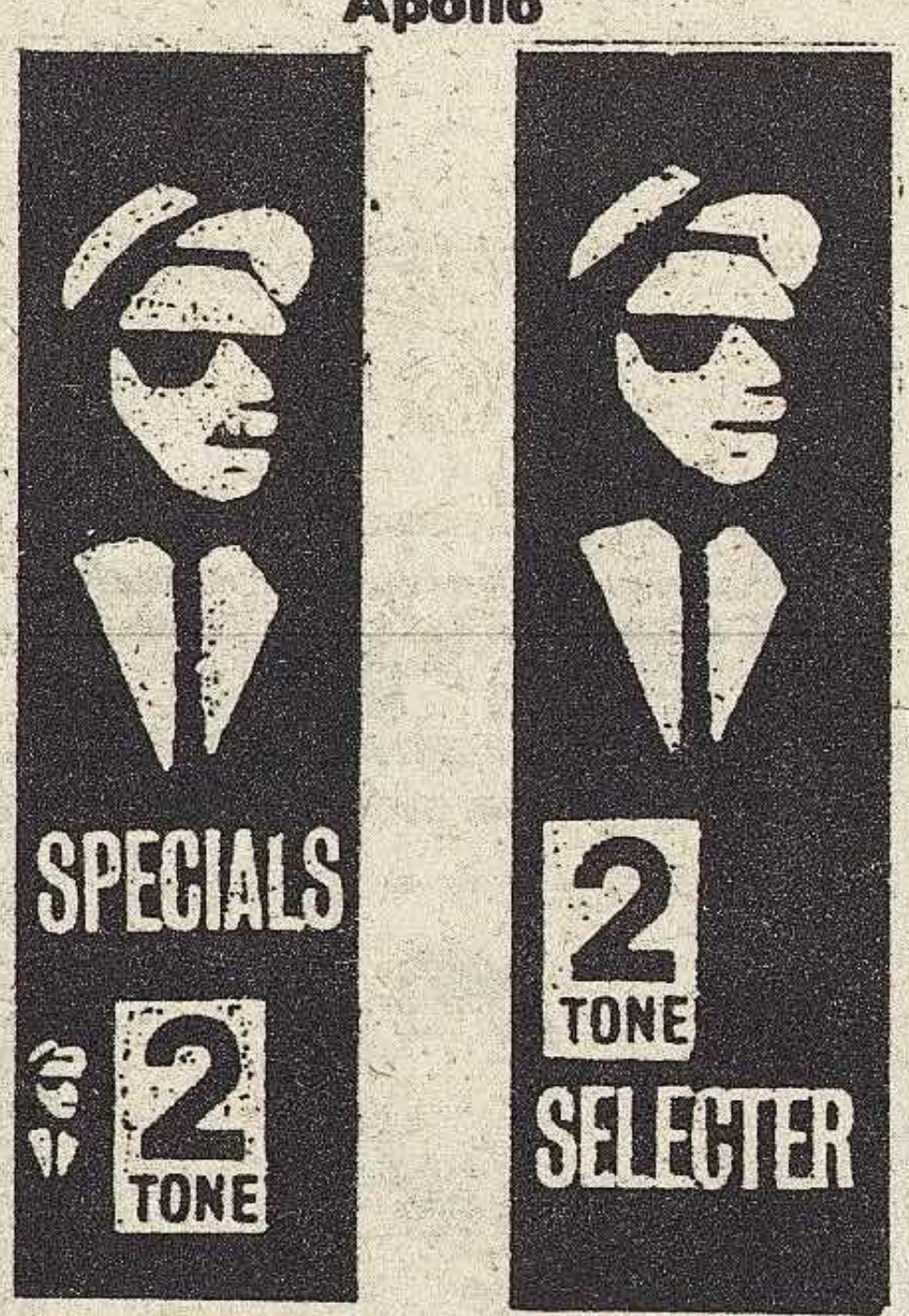

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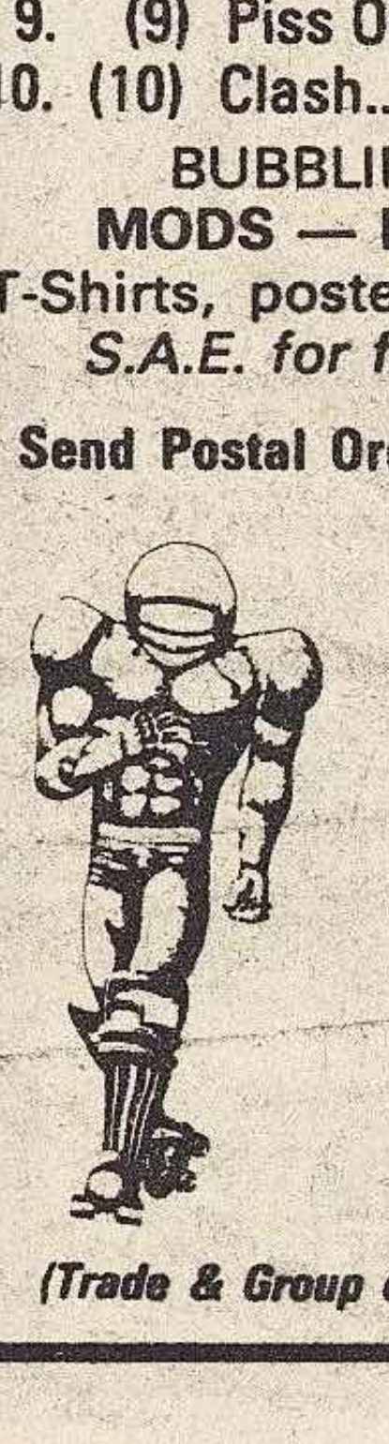

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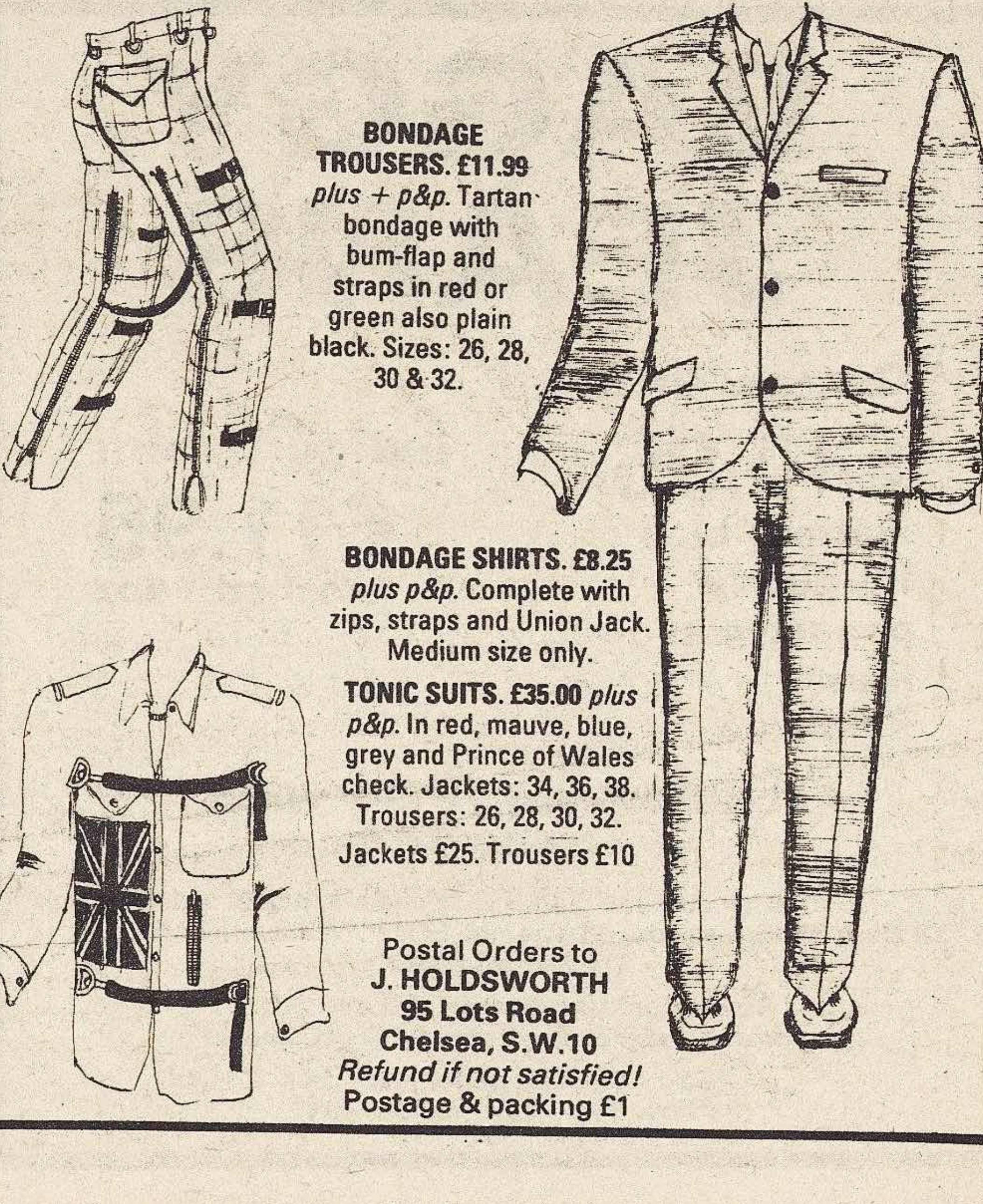

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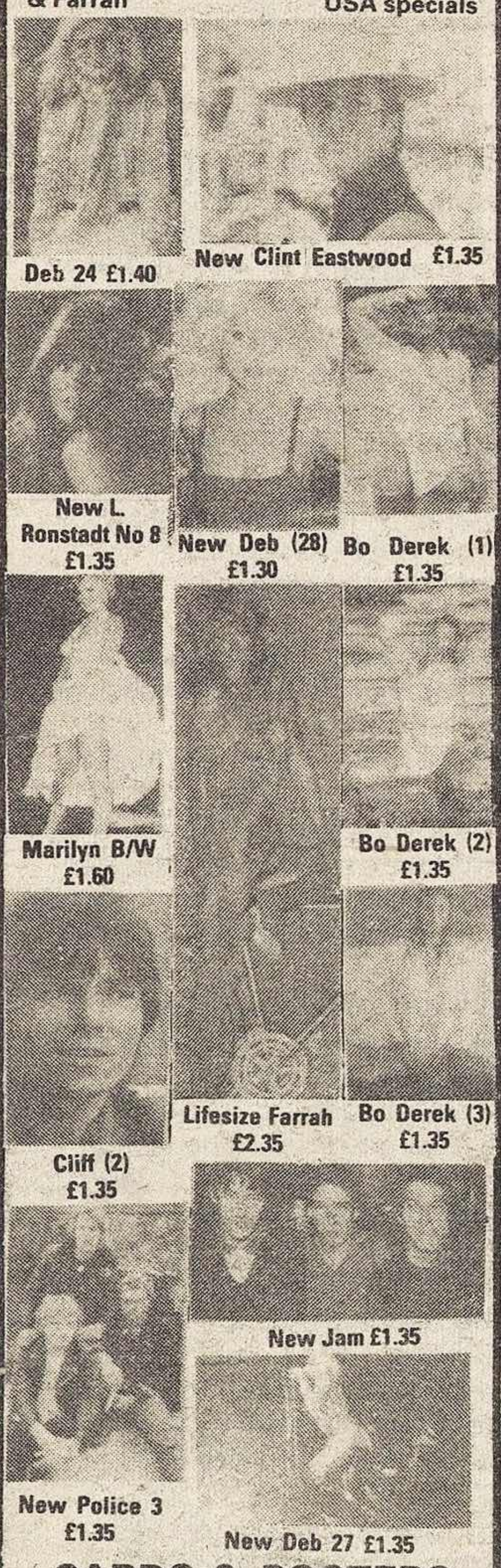

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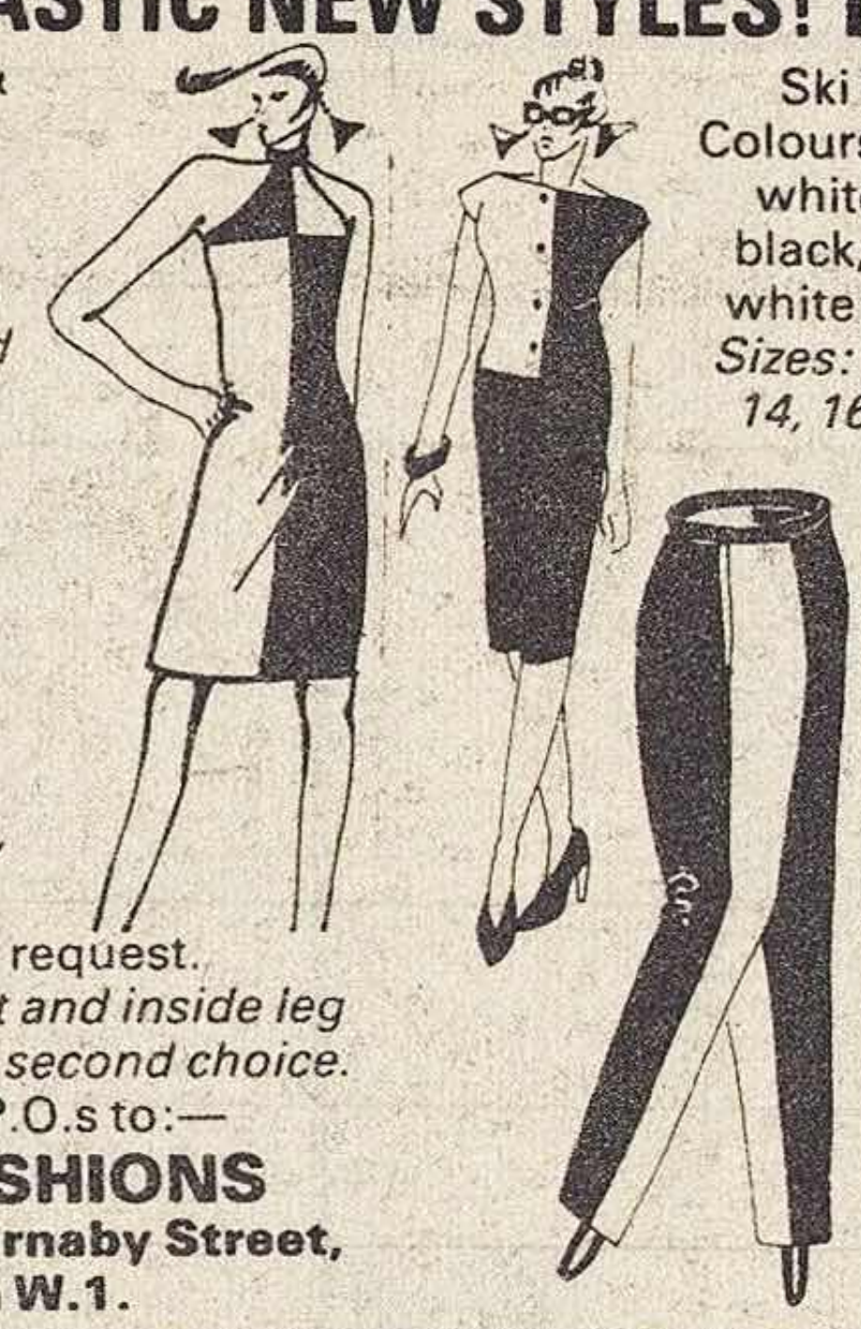

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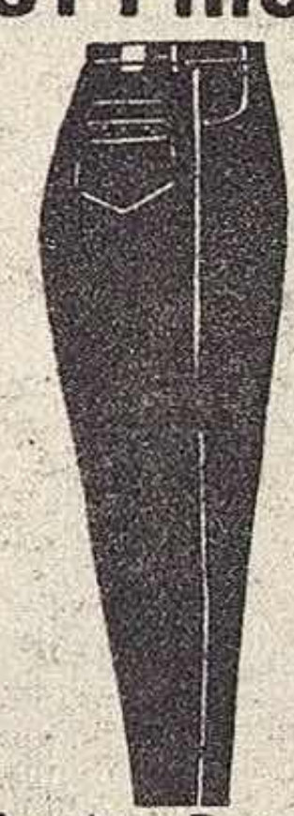

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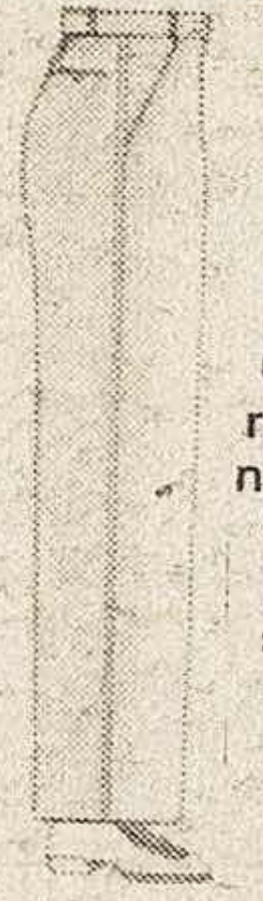

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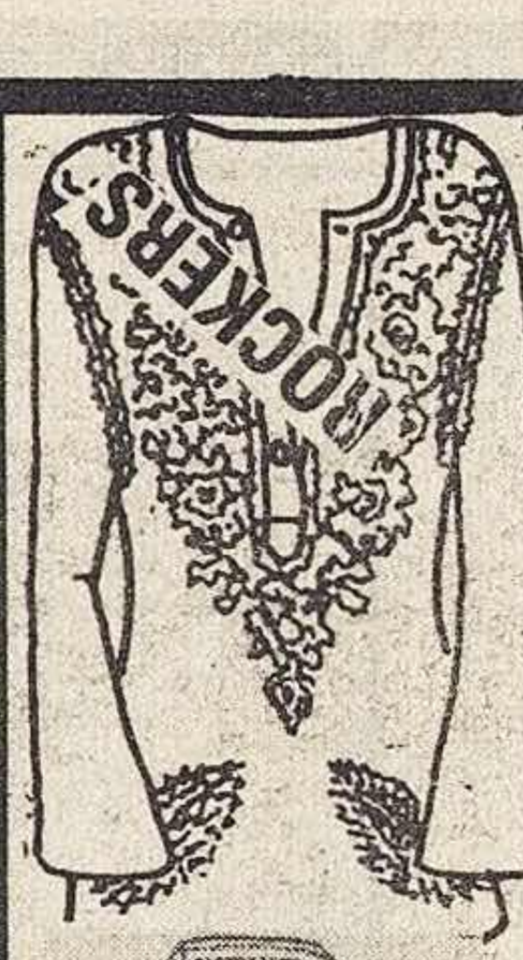

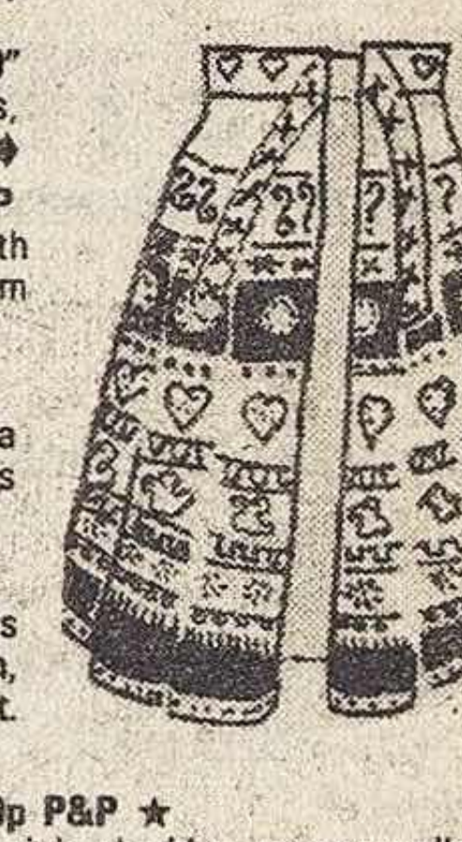

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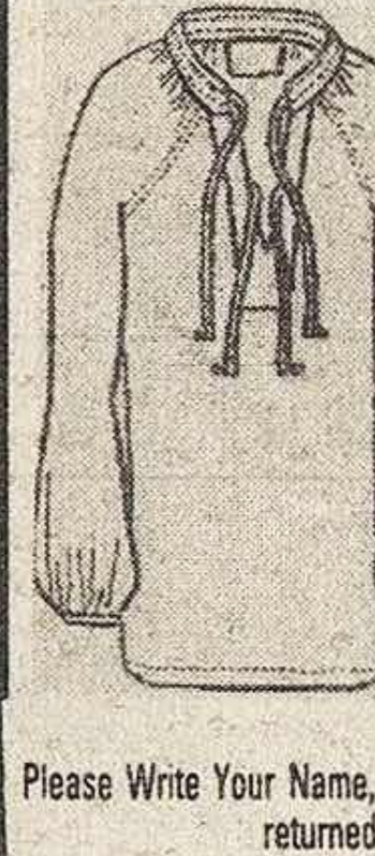

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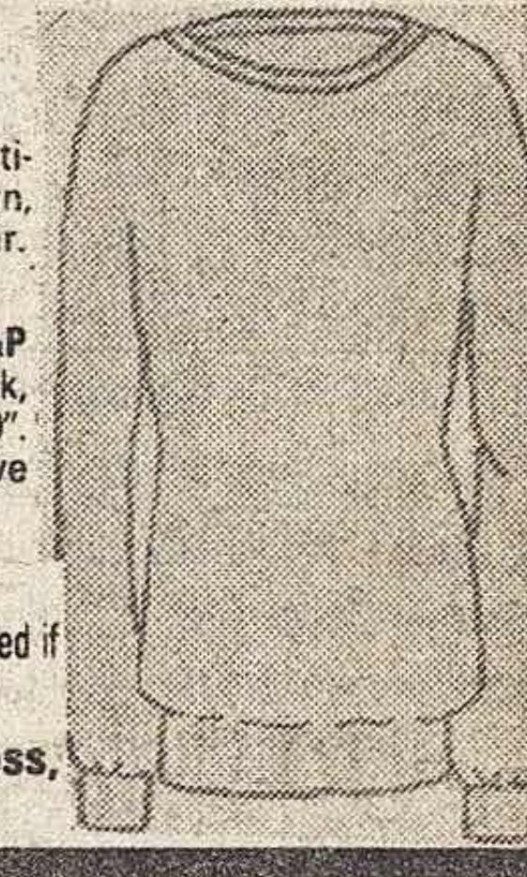

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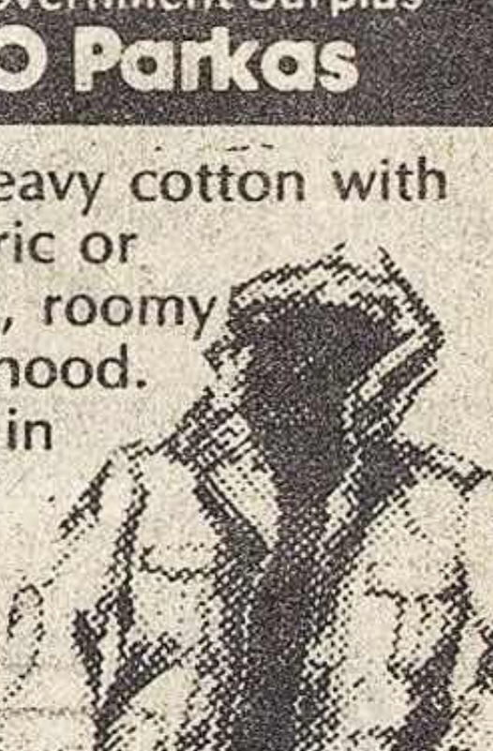

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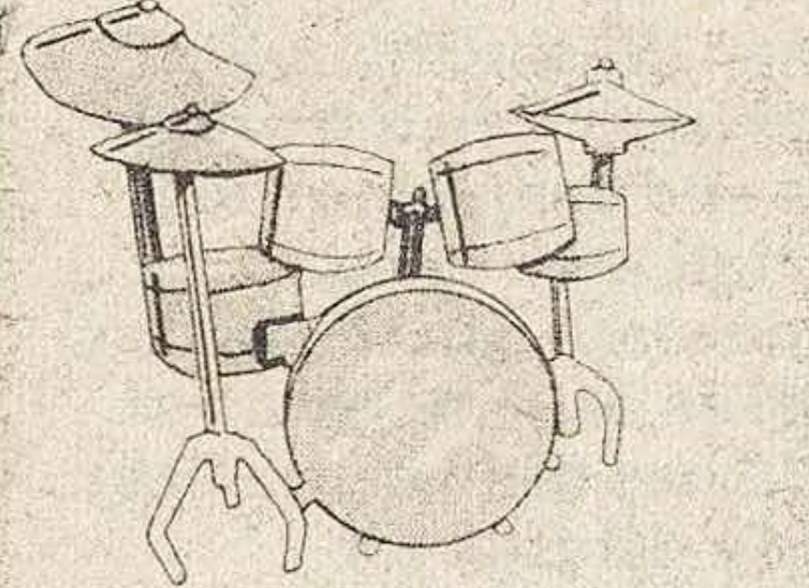

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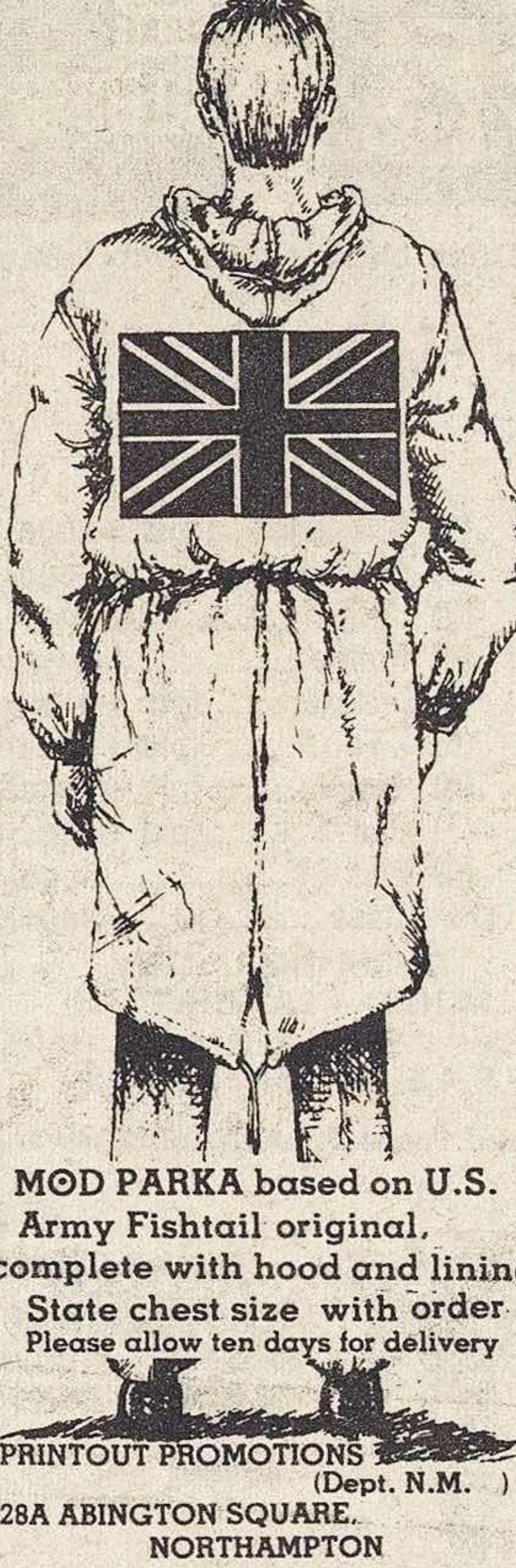

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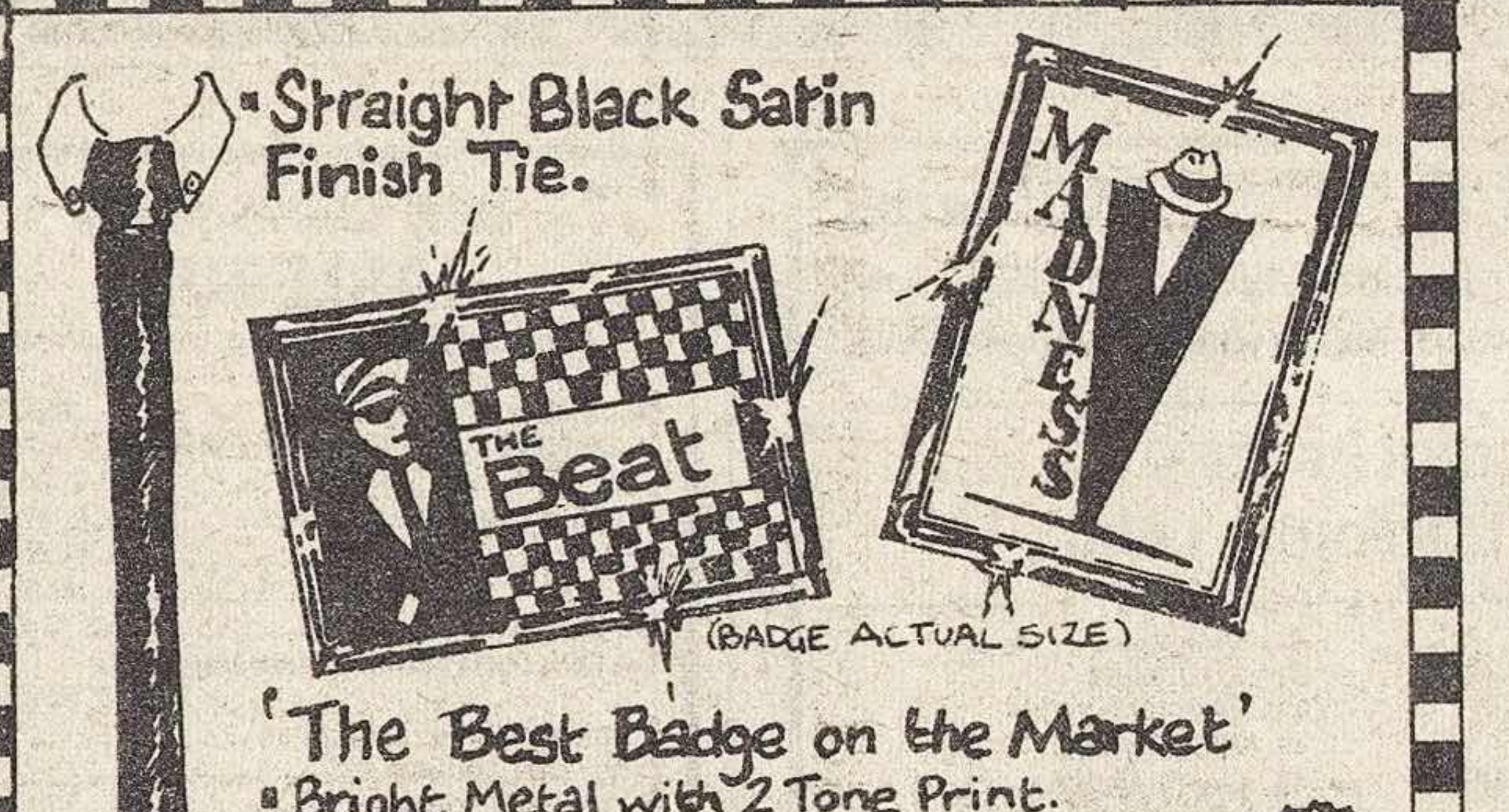

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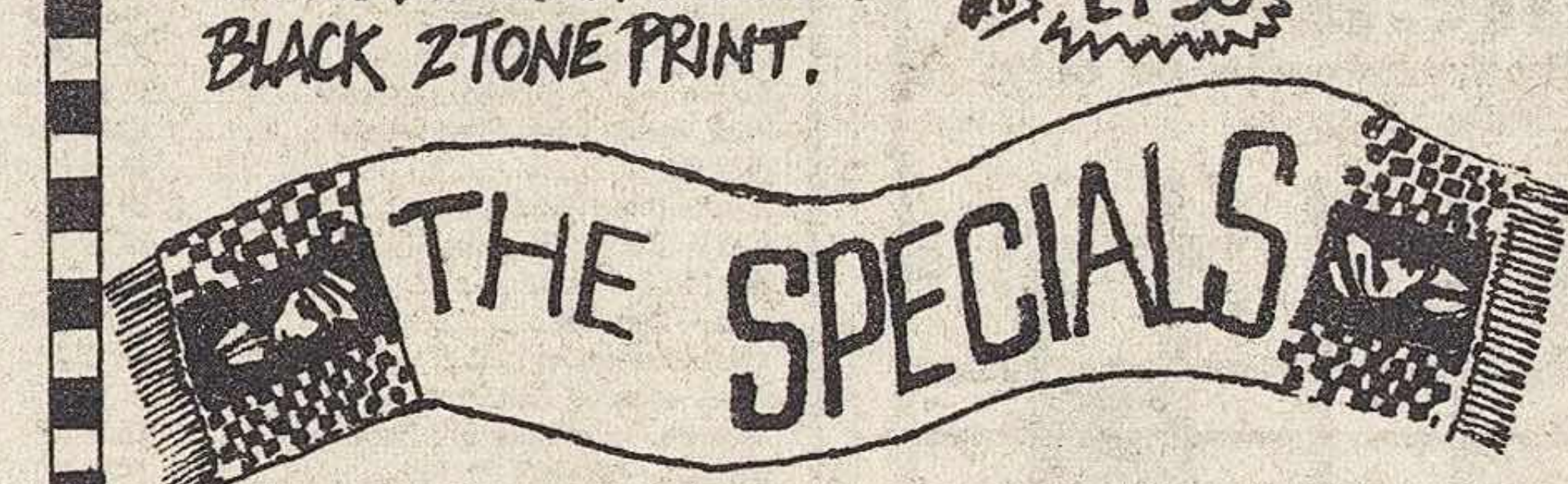

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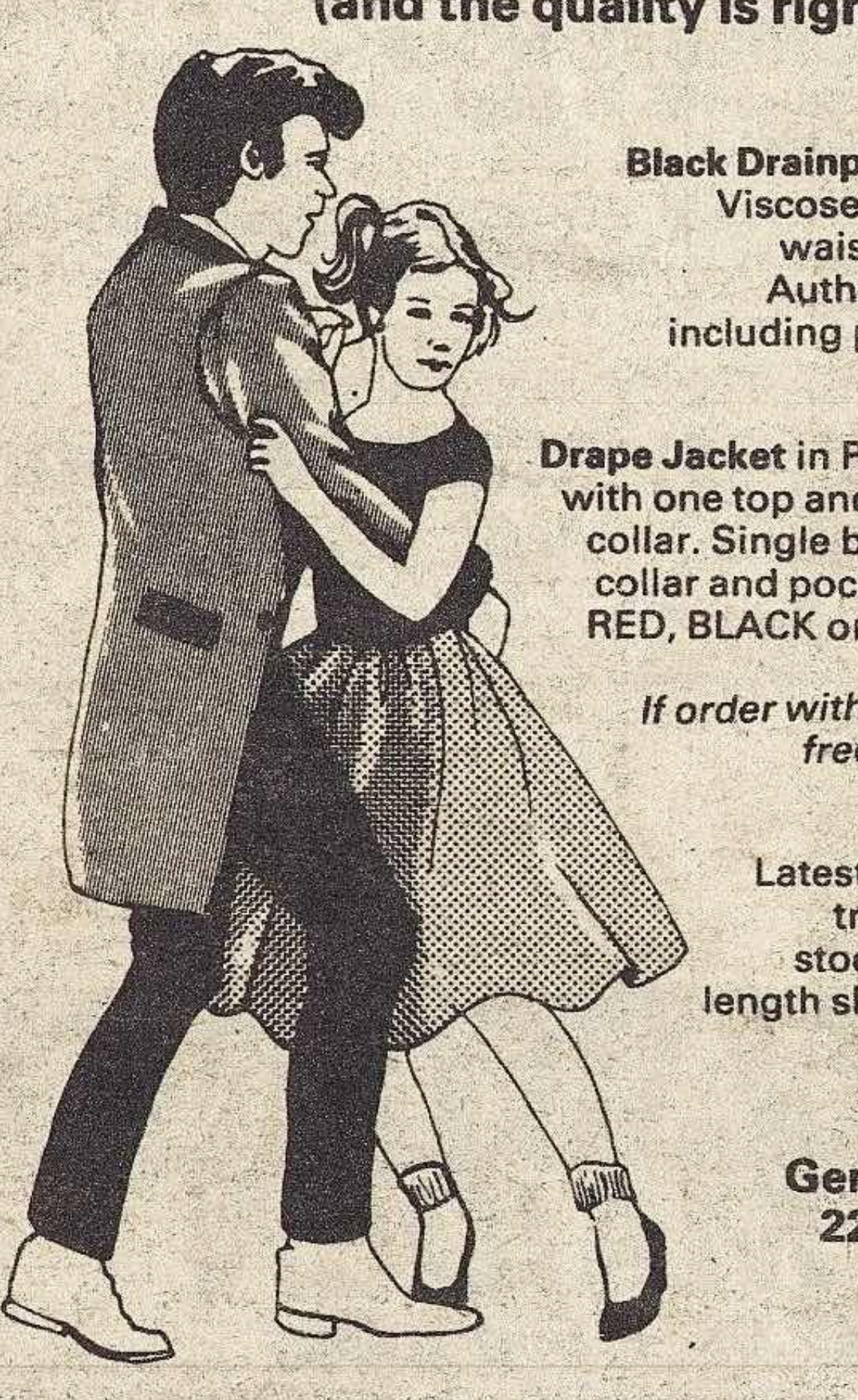

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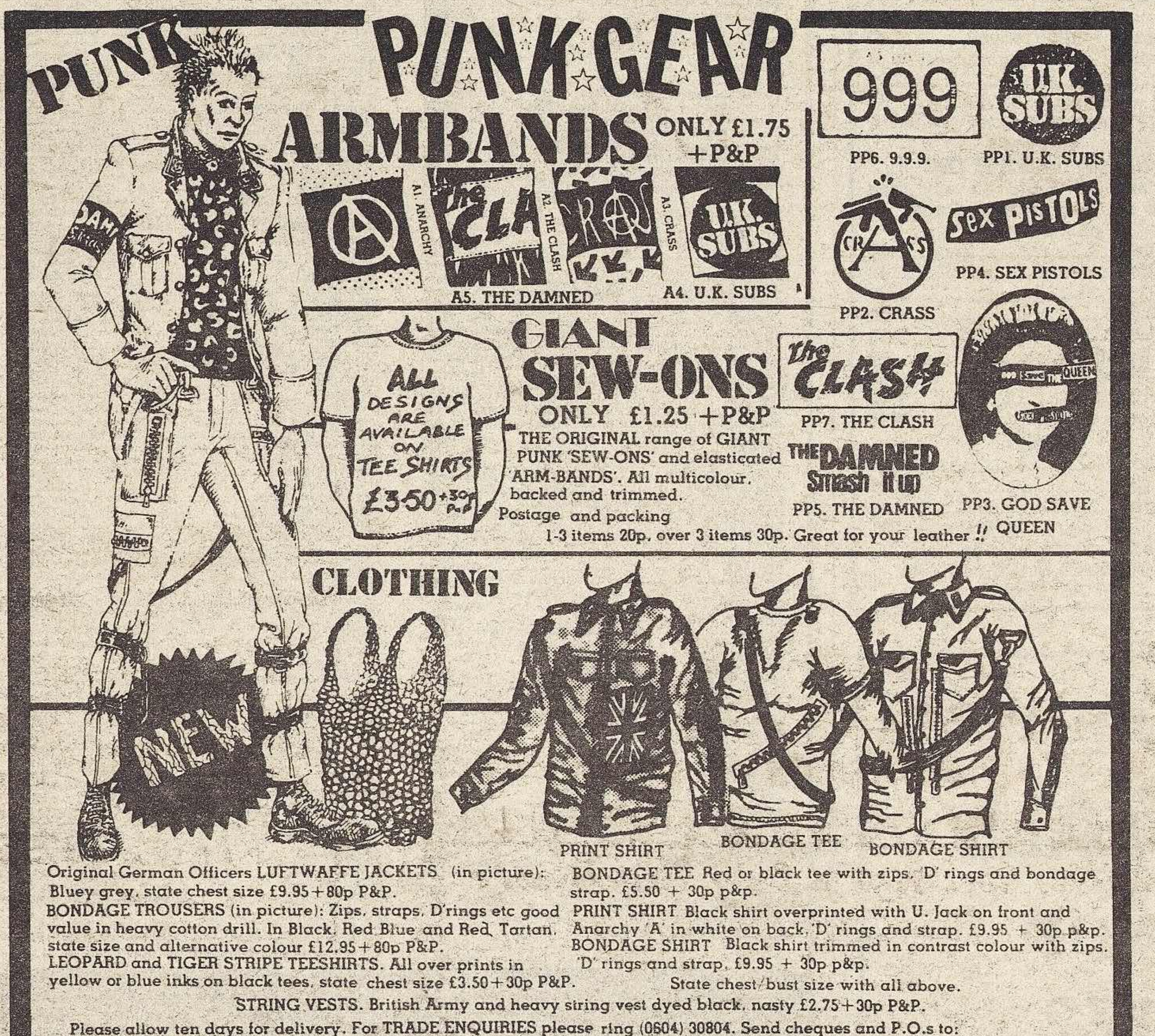

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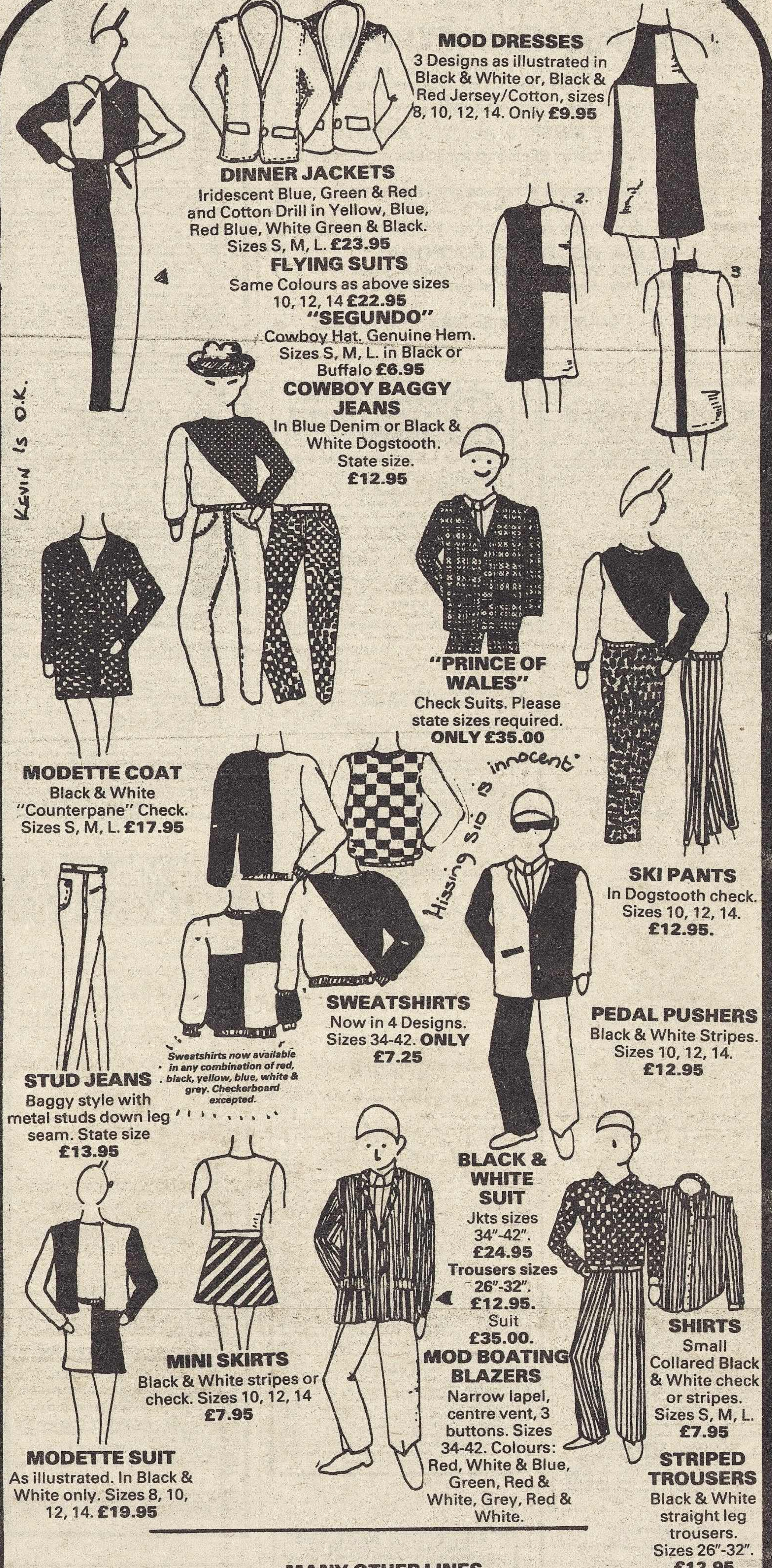

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PETE

From page 35

The spark-off for the song was when I read *Ecclesiastes* again and it was so powerful it just reminded me of the way Britian was today. Everyone walks around complaining about one thing and another, but when they're talking about futility, if you're talking about Britain as a country with a history and an empire, they're talking about futility after a consummation. Bringing it closer to home, to my age group, after winning the war you end up with fuck all.

You got King Solomon talking about how after he's fucked everybody and had everything and gone through everything, the only piece of advice he's got is that life is useless. But it also contains some great inspirational poetry: *"There is a time"* and *all* that but it really reminded me of a lot of Persian Sufi poetry, that it's only in desperation that you become spiritually open.

In other words, religion is action.

I don't know what religion is. It's a machine that surrounds spiritual need. Spirituality is the need, and religion is the junk food, really, and what's amazing about finding something like *Ecclesiastes* in the Bible is to realise that what it is is a *refutation* of religion as society and junk food, if you like. It's to say 'Listen, you won't get what you want through sex, through people, money, through over-eating, through triumph, through anything. The only way you'll get it is by getting on your hands and knees and asking for it'.

Spirituality to me is about the *asking* not the answers, and I still do find it a very romantic proposition, that you hold up an empty glass and say, 'Right. If you're there, *fill it*'. The glass is empty because you have emptied it. *You* were in it originally. That's why it's only when you're at your lowest ebb, when you believe yourself to be nothing, when you believe yourself to be worthless, when you're in a state of futility, that you produce an empty glass.

Because normally, *you* occupy the glass. By emptying or vacating the glass, you give God a chance to enter it. You get yourself out of the way. In a sense, it's to do with semantics, but ultimately, you vacate. You ask for help.

I can't back this up, but I think that when I've *sincerely* prayed, I've got an answer of some sort. Not in the ways that I've ever imagined I'd get an answer, but I've got one. If you go on challenging life, saying 'Why won't life do something for me? Why am I the one who's always losing?' then all you're doing is perpetuating life as is, the idea that life revolves around you as the centre of the universe, which is not true. It's not realistic and it's not practical.

You're just another fucking cog in the wheel and you're nothing. You only mean something — and you only become something when you believe yourself to be nothing. That's why I put that little footnote on the cover, which was only a repeat of something Meher Baba said: "If you want nothing, then you've got everything".

But unless you have everything you cannot want nothing.

I don't think you can put it in that order. It's not debatable in that sense. It might be possible to say that it's someone like the guy in *Ecclesiastes* who has enjoyed everything who can say, 'Life is futile'. But it's apparent to me that a lot of kids today who are teenagers grew up in horrible and dire situations and they've got fuck all and *they* feel life is futile in much the same way that the jaded king in *Ecclesiastes* thinks that life is futile.

It depends what trigger is required to get you to that point of being desperate enough to actually ask for help.

THE line "He laid me back like an empty dress" *in 'And I Moved' is the weirdest line on the whole album.*

I don't really know what that's about. Originally I wrote it as a song about a voyeur, but it went through some permutations. A lot of people feel that it's about me and my father or me and Meher Baba or me and a relationship with a woman, but I listened to it last night because I was checking the pressings, and I thought it was a bit like an admission of homosexual tendencies. 'Rough Boys' is more of a paternal thing, but 'And I Moved' is very peculiar and I think it's probably best not to try and explain it.

But originally I wrote it when Bette Midler's manager had written to me and said that she was doing an album and she liked what I wrote and asked if I could send her a song. He said, 'Make it a bit *dirty*, because that's the kind of thing that she likes'. So I sent it to her and heard nothing for a couple of months, and then I heard from him and he said, 'I couldn't really give it to her because it's *smutty*'. I said, 'What?? You *asked* for something dirty'. And he said, 'It isn't dirty; it's *smutty*'.

One of the purest pieces of schoolboy poetry I've ever written. You see it on paper: 'And I moved towards him *dot dot dot* Pete Townshend 6B'. Followed immediately by a pen drawing by Penarric, 7C.

This thing that I was talking about before about the empty glass, it's this whole thing about the innocence and purity of the heart, and whatever you do the heart will remain pure. But you have to go out and suffer life; you can't just sit there going, 'I am pure. Peace will come to me'. The song's about this guy sitting at the bar and waiting for life to come to him and say, 'You have won a star prize!'

One of the things that struck me about 'Gonna Get You' is that the girl in the song is virtually incidental to the narrator.

That song's nonsense, it's just a word game. I don't think it means anything.

Well, it does whether you meant it or not. The narrator wants the girl not because of any qualities he sees in her, but because he's uptight about himself and she's a means of reassurance.

Isn't that the only reason anybody ever pulls anyone? I'm talking about *pulling*, not falling in love.

ON THE cover, you appear with two conventionally gorgeous models while wearing a halo. Is there any reason for this?

Bob Carlos Clarke did the cover, and he normally does semi-erotic stuff, a bit like Helmut Newton but better. British photographer: he has to have women in his photographs. I asked him to do the cover and he said he'd love to, but it had to have women in it. At one point I was going to call the album 'Sacred Animal' . . .

One thing it does reflect is that one of the weirdest things that's happened to me over the last three or four years is that all of a sudden I've initiated this process, not so much of growing up as not caring about looking a bit of an idiot, saying the wrong thing or being told that you're wet. That's one of the most important requirements if you're going to pull successfully. There's nothing more annoying than someone who is so full of their own self-consciousness that they can't be themselves in front of you. And the last three of four years of my life have been so full of the discovery of women.

I wouldn't say that it was a fulfilling thing, but the last time I took such a step forward was when I was at art school. Discovering that women actually talked to men — having been to a boys' school. Discovering that women were actually approachable human beings. Single-sex schools breed all these attitudes . . . sometimes you hear geezers in the pub going poofters this and poofters that and I feel like saying, 'Try a cock up your arse sometime, you might like it'.

What's embarrassing about it, what's *hurting* about it is that it not so much makes you question your own feelings, but it makes you realise that you're not free, and anything that inhibits freedom is — in the end — damaging.

It's not just society, but in rock. People in rock imagine that they're so incredibly fucking liberated and anarchistic, but they're not. They're so incredibly closed up and macho, and in many ways rock is more reactionary than the rest of society, because the business side of it is so super-corporate, the money flow of it so controlled, and the forefront of it is so commando-trained, so macho, so concerned with uniforms and hardness.

I would never do a Tom Robinson, but it was refreshing that he nearly managed to do it within a rock framework. But it's easier in rock and roll to look tough rather than to be tough, since everyone in rock and roll believes what you look like anyway.

I ain't tough. In a way, I was tough and we were tough because I decided to do what I wanted to do. If I want to go to Regines, I go to fucking Regines. That isn't to say that Regines is the greatest place on earth, but neither is the Goldhawk. Neither is the arcade down Wardour Street where I also spend a lot of time, but I think I should be free to do what I want to do. But I think the problem is that in rock, the *music* has become that macho.

It's interesting the way that certain threads of balance have started to push their way back again. It's slow, but it's happening. It's almost like a reaction. It has to filter back through so much shit. Maybe it will, maybe it won't.

I mean, *I* can get away with a song like 'I Am An Animal', but for someone new, people would laugh. I mean, Roger says it's a pompous song and I say, 'If you feel pompous, be pompous'.

Do you think rock will ever conquer its need to be tough?

Well, a lot of people in rock *are* genuinely tough, like your Daltreys are genuinely tough, and I'm very brutal with words. I think, 'Yeah, it has to be tough because it mirrors high energy'. In rock, low energy is only permitted if its spiky, bitter or profaning. Rock has to be tough, and I think a lot of rock isn't pretending, I think it genuinely *is* tough, and I think a hell of a lot of the bands that have made it are very, very tough people with an awful lot of stamina, people like Keith Richards.

To last 20 years in this business you need to have an awful lot of stamina and an awful lot of toughness and to care fuck all for anybody but most of all fuck all for yourself.

The reason it has to be tough is that you need to be that way to get people's attention, to convince people that you're serious. If you don't shout at the top of your fucking voice in this world, people don't think you *care*. You either do it with weight of words, or like the skinheads of this world, with the weight of fists or with the weight of chords. But I don't think there's any question that it's the weight of chords which is the most effective.

For the less musically or verbally erudite, a bottle over the head is the next best thing. And I know it's not necessarily to be applauded, but everybody uses their own method. And it has to be brutal and it has to be direct, and it has to be aggressive, because rock is not just music.

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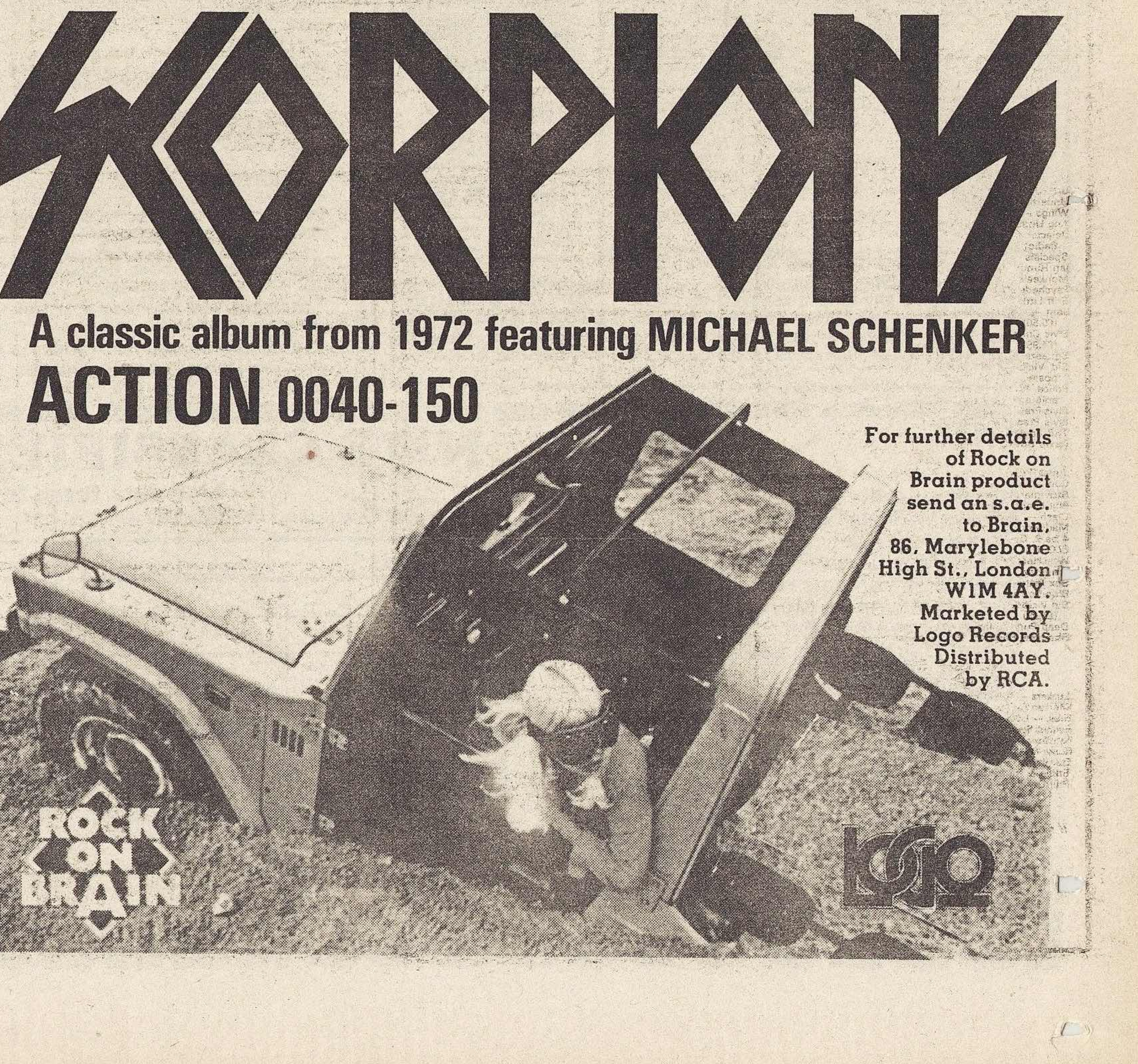

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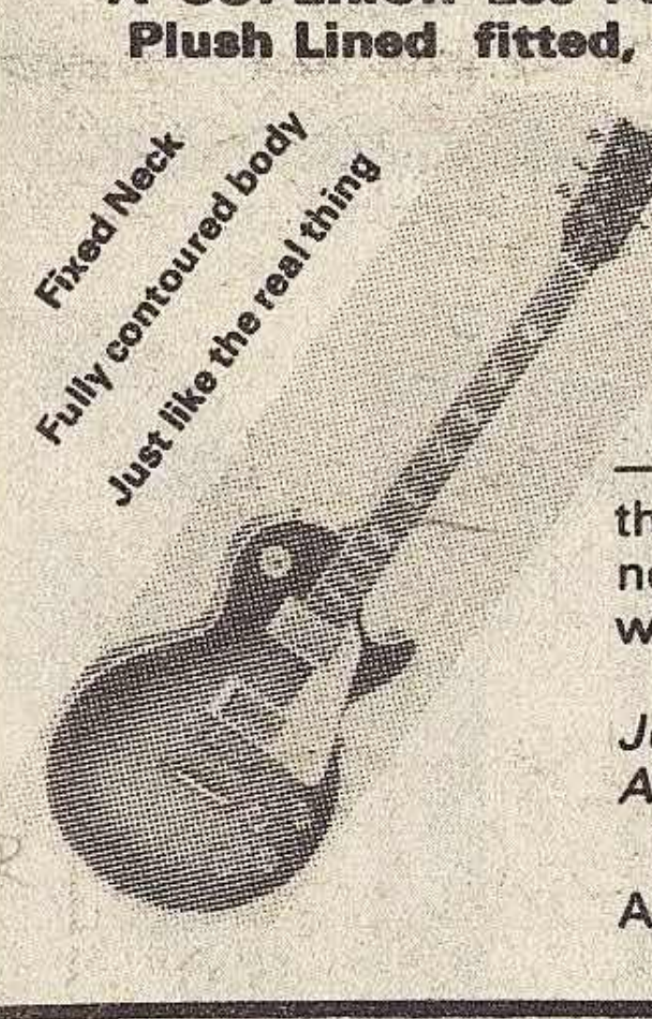

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More Singles

From page 20

THE REVILLOS: Scuba Scuba (DinDisc). God knows I've tried to like the Revillos but their arch Scottish pop gets right up my nose. Lots of style and no discernible content. This one's all underwater *Fireball XL5* and an up from the deep chorus. Fey.

DEFECTORS: Target Baby (The Louder Label). Deadly serious stuff with a smattering of Banshees in the concept and a bit of Nico in the vocal. Dead end music that comes on heavy and induces rapid yawning.

PROTEX: A Place In Your Heart (Polydor). The Irish Protex popsters have softened up and toned down. The adrenalin rush on their early singles has been replaced with smooth, mannered rock steps. 'Jeepster' is on the flip so it's not exactly value for money.

PRODUCT: Can You See (Bugle). A restrained piece of sinister love that benefits from a casual distancing of emotion on the singer's part and a bloody good production.

DEE AND THE MONITORS: Play With Fire (Ariola). Blondie meets 'Baba O'Reilly'. Beware the implications of the cover boast. This isn't the newtown sound.

RUTS: staring At The Rude Boys (Virgin). A plodding celebration of all things masculine, macho rituals and ignorance a by-product. Couldn't they find something a tad more original to exercise their tawdry imaginations upon? Don't start placing your bets.

TUXEDOMOON: What Use? (Ralph Records). From the Cryptic Corp. Irritation and indulgence hold hands on the Golden Gate Bridge in a ritual as old as the word itself. New pap.

2 TIMERS: Living For The Week End (2 Timer). Audie Willert's New York combo develop that *de rigeur* social conscience but don't possess the *je ne sais quoi* needed to impress the British fraternity. All mouth and trousers. Betcha real pissed, huh man? Far out. Weekend songs never used to be this boring.

BONEY M: My Friend Jack (Atlantic). Awful old tat that was bad enough by Smoke and is marginally worse when performed by these spineless scoundrels. From their current hits album.

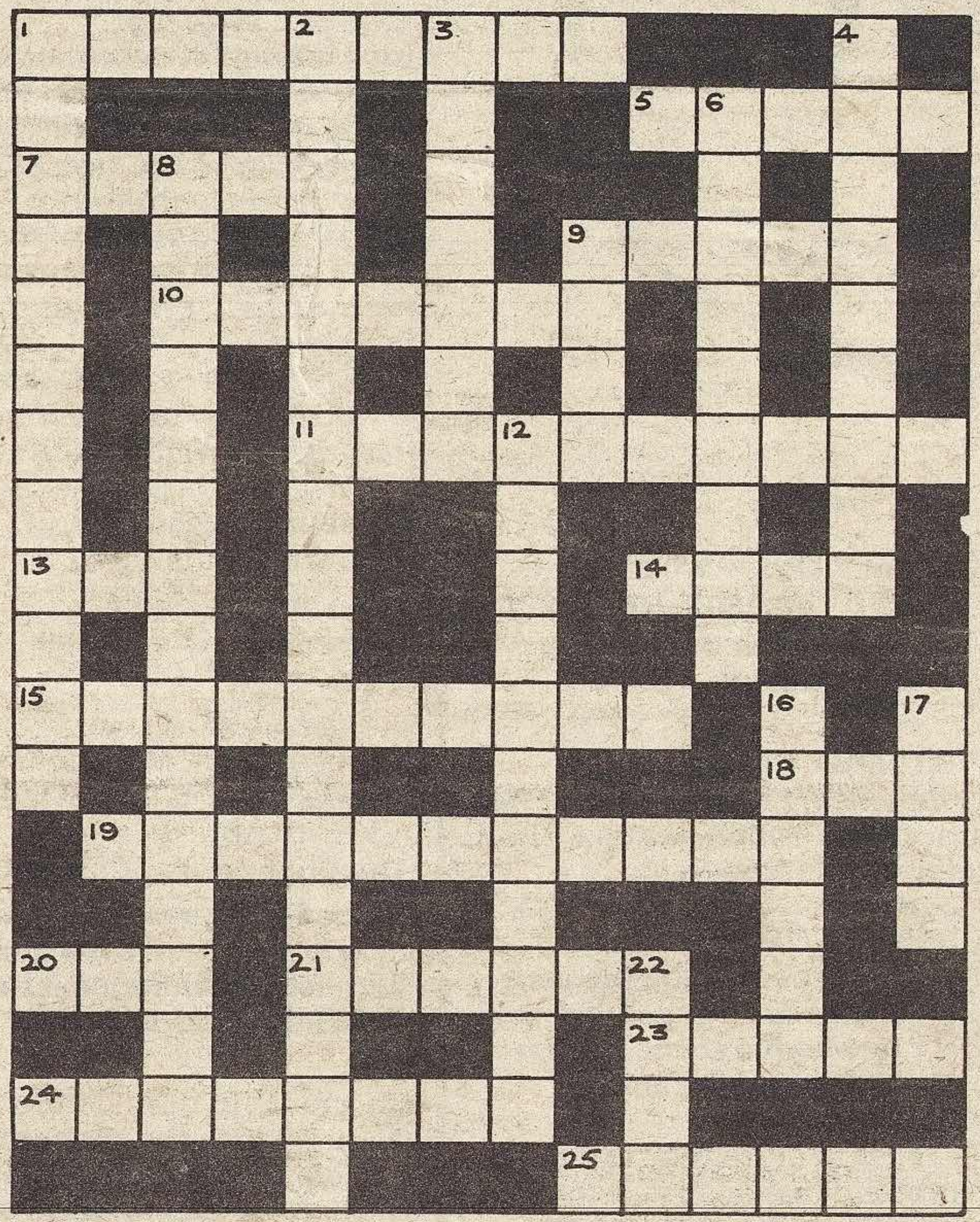
CAMERA 3: Russians In Space (Service). Bone jarring guitar and right of Gang of Four sentiments. So what else is new?

THERMOMETERS: 20th Century Girl (Fokker). Accomplished orthodox treatment on an ordinary song. The flip 'New Town Refugee/Stole Your Drugs' is less lazy, but you'll need to crank it unnaturally high to get the rush. From Edinburgh.

THE CHORDS: Something's Missing (Polydor). Clumsy power pop confusion. Conservative hooks stumble into each other at great speed, and none of them caught me. In the same week that 'Ogden's Nut Gone Flake' is re-issued it occurs to me that the new mods are getting short-changed. Why do you still want to be a mod when you could be a face?

JO ALLEN & THE SHAPES: Crying Over You (415). Jo Allen is an exiled Englishman (aka Allen Powell, former member of Tanz Der Youth and Hawkwind) turned songwriter with a commercial bent (Robert Palmer and Rachel Sweet have covered his material, if you're interested). His solo venture here is plain, forgettable and undemanding pop.

NME EXPRESSWORD



ACROSS

1 Some sort of aggro from Squeeze (4,5)
5 & 17 Beatles LP/also where they made their most famous recordings
7 Motorheadbanger
9 Jimmy/-----/Richard
10 Cleveland weird boys (4,3)
11 & 25 Unorthodox and chancy form of communication? (7,2,1,6)
13 & 6 Exile bull era (anag. 2 words)
14 Berk's album (as in Berk's Peerage of course) *(Of course — Ed)*
15 Marley LP (5,5)
18 Which *one?*
19 UFOs near, SOS (anag. 2 words)
20 Onions mob
21 Blondie invitation (4,2)
23 Re. Mac could be misleading!
24 Hit with 'Silly Games' last year (5,3)
25 See 11

DOWN

1 Rainbow 45, those boys have a way with words (3,5,4)
2 Old Ad Libs 45 which was a hit for Darts (3,4,3,4,4)
3 Mac LP, this one's for real
4 ELO ELO ELO! What's your name then, little man? (4,5)
6 See 13
8 I used to have a relative like that, always finishing crosswords quicker than me . . . (2,7,6)
9 By Fidel Castro out of Los Brothers Gibson
12 Let's have yer (anag. 2 words)
16 Zimmerman LP containing 'Hurricane' and 'Sara'
17 See 5
22 The beach The beach The beach . . .

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 2 Bodysnatchers; 7 Village People; 9 Leyton Buzzards; 11 Del Shannon; 12 Sam (Cook, Sam the Sham); 13 Madness; 15 Art (Garfunkel); 16 (Denny) Laine; 18 Tubes; 19 Noel (Edmonds); 20 'Band On The (Run)'; 21 (Neil) Sedaka; 22 Television; 24 '(Band On The) Run'; 26 (Noel) Edmonds; 27 'Denis'; 28 Billy Swan.

DOWN: 1 Neville Staples; 2 Billy Preston; 3 'Diamond Smile'; 4 Ace; 5 Captain and Tennille; 6 Ska; 8 Paul Simonon; 10 Doors; 14 Steve Jones; 17 'Albatross'; 23 'Lydia'; 25 Neil (Sedaka).

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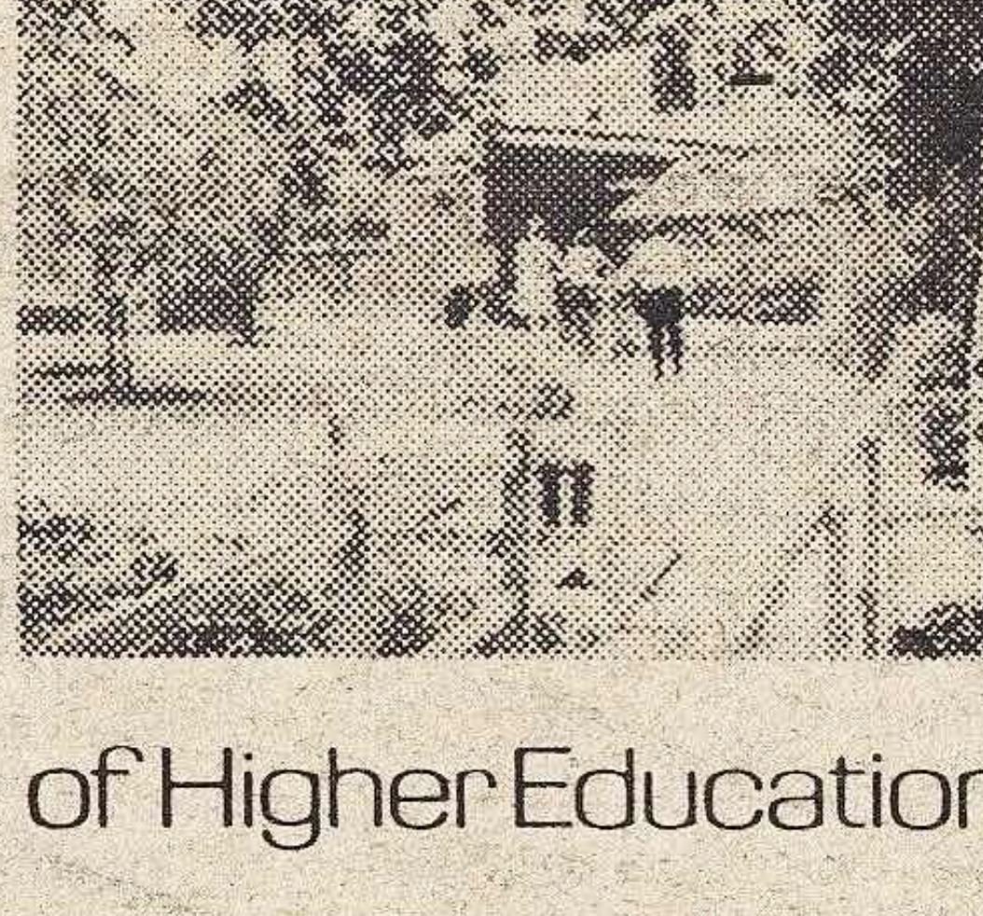

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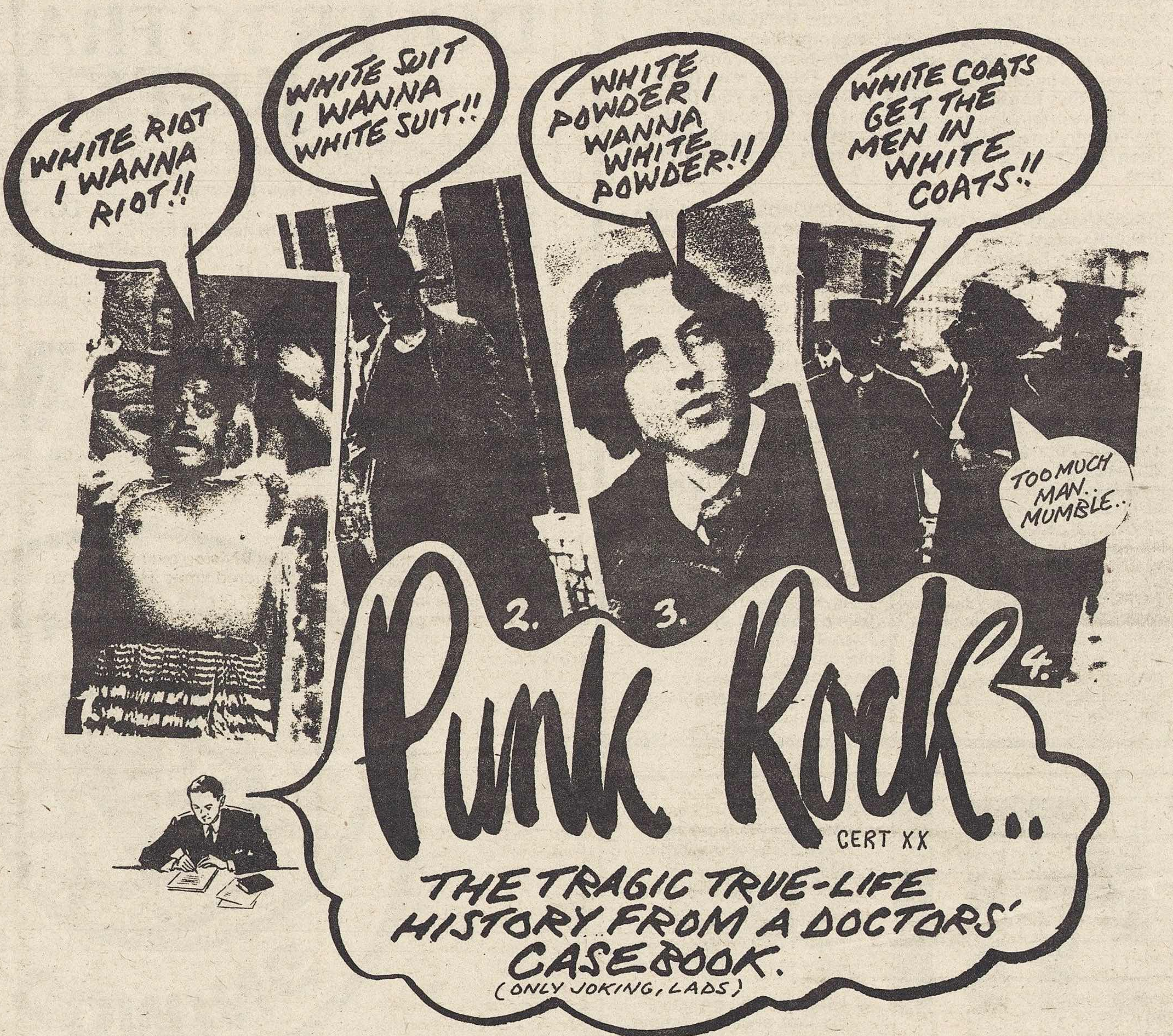

WHITE RIOT I WANNA RIOT!!
WHITE SUIT I WANNA WHITE SUIT!!
WHITE POWDER I WANNA WHITE POWDER!!
WHITE COATS GET THE MEN IN WHITE COATS!!
TOO MUCH MAN. MUMBLE...
2.
3.
4.
Punk Rock..
CERT XX
THE TRAGIC TRUE-LIFE HISTORY FROM A DOCTORS' CASEBOOK.
(ONLY JOKING, LADS)

Ray Lowry adds his five pennorth to the great 'I was a punk before you were a punk' debate.

Paul Morley's long and rambling experiment in travel journalism ('A Passage To India', *NME* April 12) is, to use Paul's ironic words, a load of "pathetic silliness".

However, I did find the article interesting (or should I say amusing), filled as it is with countless examples of quotable nonsense: for instance, "And I couldn't shut my eyes all the time". I should hope not, Paul, otherwise you're liable to wander into a temple wall or something, and give yourself a bloody nose. You know, like the one 'Message In A Bottle' gave you.

Compelled, no doubt, by a sudden attack of psychological honesty ("I had a great time"), Morley manages quite a lot of quotable nonsense in the short space of many thousands of words. As a question, Paul says: "Is it the idea of The Star that interests you in the Ray Davies/John Lennon tradition and not the Plant/Gillan macho thing, and you want to find new ways of adding that tradition because of what it's given you?" Nice question that, more pathetic than silly, actually. It knows where it's going — it's just that it can't stop itself from getting there.

More seriously, I think Morley's article is a misleading and culpable piece of music journalism. Better written, it would be dangerous. In short, I find Morley's unsubstantiated belief that The Star is indispensable to rock'n'roll and his unashamed idolatry for Sting qua coolness, qua success, qua body, qua The Police, as offensive as Sting himself. Oops, I let it slip. Another one of the lost souls who can't admit the Sting magic into their hearts, am I? Actually I just dislike his saccharin self-sanctity. It's not that Costello and I have a bet on that the other will give in to Sting first. El was worried he'd lose his deposit — cave in to "the ultimate cruelty" of loving Sting.

I think Morley's article serves to perpetuate the system of corporate persona — The Star and the fans — that runs and retards rock'n'roll. Chains it to eternal childhood, forever unable to grow up, as Kevin Coyne put it.

Paul Morley believes it patronising and vulgar to say there should be no stars. He doesn't say why, so I ask him: patronising to whom? Surely not the listening public — the Star has got that little operation well-covered. Vulgar, perhaps? Paul Morley thinks that to put music before personality is vulgar. That to count music as the prime concern, and the musicians secondary, is vulgar. That Presley's life is more important than the music he left behind. Morley's view is the pinnacle of absurdity, so far up the Star's bum, his nose bleeds.

You don't have to dislike The Police's music to dislike Morley's article. It's got nothing to do with music — it's all about stars, and our need for them, and Sting, and thus our need for Sting. Sting is a 'spectacular' star, so we better buy his records — it just might rub off.

Stardom is the hierachial structure by which record companies maximize profits and guard their investments from excessive risk. Without stardom, perhaps rock & roll would be free to develop *musically* and develop with real honesty. Mind, not your brand of honesty, Paul — pushing up quarter-truths in a confession box of a taxi in Bombay; unable to open your eyes, to face the music — but the brand that John Lydon strives for. You're right Paul, he won't make a star — "too many shadows" — you prefer a glossy finish like Sting: "I care about how I look".

I think the decision to immortalise Morley's "pathetic silliness" was ill-founded, uncommonly imperceptive and, ultimately, harmful to Paul's prospects as a writer of travel books on pop groups in India.
Virgil Posse, London W12.

You sound very sure of yourself, and of that I'm almost jealous. The so-called 'travel bits' in the piece were kept to a minimum, you're being very glossy and indulgent scampering around that. What I was concerned about was the projection of 'Sting as Star' and if anyone — and someone always will — is going to have the responsibility and imposition of pseudo-icon I would rather it be Sting than anyone else I can think of. You put the piece through a rigorous analysis that weekly rock journalism doesn't expect, but which I'm quite excited about. You still miss the point; like my original hesitancy about stars, the fact I change my mind a lot, and the ultimate, and I felt important, affirmation that Sting is no mystical cretin. Your words seem rooted in the manifesto of the new banalisation. The banalists are patronising to all those people — who are far more in control of their own lives than the banalists give them credit for — who make people like Sting stars. — Paul Morley

Well, well, well, finally you have come up with something worth commenting on; no posey political stances, no indecipherable purple prose, no 'terribly hip/chic, darling' bullshit. At last you print an article that is at once cogent, intelligent, interesting, credible, articulate and *comprehensible*.

I refer, of course, to Richard Hell's piece on the origins of punk rock, which merits the praise I have lavished on it. Above all it puts an entirely new slant on the British music press. I has never once crossed my mind that in fact it was we who originally imitated the American music scene, and not vice-versa.

It is true that it is only in Britain that the punk sub-culture could have flourished, but this does not detract from the fact that punk was an American innovation, and not a British one.

Another point worthy of note is that it took Richard Hell to tell us this. Although he most certainly has a personal bias, since he sets himself up as one of the prime movers, he was obviously the only one interested enough to try to put the record straight.
Chez Lawbreaker, Newton Abbey, Co. Antrim.

Okay, so Richard Hell invented punk. But did it make him happy? Come to think of it, Iggy invented punk. Or was it the MC5? Or The Who? Or Jerry Lee Lewis? This is obviously a highly charged emotional issue. Let's hear it from another of our concerned young readers. — CSM

The truth has now been told, shutting the mouths of all those 'clever' rock journalists and punks who really believed the USA was insipid, tedious etc. Good old Richard put them straight — punk was started in the USA!! But then that's an obvious statement when looking at groups such as The Ramones, Talking Heads, Television and Blondie who were far superior and original when compared with the new groups here such as The Clash and The Sex Pistols. Yet The Sex Pistols and The Clash were always ready to denounce anything American (maybe because of the lack of success they had there!?)

So here's thanks to Richard Hell who really put everyone straight about the birth of punk, and truth in journalism.
Steve, Birmingham.

America invented punk. It also invented floral bog-paper, bubblegum-flavoured ice-cream, napalm, A-bombs and chat shows. Mind you, they *also* invented Zippo lighters, Fender guitars, Marvel Comics and Rockabilly. One should resist the temptation to indulge in easy generalisations. — CSM

How come you give good writing space (did you pay him the the same as your own hacks?) to a typically trendy egocentric New York 'musician', who attempts to enlighten us poor media controlled Brits that everything of the genre 'punk' was invented by him, while in the same article stating that 'all ideas are public property', thereby contradicting the legitimacy of his own claim.

Who cares who 'invented' punk? It happened, right, and it gave the muzak industry (only British?) what it needed — a kick up the arse.

Even if Britain did copy Richard Messiah Hell it doesn't take much to see that Britain progressed much further and quicker than the USA has yet done by taking basic 'punk' values and putting them into areas of music not only restricted to "raw rock'n'roll" but into areas involving (shock, gasp) songwriting!

OK, so Mr Hell destroyed his nice new T-shirts before anyone else — what a prat!
Martin, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.

Maybe it didn't make him happy after all — CSM

Richard Hell was so convincing in putting over the pretty bullshit it has taken him four years to develop to a convincing level (re. 'I Was Robbed' *NME* 5th April).

He's probably the biggest arse-hole to emerge from the NY new-wave scene and his band's tour of Britain in '78/'79 proved it.

First of all he tries to pretend that an idea is totally worthless unless it's 100% original, claiming that British punk is "a diluted version" of NY punk. (Had an individual unsuccessfully tried to assassinate Hitler and then a second person succeeded, whould this make the assassin a mere bandwagon-jumper with zero credibility?)

Probably all Hell in fact originated was ripped T-shirts (obviously the most important thing about punk in his view). Music apparently, is of less importance. According to him the only lyrical comments in The Clash and Pistols' songs that were not stolen from him were political. Funny, I always thought that the main thing about punk was that it dared to criticise the entire political and social structure.

After reading the article, I immediately listened to Hell's 'You Gotta Lose', followed by the Pistols' 'God Save The Queen'. It is hard, by any stretch of the imagination to see the latter as a 'watered-down' version of the former.

Hell tells us not to believe much of what we read. Are we supposed to reject this theory when it comes to his article?

I love bands like Television and Talking Heads, but I love them for what they are and that is not 'the creators of punk'.
Jake, Liverpool.

Hell is other people — Oscar Wilde

Silly Bagger:
CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

St. Pauls is burning — The Pop Group sing verbose pop songs.
X, Bristol, Avon.

This fact has been noted — Person With Sexist Haircut.

Let us burn down the museums! Museums are of the past. Joy Division are not art. Ian Penman treats Joy Division as art.
Ian Penman *is* art.
Let us burn down Ian Penman!
(Do not label me Da-da, I deny the very existence of Da-da).
Dormouse (writer of the *very last* manifesto). *Nihilistic Vices F-zine, London.*

He never heard of you either — CSM

With all the discussion of TV programmes I am amazed to see no mention of *Blake's 7.* The depth of character relationships is phenomenal and unrivalled, and Servolan must be the most sensual actress around. Give credit where credit is due.
Steve Collen, Nottingham.

Tell that to my bank manager — CSM

The function of the media in Britain is not, as Peter Rhodes suggests, "to provide the information that people require". With the (questionable) exception of the BBC, the primary function of the media is to make a profit or (as in the case of *The Times* and *Guardian)* to propagate the views of their proprietors. A number of journals fulfil both of these functions.

As for Julie Burchill, she would do well to remember that, as G. K. Chesterton said, "Journalism is just the scribbling on the back of advertisements".
R. J. F. Clarke, Luton.

Doesn't pay a lot either — CSM

Since when, Mr. Thrills, was *Daredevil* a DC Comic (p6 *NME* 5th April)?
The Submariner, Chester.

Since CSM noted the mistake in Ade's original copy and an earnest sub changed it back — Reed Richards

On a bus trip from London to Oxford, I took the chance to sample the crosswords in *NME, Sounds* and *Record Mirror.* Having successfully completed all three I conclude:

NME's crossword is by far the hardest and most intellectually stimulating, while the easist is *Record Mirror's* feeble effort which took less than five minutes.

May I respectfully suggest that the the 'Unbiased New Waver', who complains that *NME's* crosswords are getting harder, buy *Record Mirror,* where he will also find the 'neutral journalism' (i.e. boring) he likes to read.

For the record, the crosswords were completed in black Bic biro without the aid of artificial stimulants. The bus used for the experiment was a 1978 Leyland Leopard PSU34/4R with Duple Diminant II Express bodywork, registration LWL 5S.
A Cabinets Fan, A Bus Stop, Somewhere In Southern England.

With or without phase switch? — CSM

If the Tories can bring down spending on housing, education, social security, industrial aid and unemployment benefit, then how come the *NME* still has to cost 25p?
Dennis Healey, Northampton.

Because we're not good for you. Ask your mum. — CSM

T-ZERS

DID *T-Zers* fight just to put **The Clash** on the cover of *Rolling Stone?* Yep, that get-ahead jewel in the forehead of world rock journalism has finally allowed punk rock to kiss its ring. (Previous covers **F. Mac, P. Frampton, B. Hope**). Well, we read the piece and it does seem a wee bit like a *Sun* bunce from 1978 with only one anecdote we feel confident enough to pass on.

Let's see now . . . oh yeah. See this fella comes into the dressing room after a gig in San Francisco and he's weeping and says to **Mick Jones,** "Oh Mick, you guys made me cry — I ain't seen you since I left Lunden two years ago. Y'see boys, I'm goin' into the army over here tomorrow." Mick Jones is horrified, "Oh no, man," he says, "how do you think we're gonna feel when you come back with a hole in your chest?" *(Come back? — Ed)* Well the kid explains, "Y'see Mick, it's five hundred dollars a month and a roof over me head ain't it?" Appalled Clash hold a swift conflab and Jones wanders back to The Kid and says: "Listen friend, don't turn up for that induction tomorrow. You're coming to work for us!" The chapter ends in three small dots and a lump in our throats. The Clash — so noble, so wise. Elsewhere we get Mick (again) waffling away about Vietnam and the aim being to educate people to 'dance, not war'. How big a part **Kosmo Vinyl** played in the exercise is still muddy . . .

Pic: Rick Rodgers

Jerry Dammers and ray gums rehearsing for the lead role in the forthcoming version of Edgar Rice Burroughs' 'Two Tone Man Of Mars'.

Still leafing through the issue *(Isn't this getting close to an ad? — Ed)* we were appalled to find that the mag's true cover story — a five page interview with **Peter Sellers** — was hidden at the very back. With Sellers in astoundingly frank form (none of the F—dash nonsense), his drug indulgence treated as just part of the conversation, the *Stone* hack announced to the world that **Spike Milligan** had committed suicide soon after the completion of the *Goon Show* series. This may come as a bit of a chock to the great Milligna — well known typing error — who is currently approaching old age with no let up in his lunacy, a wit to which most every modern day gag owes its origin. Best of health Peter and Spike, and *Rolling Stone* can go to the back of the class. Oh, you're already there . . .

On the heels of this comes more truth, though this time a sight more refreshing. Let's hear it for the *Sunday Express* who this week surpassed even their own high standards of screwballship. At last the *Express* cartoonist — strictly *un*funny, people — **Cummings** can show the world how **President Nixon** was the poor victim of a namby pamby leftist plot to get rid of 'the one president who knew how to handle the Russians'. This rubbish is presented seriously and is meant to provoke thought amongst thousands of folk. Check your parents' papers today . . .

And the TV set: On last Friday's *London Programme* we saw vintage footage when the show looked at how The Music Industry has crumbled since the advent of Punk Rock. Amongst the clips were **Sex Pistols** — no, Virginia, as in **Rotten, Cook, Matlock,** and **Jones,** not that cheesy latter day nonsense — **Specials, Stiff Little Fingers, Section 25** and thousand year old footage of **Siouxsie Sioux** being interviewed and talking of her first gig. Proudly our Madame talks of her version of 'The Lord's Prayer' and 'Deutschland Uber Alles' played by "Me (SS), **Marco, Sid Vicious** and **Steve Spunker"** (later **Severin,** giggle, giggle). Also seen was a tiny cartoon of a fat cat businessman reading *NME* and then ripping it up and throwing it away in a rage. See, we said we were on your side (☐ Greasy Propaganda Ltd) . . .

Meantime all **Blondie's** hopes of getting on the video market first have been scotched — wonder how that term came about? — by the moving persona of **Gary Numan.** It seems a live video of Garfield, lasting 45 minutes and costing about twenty quid, will go on sale about a month before **Bluntie's** flick . . .

And who can deny lovely **Marie Osmond** her taste at stardom after the beautiful Mormon inked a pact that will whisk her onto your screens via the NBC network, hosting her own series soonest . . .

Lieber and Stoller have had more than their fair share of free publicity for 'Only In America' *T-Zers* thinks. The daffy musical recreation of events at least thirty years old hasn't even opened in London's famous West End and yet the dailies are chock full of the old fools . . .

The **Fabulous Thunderbirds** to return to Britain before May is out . . .

Whither **Steely Dan** now that neither MCA nor WEA admit responsibility for their whereabouts? . . .

So what? **Wille Nelson** weighs in at a plump nine stone! Won't prevent the picnic man outlaw from starring in up and coming celluloid blockbuster *Honeysuckle Rose* with busty **Dyan Cannon,** 48 . . .

Didja catch rock crit **Derek Jewell's** 24 carat review of the fab **Jethro Tull** in the recent *Sunday Wotsit?* Betcha did. Seems that **Ian Anderson** is the new Laird of Strathaird up there in bonny Scotland and the locals love 'im too. No wonder when Jethro Tull (scrape, bow m'lud) have sold upwards of 20 million McRecords worldwide in the past 12 years . . .

Yes, the Beeb has been criticised for allowing punks a free rein on the recent *Nationwide* debacle (apres the Bank Holiday fun and games). Weston-super-Mare councillor **Tom Tait,** 89, reckoned that *Nationwide* "Glorified those thugs and helped them pay their fines. All this is going to put a damper on families coming to seaside resorts." Serves the buggers right, what! . .

Not to be deterred, the man behind **Blondie, Jethro Tull,** and **Gerald Harper** — none other than **Terry Ellis** — tied his troth last week with lovely **Danielle Moeller** on the Virgin Isle of Tortola . . .

Meanwhile, the Chrysalis records and tapes empire were cementing the deal which will bring them into the celluloid business. Chrysalis are financing *Babylon* — a film about black kids in South London. Before you shed a tear remember the movie will cost £400,000. It's produced by **Gavrick Lose** (no relation) and **Franco Rosso.** A soundtrack appears in July. Chrysalis are vying for the vacant breakfast time TV channel along with **Tim Rice** (yuk), **Ned Sherrin** and **Julian Pettifer** . . .

Hold the back page! **B B King** has made a TV commercial for Coca Cola called 'Bus Ridin' Blues' . . .

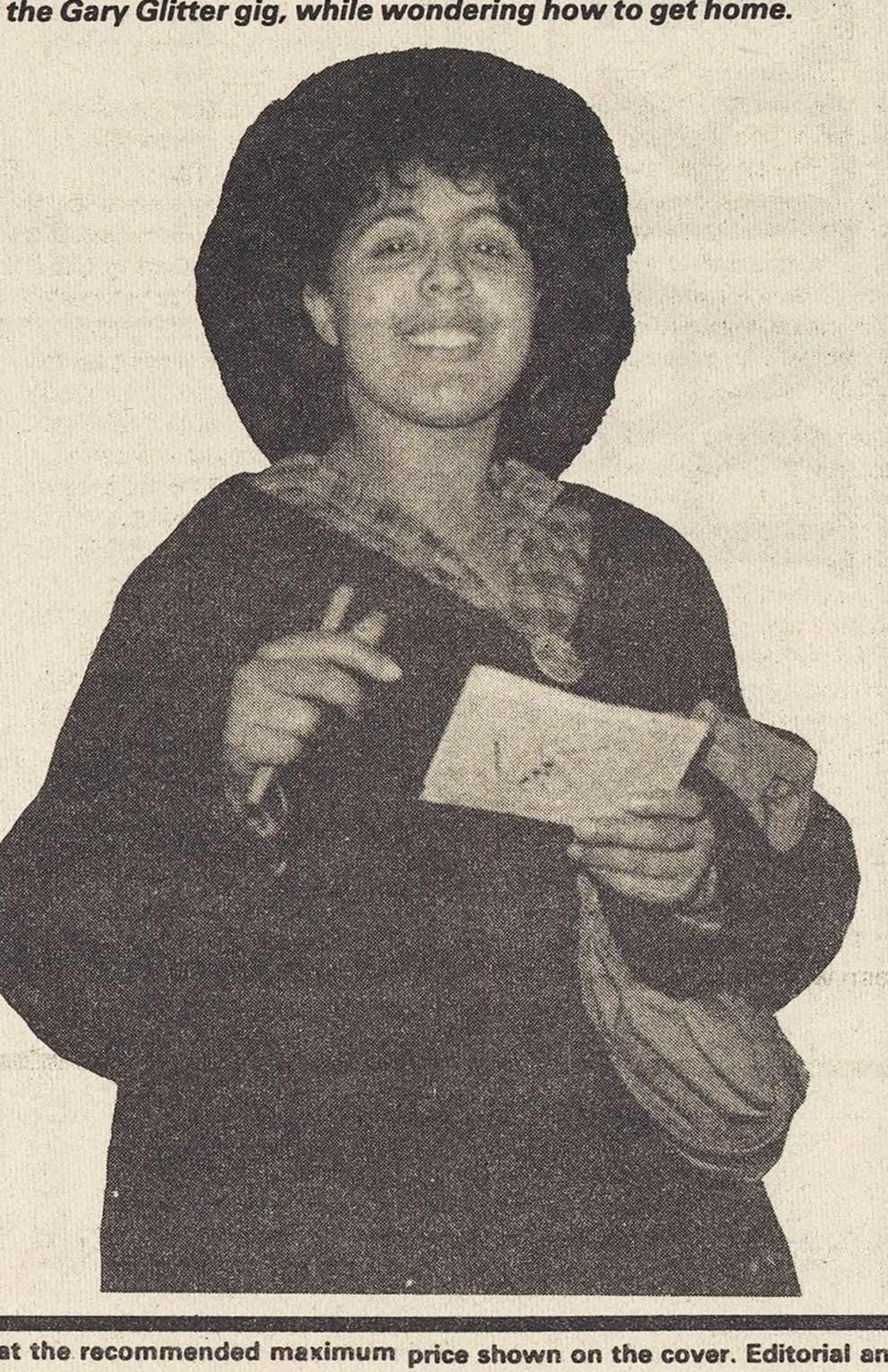
That's of no interest whatsoever to you **UK Subs** fans is it? Not when **Charlie Harper** has given up his hair dressing business in order to concentrate on the guitar. Charlie promises he'll be the new **Jeff Beck** by the time the next Subs album hits the stores . . .

At the End Of His Rainbow: **Bob Marley** has been invited to play at the independence celebrations for Zimbabwe. This, naturally, he has accepted and will be a flickin' away this very Thursday . . .

It does seem odd to us that **Sad Cafe's** management are going to great lengths to hush up what other press offices ring us up constantly about. Three members of the hard-hitting, on the ball outfit — **Dave Irwin, Ashley Munford** and **Ian Wilson** — were arrested in Glasgow on charges of possession of marijuana and cocaine. A great shock. An unknown source rang through this scandalous titbit and we shouldn't believe it for a moment. Well maybe a moment . . .

Stifle a laugh ye harbingers of doom. Toothy **Maurice O'Gibb** underwent an operation recently to keep him walking. Yes, Maurice had been suffering from a ruptured disc which doctors believed would incommode the pearly billionaire for keeps. Quoth plucky Gibb (no relation) "Let's get it out at once." Apparently back pains are par for the course for rock drummers such as the good Morry . . .

Poly Styrene shows off her new flyaway natural look backstage at the Gary Glitter gig, while wondering how to get home.



Pic: Justin Thomas

Whoops a daisy, clever clogs **Frank Johnson** of *Talbot!* fame sneered too early on *What The Papers Say* when he confused a flashed up photo of **Rotten** with the late **Squid Vicious . . .**

Daily Express favourite lovely **Suzi Quatro** 34, following up her starring role on *Swap Shop,* has been offered a starring role in an up and coming gangster movie, if manager **Nicky Chinn** approves. Catch Suzi as soon on the **Rolf Harris** show too, rebels . . .

And did you catch our very own seven foot, four stone hero **Paul** 'Hang Down Your Head Tandoori' **Morley** as he battled away on radio's *Round Table* Show? Although only audible for ten minutes Moremoremorely mentioned **Joy Division** over two hundred times. He's like that y'see . . .

In the world of the thug, **Joe Jackson** is the latest to be set upon. Eight foot Joe, who keeps following **Danny Baker** around Camberwell, was set upon in the bogs at Dingwalls by a lout keen to show off his impersonations of Juventus defenders. Though left with cuts and scratches Joe will start his Euro-Tour on time . . .

Take 2: **Skid Stuart Adamson** was arrested for being drunk and disorderly after celebrating his birthday last week. The legless Adamson had earlier in the evening approached the ubiquitous **Paul Morley** and said: "Meeting you, Paul, is like meeting **Bill Nelson"** even though nobody knew what this meant. Latest score: Paul Morley 2, Danny Baker 1 . . .

Meanwhile, **The Clash's** recording sessions at New York's Electric Ladyland Studio which were originally to produce an EP have stretched out into, uh, laying down basic tracks for an entire album with vocals and mixing to be done later in London. Punky Hunk of the Month **Paul Simonon** was off having his picture taken and sloping off to Canada for the filming of *'All Washed Up'.* **Paul Cook, Steve Jones** and **Barry Ford** of **Merger** are also in the cast of millions . . .

If we said that **The Mekons** were stable mates of **The Skids** and that there was an 'ex' missing from the sentence would you get our drift? Yes pals, The Mekons have just been removed from the Virgin rosta after just two singles and one LP. Not only that but even Rough Trade have turned them down! Where else is there for a pack of garage turkeys to go . . .

Nice try by publicist **Tony Brainsby** to get **The Osmonds** tour a little interest by garnering the front page of the *Sun* and many column inches elsewhere with that overblown **Merrill O** and the dodgy ticker routine. However the Ozzes are still playing to tumbleweed . . .

Stevie Wonder looks (sorry) about to team up with **Count Basie** for a couple of 'projects'. Seeing as how Basie's slap-it-all-down-as-fast-as-poss way of recording is somewhat at odds with Ol' No-eyes method it should be interesting at least . . .

And now that it can truly be said that **Boomtown Rats** 'I Don't Like Mondays' was a flop in the States, just when will **Bebe Buell** keep her bet and walk naked down 5th Avenue as promised! Holdin' your breath? . . .

Anyway, in the style of **Bugs Bunny** director **Chuck Jones** — subject of an excellent *Omnibus* last week — cue the brash music and sign off. That's All Folks! . . .

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BETTER BADGES

MAIL ORDER TOP TEN

1.	(4)	Madness '2 Tone'	20p
2.	(2)	Madness 'Big M'	20p
3.	(7)	Specials 'AKA'	20p
4.	(3)	Where's Capt Kirk	20p
5.	(1)	S.L.F.	20p
6.	(-)	Anarchy & Peace — Crass	20p
7.	(5)	The Beats '2 Tone'	20p
8.	(6)	Police 'A&M'	20p
9.	(8)	Selecter '2 Tone'	20p
10.	(9)	I'm a Lazy Sod	20p

New Releases

20p Jam-Going Underground/Dreeam of Children, Undertones — Black & Red, Undertones — Hypnotised, Undertones — My Perfect Cousin, Fad Gadget — Ricky's Hand, Madness — Nutty Train, Madness — Letters x7 (20p each), Madness — Skanking Man, The Beat — Go Feet.
25p Thatchaargh.

What The Papers Say……
"Better Badges . . . . don't really exist" — ***Tony Parsons*** **"Pre-Pubescents Trying To Conceal Sex Organs" —** ***Julie Burchill***

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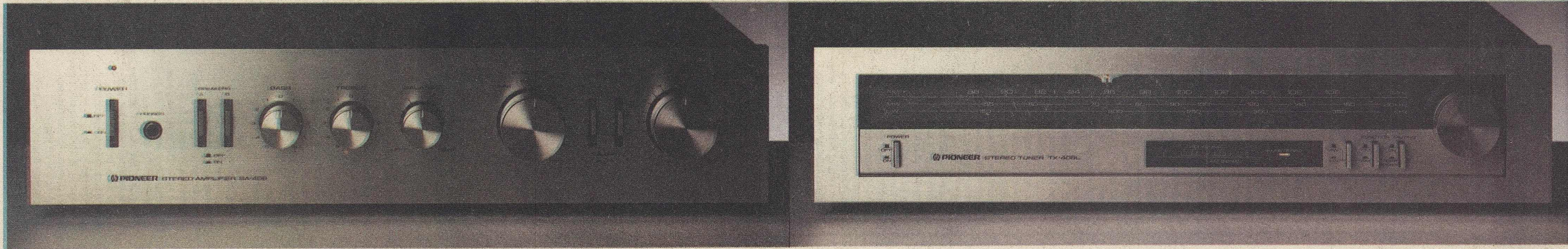
HI-FI FOR SERIOUS BEGINNERS.



PART ONE AND TWO.

The Pioneer equipment shown here has no gimmicks, no gadgets, no frills.

There are enough specialists in that area without us joining in.

More to the point, our aim is to give you the truest possible hi-fi sound for your money.

Without stinging you in the process.

And that takes us to Part 1, the Pioneer SA-408.

At around £80, it has more going for it than any other amplifier in its price-range.

(Not to mention some well outside it.)

Short of actually hearing it, this is the closest we can get to describing its performance.

SA-408 SPECIFICATIONS

POWER AMPLIFIER SECTION	
Continuous Power Output (both channels driven)	
30Hz to 20,000Hz:	20W + 20W (T.H.D. 0.1%, 8 ohms)
1,000Hz:	21W + 21W (T.H.D. 0.1%, 8 ohms)
Total Harmonic Distortion: (30 to 20,000Hz, from AUX)	No more than 0.1% (continuous rated power output, 8 ohms) No more than 0.05% (10 watts per channel power output, 8 ohms) No more than 0.05% (1 watt per channel power output, 8 ohms)
Intermodulation Distortion: (50Hz:7,000Hz = 4:1, from AUX)	No more than 0.2% (continuous rated power output, 8 ohms) No more than 0.08% (10 watts per channel power output, 8 ohms) No more than 0.02% (1 watt per channel power output, 8 ohms)
Output	
Speaker:	A, B, A + B
Headphones:	Low impedance
Damping Factor:	30 (20 to 20,000Hz, 8 ohms)
PREAMPLIFIER SECTION	
Input sensitivity/Impedance	
PHONO:	2.5mV/50K ohms
TUNER:	150mV/50K ohms
AUX:	150mV/50K ohms
TAPE PLAY:	150mV/50K ohms
TAPE PLAY (DIN connector):	150mV/50K ohms
PHONO Overload Level (T.H.D. 0.1%, 1kHz)	150mV
PHONO:	
Output Level/Impedance	
TAPE REC:	150mV/50K ohms
TAPE REC (DIN connector):	30mV/80K ohms
Frequency Response	
PHONO (RIAA Equalization):	30 to 15,000Hz ±0.5dB
TUNER, AUX, TAPE PLAY:	20 to 40,000Hz ±2.0dB
Tone Control	
BASS:	±9.5dB (100Hz)
TREBLE:	±9.5dB (10kHz)
Loudness Contour: (Volume control set at −40dB position)	+8dB (100Hz), +0dB (10,000Hz)
Hum and Noise (short-circuited, A network)	
PHONO:	72dB
TUNER, AUX, TAPE PLAY:	97dB
Hum and Noise (DIN: continuous rated power output/50mV)	
PHONO:	67dB/61dB
TUNER, AUX, TAPE PLAY:	83dB/63dB
SEMICONDUCTORS	IC: 1, Transistors: 15, Diodes: 10
MISCELLANEOUS	
Power Requirements:	220/240V 50Hz
Power Consumption:	190W (MAX), 60W (UL)
Dimensions:	Without package: 420(W) x 98(H) x 265(D) mm $16\frac{9}{16}$(W) x $3\frac{7}{8}$(H) x $10\frac{7}{16}$(D) inches
Weight:	Without package: 5kg/11 lb.

TX-408L SPECIFICATIONS

FM SECTION	
Usable Sensitivity:	Mono: 11.2dBf (2.0uV)
50dB Quieting Sensitivity:	Mono: 18dBf (4.4uV) Stereo: 39.2dBf (50uV)
Sensitivity (DIN):	Mono: 1.5uV, Stereo: 50uV
Signal-to-Noise Ratio (at 85dBf):	Mono: 77dB, Stereo: 72dB
(DIN):	Mono: 71dB, Stereo: 60dB
Distortion (at 65dBf):	
100Hz:	Mono: 0.1%, Stereo: 0.2%
1kHz:	Mono: 0.1%, Stereo: 0.2%
6kHz:	Mono: 0.15%, Stereo: 0.3%
Frequency Response:	30 to 15,000Hz + 0.5dB, −1.0dB
Capture Ratio:	1.0dB
Alternate Channel Selectivity:	60dB
Spurious Response Ratio:	70dB
Image Response Ratio:	55dB
IF Response Ratio:	75dB
AM Suppression Ratio:	55dB
Muting Threshold:	19.2dBf (5uV)
Stereo Separation:	40dB (1kHz), 30dB (30Hz – 10,000Hz)
Aerial Input:	300 ohms balanced 75 ohms unbalanced
AM SECTION:	
MW (Medium Wave) Section	
Sensitivity:	300uV/m (IHF, ferrite aerial) 30uV (IHF, external aerial)
Selectivity:	25dB
Signal-to-Noise Ratio:	50dB
Image Response Ratio:	40dB
IF Response Ratio:	70dB
LW (Long Wave) Section	
Frequency Range:	150kHz to 350kHz
Sensitivity:	450uV/m (S/N 20dB) (IHF, ferrite aerial) 45uV (S/N 20dB) (IHF, ext. aerial)
Selectivity:	25dB
Signal-to-Noise Ratio:	50dB
Image Response Ratio:	40dB
IF Response Ratio:	70dB
SEMICONDUCTORS	
FET:	1
ICs:	3
Transistors:	6
Diodes:	5
MISCELLANEOUS	
Power Requirements:	220/240V (switchable) 50-60Hz
Power Consumption:	8 watts (UL)
Dimensions:	Without package: 420(W) x 98(H) x 254(D) mm $16\frac{9}{16}$(W) x $3\frac{7}{8}$(H) x 10(D) inches
Weight:	Without package: 3.1kg/6 lb. 13 oz.

What applies to our amplifiers applies to our tuners as well.

Part 2 is the Pioneer TX-408L, designed in every way to be fully compatible with the SA-408.

And just as sensible in its pricing at around £80.

You'll find Parts 1 and 2 at any Pioneer dealer.

Part 3 can't be described. It's the experience of hearing them.

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Please send me full details of the TX-408L and SA-408, and other Pioneer components to complete the system.
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